Abortion: What Guys Go Through

The Man Who Walked on Air, by Mike Lupica

Esquire

Man At His Best
March 1990 Price $2.50

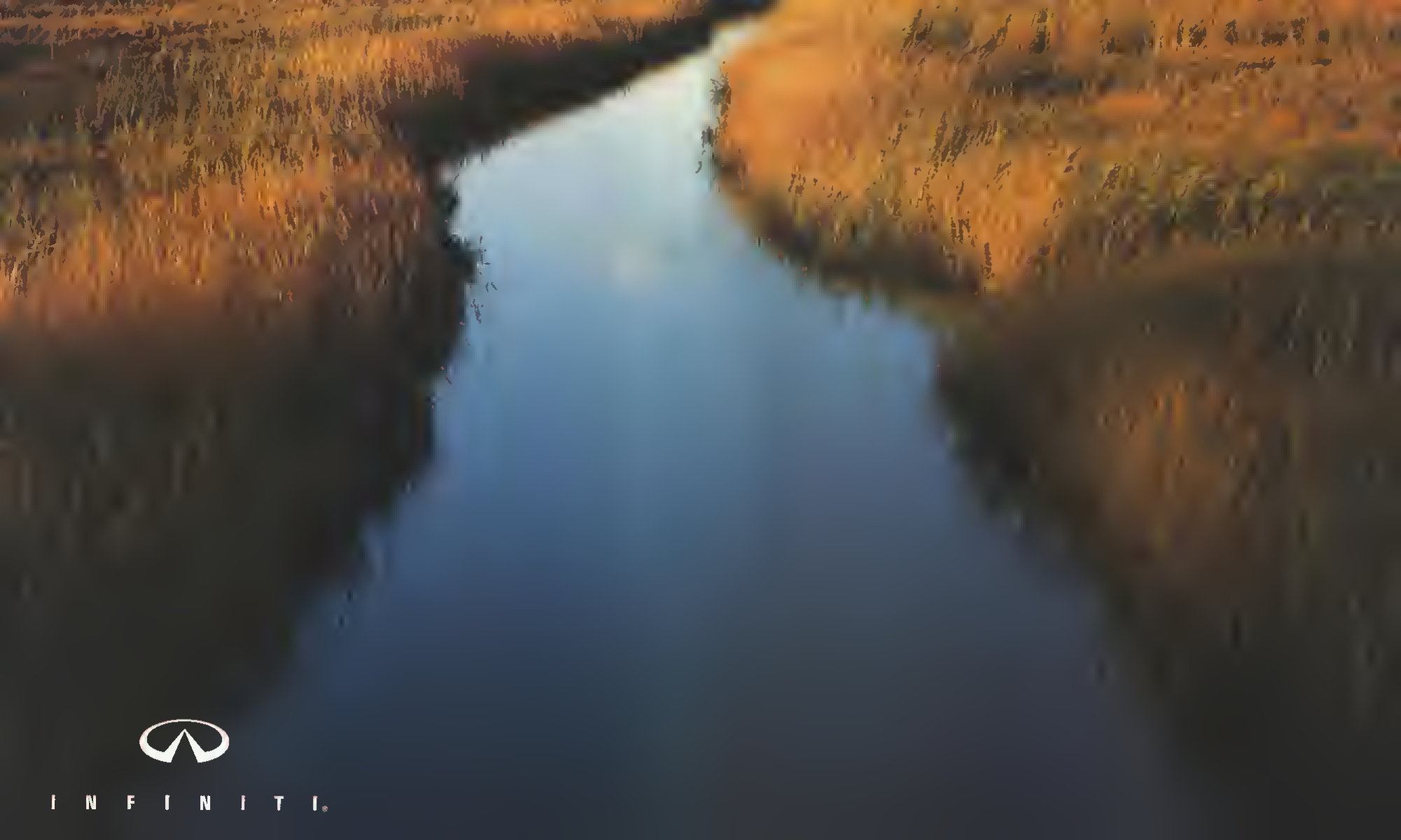
Burn the jerky ties.
Trash the wimpy tweeds.
Nuke the baggy suits.
Lose the lumpy raincoat.
Torch your closet.



HOW TO GET DRESSED

The American Man's Wardrobe, 1990

03
0 748515 2


INFINITI.

AN ON-GOING THING.

Suppose, today, you made the decision to purchase an Infiniti Q45 luxury sedan or M30 sports coupe.

Now race ahead in your imagination to the year 1995.

Based on our continuing commitment to customer service, this is what those five years of ownership might be like.

In those five years, Infiniti will have contacted you regularly to make certain that your car is living up to your expectations and that your ownership experience has remained positive.

Minor service procedures, every repair, visits to the dealership—for whatever reason—will be kept as part of a computerized file . . . a personal history of your Infiniti. Should you move from the area; should you require service elsewhere, that file can be called up by any other Infiniti dealer in the country.

We hope with this approach to ensure steadily higher levels of service over your years of ownership.

Along these lines, Infiniti will have a roadside assistance and warranty program* that will exceed the standards for such service activities. Additionally, Infiniti will encourage and reward high levels of customer satisfaction achievement from our dealers.

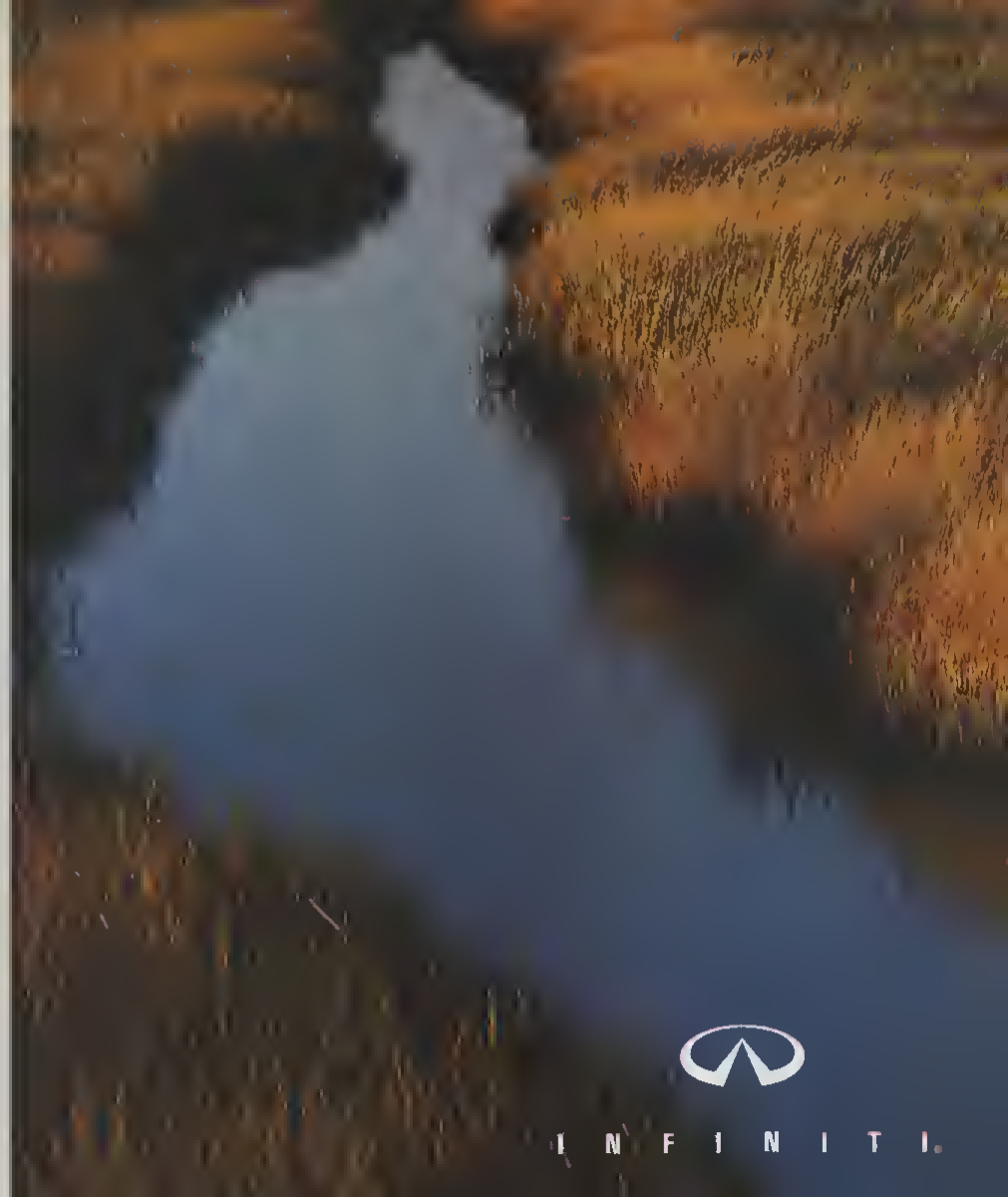
Infiniti dealership employees will attend periodic training and career development programs. They are modeled after training curricula designed for many of America's most progressive customer-oriented retailers and service companies.

We believe that an Infiniti is not simply an automobile, it is an automobile and an agreement to provide the highest level of service for as long as you own the automobile.

If you believe there's some merit to this approach, or if this is the kind of approach that you'd like to know more about, call us for the name of the Infiniti dealer nearest you: 1-800-826-6500.

Thank you.

created by Nissan





The Harringtons:
Bob, David and Chet.
Members of the
Merion Golf Club,
Merion, Pennsylvania.

An amateur
is someone who
plays for the
love of the
game.
Bobby Jones
was the
greatest golfer
of his time,
perhaps
of all time,
and he
always
remained
an amateur.
For Bobby Jones
classic style
was its own
reward.
We honor the
amateurs,
the players
who make golf
the greatest
of games.

Bobby Jones
"For The Love of
the Game."

The Sportswear Division of the Hickey-Freeman Co., Inc., Rochester, New York. For the store nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-848-1289.

© 1930 Hickey-Freeman Co., Inc.

BANANA REPUBLIC
Tr[illegible] Clothing Company
[illegible]XPEDITION CLOTH CARGO PANTS $44

VOLUME 113 NO 3 MARCH 1990

Esquire



Life without Mother
Page 207

Departments

28
THE SOUND AND THE FURY
Letters from Readers

37
BACKSTAGE
What Men Don't Say
By Lee Eisenberg

43
Man At His Best

LIVING QUARTERS
Rocks Around the Clock
By Phil Patton

MOTORING
Is There Life After the Country Squire?
By Patrick Bedard

CLASSICS
The Slipper
By John Borneit

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER
Two in the Rush
By Tom Robbins

THE DRINKING MAN
The Grape Divide
By John Marani

63
AMERICAN JOURNAL
Who Cares About Prague?
By Pete Hamill

73
THE SPORTING LIFE
David Thompson, Back to Earth
By Mike Lupica

Cover: *Photograph by Raul Vega*

Cover: Hat by Bollman Hats. Eyeglasses by L.A. Eyeworks. Socks by Camp Hosiery. Shoes by Tu Bass, New York

Features

ESQUIRE SPECIAL 114
Men on Abortion
Anger. Guilt. Fear. Indifference. Relief. At long last, the silence is broken.
By Mark Baker

THE LITERARY LIFE 128
Little David, Happy at Last
David Rieff is no longer Susan Sontag's bad boy. Now he is a man of letters.
By Michael D'Antonio

TINSEL 138
Hey Donald, Are You Sitting Down?
Why Ivana Trump holds her husband's future in the palm of her hand.

81
THE PROFIT MOTIVE
Whose Land Is This Land?
By Joseph Nocera

87
Smart Money

TECHNOCULTURE
Are Your Groceries Spying on You?
By Donald R. Katz

THE BUSINESS TRAVELER
Is That Extra Mile Worth Your While?
By Glenn Eichler

REAL ESTATE
A House in the Capital

99
ACTIVE HEALTH
Dammed If You Do, Dammed If You Don't
By John Poppy

105
THE BING REPORT
Only Following Orders
By Stanley Bing

108
MAN POWER
Heartthrobs
Jeffrey Zaslow, Ray Liotta, Joshua Bell, Craig Nova

136
WOMEN OF LOVE
Julie Brown
By John Lombardi
Photographs by Timothy White/Onyx

201
THE ESQUIRE EXPRESS TRAVELER
Milan
By Dwight V. Gast

214
A Letter at Last
By Bruce McCall



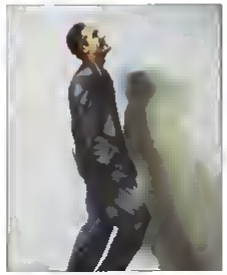
Downtown girl
Page 136

FASHION 141 **The American Man's Wardrobe, 1990**
Everything you always wanted to know about getting dressed.

152 **Dressing American**
There's more to life than red, white, and blue

PROFILE 164 **Garry Marshall Is Asking for It**
An oral history of a Hollywood guru.
By Fred Graver and Terri Minsky





The wear with-all *Page 152*

SURVEY 176 **What Makes the Perfect Woman?**

PASSIONS 178 **War and Pieces**
How to learn to stop worrying about model planes and loathe the Stealth B-2 Bomber.
By Nicholson Baker

FICTION 207 **A Family Supper**
They ate in silence, haunted by painful memories and at least one ghost.
By Kazuo Ishiguro

Top: Timothy White/Onyx; Bottom: Courtesy

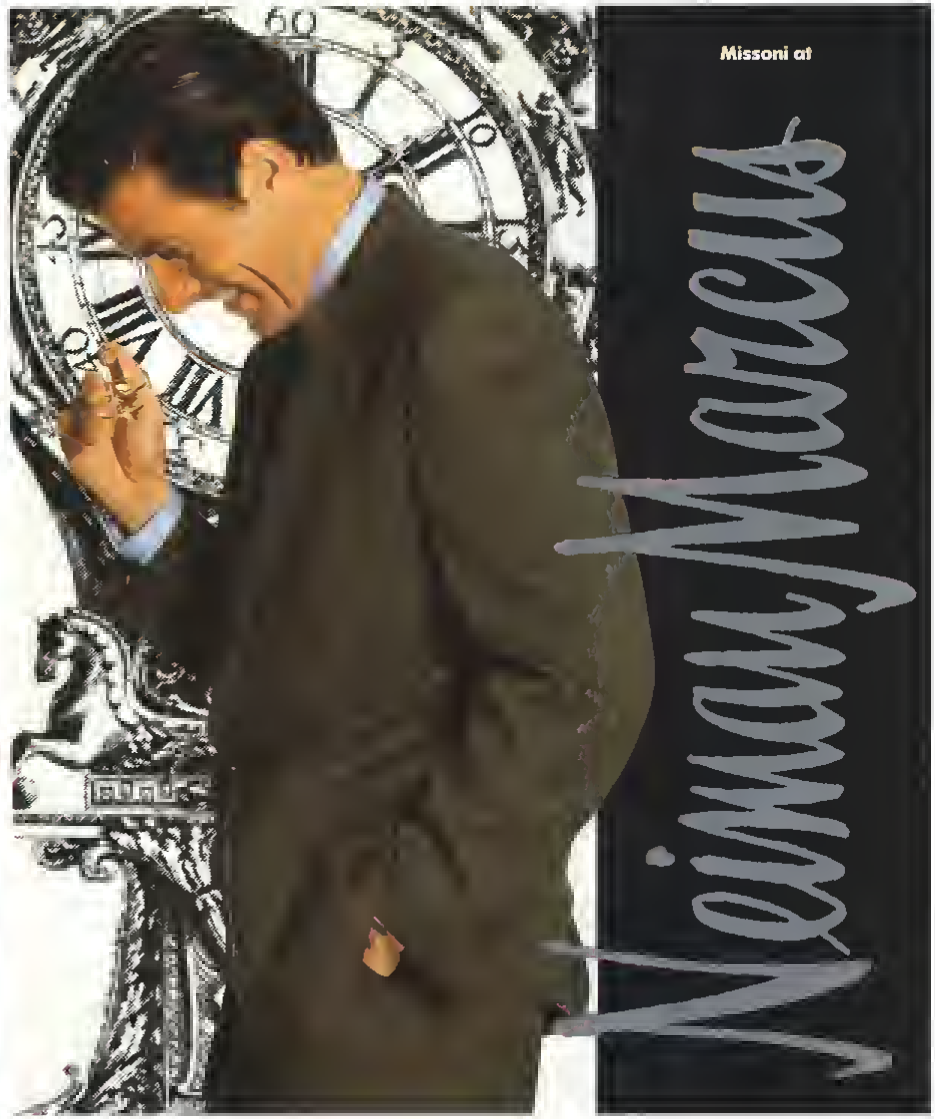


STOP HURTING

RAZOR BURN RELIEF
This formula does just what it says. Put it on right after you shave. And the sting, the redness, the pain of shaving stop before they start. You feel soothed. Smoothed. Comforted. As if you had never faced a razor at all.

aramis
LAB SERIES
FRAGRANCE FREE
OIL FREE
MADE FOR MEN


BALLY
The difference between dressed, and well dressed.
Shoes
Briefcases
Small Leather Goods
Belts
macy's
For free brochure write:
Bennett, One Bally Place,
New Rochelle, New York, 10801
See Reader Service Information page 168


Missoni at
Neiman Marcus



Ph. LUCA BABINI

Produced and distributed by Marzotto spa Italy, show room New York 1290 Ave. of the Americas, Suite 1437, Tel. 212/5418855





Sportswear

Macy's

I Magnin

Always recognized



Firma ANDREW FEZZA

Produced and Distributed by CELEBRITY GIFT

INSTRUCTION MANUAL FOR THE PERFECT VACATION.

You'll put together the best cruise vacation when you follow our directions. They're all here in black and white. And turquoise. With aquamarine, coral and topaz.



In fact, with instructions this colorful, we know you'll want to follow them–all the way to the Caribbean or the Pacific.

So take the first step towards the best vacation you ever had. Ask for your 1990 Norwegian Cruise Line Guide. You'll see how easy it is to assemble the perfect vacation–even if you just look at the pictures.

NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE.
The Pleasure Ships
CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-262-4NCL.
SEAWARD, SOUTHWARD, STARWARD, SKYWARD, SUNWARD II, THE NORWAY. SHIPS REGISTRY: BAHAMAS
© 1990 NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE.

"Have you ever wanted to know more about a product or service advertised in the pages of Esquire?"

CAN WE TALK?

Now you can with Esquire Access. It puts you in direct contact with the advertisers whose products and services are seen in the pages of ESQUIRE. To hear a customized message from the following advertisers featured in this issue

DIAL 1-800-678-8237

GODIVA CHOCOLATIER 33722

GIVE A GIFT OF ESQUIRE FOR ONLY $7.97 PER YEAR 33712

ESQUIRE ACCESS

Esquire

Arnold Gingrich (1903–1976) *Founding Editor*
Phillip W. Moffitt *Editor Emeritus*

Lee Eisenberg
Editor in Chief

Ellen Farr
Managing Editor
David Hanley
Articles Editor
Anita Leclerc
Executive Editor
Lisa Grunwald
Features Editor
Bill Tonelli
Senior Editor
Rust Hills
Fiction Editor
Will Blythe
Associate Fiction Editor
Michael W. Hutchora
Associate Editor
Jill Rhedon
Editorial Associate
Michael Solomon
Assistant Editor

ART

Rip Georges
Art Director
David Armario
Deputy Art Director
Catherine Ieardo
Associate Art Director
Alison Morley
Picture Editor
Kathryn L. McCarver
Art Department Manager

FASHION

Robert E. Beauchamp
Editorial Fashion Director
John Mathis
Fashion Editor
Susan Claire
Associate Fashion Editor
M. L. Katherine Doyle
Fashion/Grooming Associate

PRODUCTION

David Randall White
Editorial Production Manager
Karen Mynatt, Phyllis Pendegar
Editorial Production Associates
Edwin Ramos
Editorial Production Assistant

COPY

Rob Hoerburger
Copy Editor
Andrew A. Webster
Associate Copy Editor
William Ferguson, Stephen Jansere
Copy Associates

RESEARCH

Lackin A. Warren
Research Editor
Holding Carter IV, Mark Warren, Katherine A. Wessling
Research Assistants

EDITORIAL STAFF

Chris Raymond
Editorial Coordinator
Anthony A. Freund, Susan Kaplow, Mark Marvel, Eric Perret
Editorial Assistants

CONTRIBUTORS

Cynthia Smart
Special Projects Editor
Glen Waggoner
Senior Writer
John Mariani
Food & Travel Correspondent
Stanley Bing, Taylor Branch, Chip Brown, Peter Davis, Donald H. Katz, Elizabeth Kaye, Mark Kram, George Leonard, John Lombardi, Mike Lupica, Gay Martin, Geoffrey Norman, Arnold Rock, Harry Stein, Gay Talese, Tom Wolfe
Contributing Editors

Published at 1790 Broadway New York, N.Y. 10019, 212-459-7500. For subscriptions and address changes write Esquire, P.O. Box 7146, Red Oak, Iowa 51591 or call toll-free 1 800-888-5400; outside the U.S. call 515 247 7500.





The men never asked, the women never told, and martinis were their passion.

When one look could ignite your heart like a million candles. When one small part of the lips could send it racing beyond recovery. When one soft whisper would set it free. That was passion.

Every couple imagined it. Every couple hoped for it. And every couple lived for it. In everything they did. Not only in love, but in art, music, literature and ideas. To feel passion in some form was to feel life.

After the horrors of the first World War, the object of pursuit in the '20's was to feel something, anything. People were living with abandon. Working, playing, eating and drinking in hopes they would make up for what was lost. If there was one symbol that so aptly described the time, it would have to be the martini. A perfect blend of London Dry Gin and French vermouth. It wasn't meant just for sipping. It was intended for drinking and for feeling.

Today they say that passion has returned. The "Me" generation is long forgotten, and conspicuous love replaced with romance once again.

Coincidentally, the martini has made a return as well. And it's still drank the same way it was sixty years ago.

Gilbey's. Bringing back the taste for passion.



Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

GILBEY'S LONDON DRY GIN, 40% ALC. VOL. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BOTTLED BY W.A. GILBEY LTD., FRANKFORT, KY. © 1988 JIM BEAM BRANDS CO.

byblos

BYBLOS BOUTIQUE
Toronto, Ontario

BYBLOS BOUTIQUE
Vancouver, B.C.

BYBLOS BOUTIQUE AT HOLT RENFREW
Montreal, Quebec

BERGDORF GOODMAN
New York

MARK RICHARD
Glencoe, IL

RALPH DAVIES
San Francisco, CA

RUBENSTEIN BROTHERS
New Orleans, LA

BYBLOS USA Inc. Tel. (212) 2456750

Esquire

W. Randall Jones
Publisher

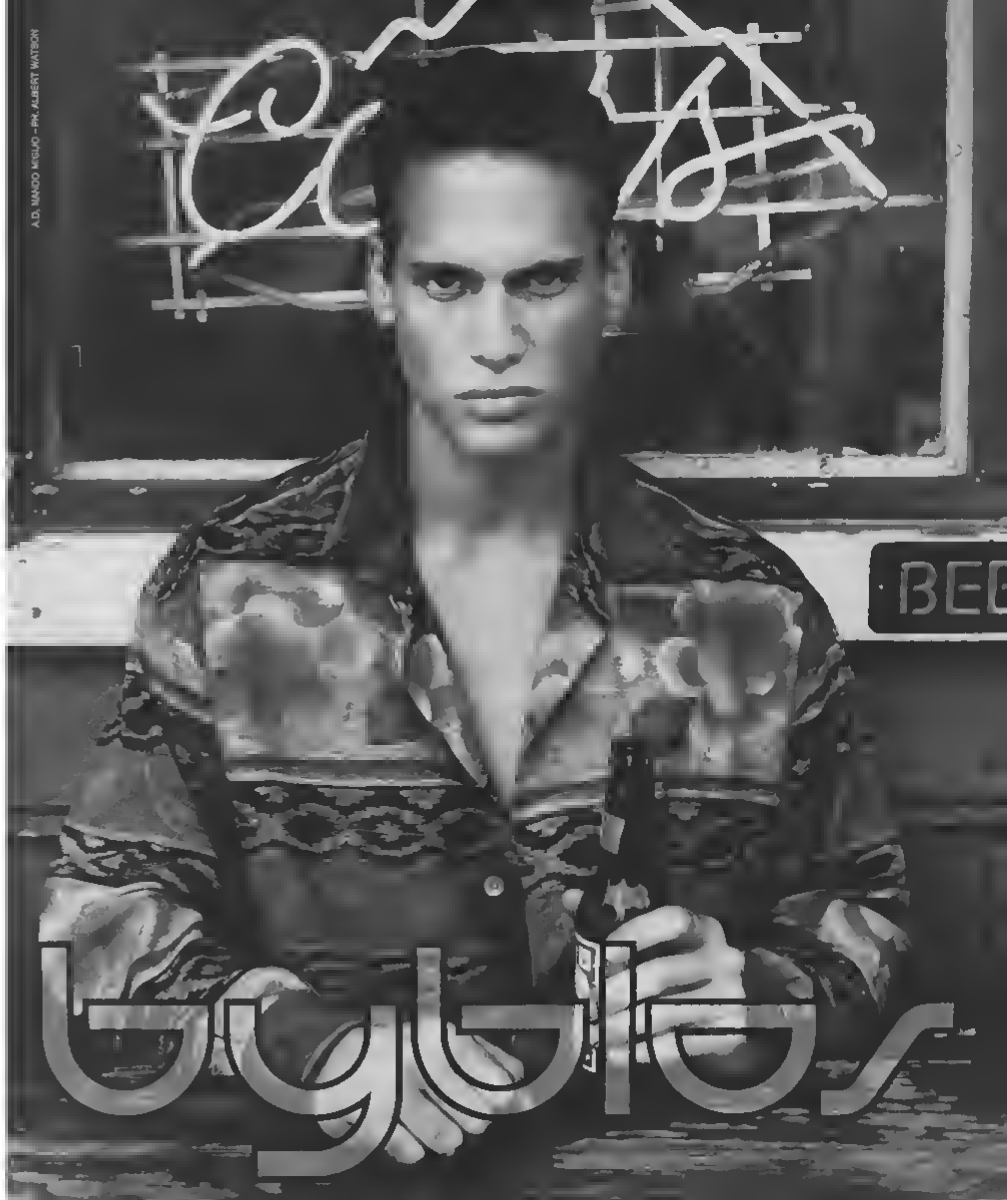
Cheryl MacLachlan
Advertising Director
Alison Candee Parks
Director of Marketing
Nicole Blom
Eastern Advertising Manager
Kevin C. O'Malley
International Advertising Manager
Kim Johnson Gross
Marketing Fashion Director
William Baird, Maureen Klinges Clarke,
Meline del Rio, Will Eddy, James B. Smith,
James T. Winters
New York Advertising Managers
Atlanta
Byron Brown, Suzanne Cooper
5110 Roswell Road
Marietta, Ga. 30062
404 998 2849
Chicago
Lora Sepp Gier, Jack Vincent
1 South Wacker Drive, Suite 1601
Chicago, Ill. 60606
312 984 5120
Detroit
Lora Sepp Gier, Bridget Zukas
2391 West Big Beaver Road, Suite 351
Troy, Mich. 48084
313 649 0802
Los Angeles
Tony Hoyt, Michael R. Hess
3600 Ocean Park Boulevard, Suite 2002
Santa Monica, Calif. 90405
213-450-4711
San Francisco
Tracy Nichols, Veronica Sheehan
5 Third Street, The Hearst Building #925
San Francisco, Calif. 94103
415-495-3919
Milan
Luciano Bernardini de Pace, Patrizia Bedogni
Viale Bianca Maria 23
20122 Milano, Italy
Telephone: 796451 Telex #Caintnl 326007
Paris
Bertrand Fontenoy
16, Rue de Chazelles
75017 Paris, France
Telephone: 42-27 23 54 Fax #42 67 23-81
United Kingdom
Daniel Garnett
National Magazine House, 72 Broadwalk Street
London, W1V2BP, England
Telephone: 439-5314 Telex #263-879 NATMAG-G
Hong Kong
Stephen J. Mascoporo
503 Wilson House, 19-27 Wyndham Street
Central Hong Kong
Telephone 5-868-2011 Telex #60904

Leslie Janson
Advertising Production Manager
John Boland
Advertising Production Coordinator
Felice Yurkiewicz
Research Director
Susan Harrington
Creative Services Director
Lisa McKean
Special Events Director
Scott Kunz
Merchandising Services Manager
Lorri Ann D'Amico
Business Manager
Erika Karlfeld
Assistant to the Publisher
James Bailey, Tzzu Biao, Dee Bonetta,
Juliette A. Cowell, Elaine Slanina Diaz, Kathleen Duffy,
Jeannette Durkan, Holly Hillenbrand,
Elizabeth Hutchison, Christine Johnson,
Diane Kardemana, John Lipuma, Ingrid Nystrom,
Lisa Woo, Guillermo Zalamea
Staff

PUBLISHED BY THE HEARST CORPORATION

Frank A. Bennack Jr.
President
Randolph A. Hearst
Chairman
Gilbert C. Maurer
President, Magazines Division
George J. Green
Group Publishing Director

Advertising Offices, 1790 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10019, 212-459-7600.
Telex #234-504 ® Fax #212-245-6533





Individuality.

First you discover it. Then you express it.

From real estate development to newspaper publishing, a unique spirit of independence has always been Peter Kalikow's style.

Perhaps that's why for over 20 years he's expressed his individual style in custom suits from Alfred Dunhill. Cut precisely to his measurements from a hand-drawn pattern. Requiring over 4200 silk hand stitches and 45 hours of master craftsmanship before it was ready for Mr. Kalikow's first fitting.

Alfred Dunhill. Expressly tailored to the individual.

For our tailoring catalogue, swatch brochure or In-Office Tailoring Service, call 1-800-543-0758 or write ALFRED DUNHILL, 60 East 56 Street, ES, New York, New York 10022

dunhill

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • SOUTH COAST PLAZA • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • HOUSTON • DALLAS • HONOLULU
VISIT OUR NEW LOCATIONS: IN NEW YORK AT 60 WALL STREET • IN PHILADELPHIA AT THE BELLEVUE

Say goodbye to razor burn irritation.



PROGRAMME HOMME

LANCÔME PARIS

The *skin resource* for men.



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills



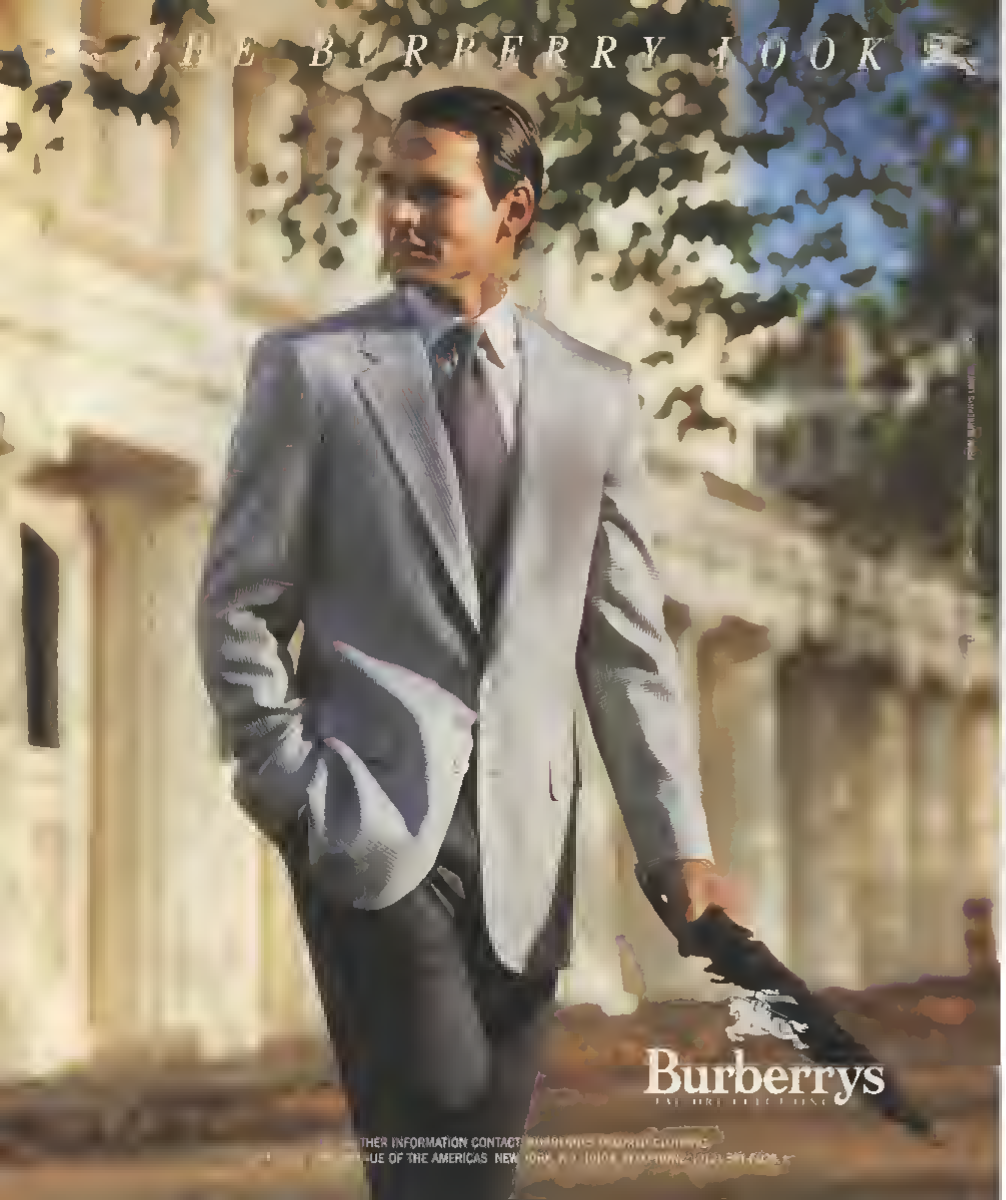
GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills





THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

YVES SAINT LAURENT

MACY'S • BULLOCK'S



Belvest

Finest Italian Tailoring

Lisi New York City

The Tailored Man, S Francisco

e.a.Lee Vancouver

Tweed & Co. Coral Gable – Miami

And at selected

Neiman Marcus

stores

RUGGED.

H·H·BROWN

SHOES THAT GET AROUND

Big Sky Overland Trading Puritan Clothing of Cape Cod Nordstrom

Selected Stores

Sorbo leather lining is a registered trademark of H.H. Brown.

The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

Covered in Glory

Pete Hamill. Mike Lupica. Joseph Nocera. John Poppy. Stanley Bing. Cheers to you for assembling such a well-rounded stable of brilliant columnists. I'm glad to know there's still a place for such honest, powerful, and (Stan, you're weird) offbeat commentary. Could it be the dynasty of the 1990s? Let's hope so. Keep up the good work.

Thomas C. Buell Jr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thank you for the brilliant cover photograph on the November 1989 issue. It was so close to absolute perfection, I almost wept. John Goodman, clad in a perfect suit and sucking a cigarette, bouncing himself as a child on his knee. This photo is bliss, absolutely insane.

Jon Thomas Brown
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Da-Da

At age sixty-nine, I could be a father, a grandfather, and even a great-grandfather. I am none of these, but I was very much informed, entertained, and amused by the feature "Bringing Up Daddy" (November 1989). It was done with wit and care, so much so that even this childless writer could not lay it aside until he finished it. I am putting my copy into the hands of a friend in his early fifties whose firstborn (a boy) is a little more than a year old.

Sheldon B. Foote
Harvey, Ill.

I would like to respond (as a public service) to the question regarding fathers taking daughters into the men's room. They (we) are as sure as hell can't. All they need is a little foresight and a few essentials: a blindfold for the graffiti, industrial-strength disinfectant, several pairs of rubber gloves, disposable booties, assorted coat hangers, and a broomstick for flushing.

John F. Klug
Amesbury, Mass.

You ask if anyone who is really trying to be a good parent would allow his child to pass out during a tantrum. I know a wonderful couple in Oregon who live without electricity, running water, or television. They do have a telephone so that Michael Moore, the dad, can take calls from folks who need their horses shod. There are two kids—Dillon, five, and Emmie, three—and these kids get wonderful amounts of time and attention of good quality from their parents.

They spend a lot of time playing together outdoors, riding the pony, doctoring the cows, catching tadpoles, fighting, laughing, and eating. Sometimes Dillon has a tantrum. They used to be more frequent. Last time I talked to Sandy, his mom, about it, she said he'd only had one last year. When Dillon was about two, Sandy took him to the doctor and told him that Dillon would hold his breath, turn blue, and scare the hell out of her when he was mad and wanted his own way. The doctor said to let him. It's all right to be mad, even if he passes out.

So Sandy went home. Dillon had a tantrum the next day. She let him pass out. Very hard for her to do. She let him wake up. Greeted him kindly. He was happier and playing better than ever. Tantrums became less and less serious. He hasn't passed out in years, even though he gets pretty pissy with the feet stomping and the fists pounding at the air.

He can be a real brat sometimes. He is also infinitely charming and incredibly knowledgeable about the world. His parents treat him with respect. They are not great believers in corporal punishment. I wanted to put into your mind an instance of really good parents letting their kid turn blue *and* pass out.

Mally Strong
Chicago, Ill.

Dukes Up

David Duke was not elected because a majority of the voters are as twisted as he is ("Hate Gets a Haircut," by Lucian Truscott IV, November 1989). He was elected because the other candidates in the runoff election lacked both the character and conviction to serve in office. The leading primary candidate was eliminated by a large slate of candidates that fragmented votes. Lucian Truscott offends those of us in Louisiana who are neither rednecks nor bigots. I have no friends embracing the racist beliefs of David Duke.

Gregory J. Cahanin
New Orleans, La.

In "Hate Gets a Haircut," Louisiana state representative David Duke was photographed in front of a Lions Club emblem. This is a case of accurate reporting gone awry by coincidence. Clubs often rent out their facilities for fundraisers. Unfortunately, on this occasion the Lions forgot to remove their club emblem and have since been mistakenly associated with Duke. Lions Clubs International is a nonpolitical organization. We do not take stands on political issues nor endorse candidates. To do so would compromise our goals of humanitarian service to millions around the globe. It would be tragic if an implied, albeit accidental, association were to erode support for our work.

William L. Woolard
President
Lions Clubs International
Oak Brook, Ill.

Holy War

Your November 1989 issue seems to represent the zeitgeist. On the one hand, we are given the sage wisdom of the age on the fatherly care and nurture of children. On the other hand, Pete Hamill ("America's Holy War") replays the tired old caricature of the abortion issue: beleaguered, courageous abortionists fighting off foaming-at-the-mouth, religiously crazed right-to-lifers. Is it any wonder that people are experiencing a heightened angst in an age that sends such mixed messages about the value of life?

Steve Moore
Seattle, Wash.

Yikes! Who's more narrow-minded, wild-eyed, and snot-slinging stupid—pro-lifers or Pete Hamill? "America's Holy War" was a case study in intolerance ("the brooding presence of primitive faith" in lower Alabama's "heart of darkness"), in hysteria ("some mullahs of the antiabortion jihad might even hail them as heroes"), and in ignorance ("most are concerned about life only while it's in the womb"). This is a little too much, even for an op-ed piece.

Leroy Behnke
Lubbock, Tex.

Thanks for the intelligent, insightful article on Pensacola, Florida, and our continuing struggle for women's reproductive rights here in the buckle of the Bible Belt. It was refreshing to read Pete Hamill's view of our city as more than a small town fueled by religious fervor. Sure, there are some very vocal lunatics who have tried their best to give the whole town a bad name, but the strong pro-choice contingent is finally making its own mark. After the article appeared, the local—the *only*—newspaper here interviewed several community leaders about their opinion of the story. Each view was strongly debated, but then, farther down the page, it was noted that nobody had actually, well, *read* it.

Robin Rowan
Pensacola, Fla.

Letters to the editor should be marked with your address and daytime phone number to The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

1990
Salvatore Ferragamo
SPRING SUMMER COLLECTION
717 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK
730 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK
200 WORTH AVENUE - PALM BEACH
STUDIO FOUR



The mystique of France.

The energy of America.



pierre cardin


MISSONI
UOMO
NEIMAN MARCUS
MAXFIELD'S
STANLEY KORSHAK


OBSESSION
FOR MEN
COLOGNE
Calvin Klein



CHARLES IS THE CONSUMMATE AMBASSADOR. HE CAN USHER YOU FROM CHAOS TO COMFORT IN MERE MOMENTS.

He will relieve you of all cares as well as your luggage. By welcoming you to a serene enclave where requests are carried out with distinction and dispatch, meals may be enjoyed in your room at any hour, and you are courteously awakened with the day's forecast, thus properly prepared for the elements. Invariably, Charles greets you with a good word and winning smile. Perhaps because no one knows better than our front-line ambassadors the warm, comfortable realm that awaits you behind the Four Seasons door.

Four Seasons
Hotels · Resorts

UNITED STATES: Austin, Boston, Chicago, Chicago (The Ritz-Carlton), Houston (Center), Houston (Inn on the Park), Los Angeles (at Beverly Hills), New York (The Pierre), Newport Beach, California, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington D.C. CANADA: Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Toronto (Inn on the Park), Vancouver. UNITED KINGDOM: London (Inn on the Park). RESORTS: Dallas (Las Colinas), Maui (Wailea). Nevis (Winter 1990), Santa Barbara (The Biltmore), Monarch Lodge. For reservations, call your travel agent, or in the U.S. call (800) 332-3442; in Canada, (800) 268-6282.

Take a new look at Aquascutum.

The Aquascutum collection for Spring. New Fabrics, new silhouettes, new shapes and a new assurance along with the timeless elegance of classic design. A definite new look for the 90's. So take a new look for yourself.



Aquascutum

650 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019. TELEPHONE (212) 975 0250.
Chicago 900 North Michigan Avenue, Illinois 60611 Telephone (312) 787 0225
San Francisco The Aquascutum Shop at Bullock & Jones, 340 Post Street, CA 94108 Telephone (415) 392 5633



What Men Don't Say

By Lee Eisenberg

OUR LEAD PIECE this month knocks heads with an abortion issue that lies beneath the Abortion Issue. I refer to the emotions that rise up and engulf consenting men and women who, for reasons of their own, opt for abortion as a solution to pregnancy. I refer to the guilt, the recrimination, the rage, the disappointment, the estrangement, the ache that so often come to a man and a woman in the aftermath of an abortion. And I refer to the silences that so often come between them—and that keep them apart.

If the larger Abortion Issue turns on morality, so, too, does the issue that we're concerned with here. It's about how men and women struggle to express their love and responsibility for each other, and how these qualities do not always accompany passion and intimacy. The issue at hand concerns the *male* side of abortion. For the woman's ordeal—physical, emotional, and moral—has been well and powerfully documented in print. But what, if anything, does a man go through? In "Men on Abortion" (page 114), oral historian Mark Baker asks that question of a host of men who are, to my mind, typical of their sex. Their answers both move and enrage.

"Then I sat in a plastic chair and chain-smoked for two hours.... Looked for faces in the pattern of the floor tiles. Anything to keep from thinking."

One of the earliest feminist triumphs in the Sixties was the argument that men don't know squat about communicating. You don't open up, you can't relate your feelings, you won't say what you're thinking, they charged. Men, for the most part, went along with the indictment. A few made a mighty effort to be sensitive and open; for their trouble they came to be called wimps. A few others clammed up even more, grousing, for their lack of trouble they were called Neanderthals (or worse). Many more made an honest effort, but only got so far.



Today the dust has settled. Both men and women have come to realize that while we could all be a lot kinder to everybody else, we also understand that there are differences in the way the sexes interact, and they will never be swept aside, even by a dramatic social revolution.

"I got her a kitten after her abortion, some sort of surrogate, I suppose."

Reading over the testimony in "Men on Abortion," I came away certain that men can't begin to comprehend what a woman goes through when she has an abortion. Her loneliness, her vulnerability, her physical trauma, while apparent to a man, cannot fully be felt by a man. A woman's frequent need to be secretive, or duplicitous, about the circumstances of her pregnancy and abortion is a burden that men don't share, any more than they can feel her palpable hormonal changes. A man is more willing to close a chapter and move on, regretful perhaps, but not haunted. Or is he?

Other themes emerge from Baker's interviews. That preventing pregnancy, or dealing with its consequences, is basically ladies' work. That writing a check to a doctor or clinic fulfills a man's duty. That the callousness of youth gives way to wisdom achieved too late to save a real love.

After reading "Men on Abortion," I asked a few men I know if they'd ever gotten a woman pregnant, and whether she'd had an abortion. More than half of them answered yes. I asked whether they had ever told this to the women they eventually married. They all said no. I also asked some married women if they'd ever had abortions. About half of them said yes. I asked if they had ever told the men they eventually married. Most of them said no.

I then realized how strange this all was. Most of those I asked were prochoice. They had demonstrated for it, given money to the cause. As far as the larger Abortion Issue was concerned, they stood up to be counted. But as far as the private issues were concerned, they kept their secrets to themselves. In "Men on Abortion," their stories begin to get told. ◻

Lee Eisenberg *is Esquire's editor in chief.*

BRIAN CRONIN

CURRENT.

IT'S WHEN THE CIRCUITS HUM,

OR BLOW, AT YOUR COMMAND.

GAP CLASSICS, POWER TOOLS

FOR INDIVIDUALS OF STYLE.

GAP

© THE GAP 1991



Gap mock turtleneck $18, as worn by
ROBERT LONGO, artist.
Photographed by Matthew Rolston.



SOME MEN HAVE HIGHER ASPIRATIONS THAN OTHERS.

Johnston & Murphy
A heritage of excellence since 1850

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL 1-800-634-7924



POLO
RALPH LAUREN

Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE



LIVING QUARTERS

Rocks Around the Clock

By Phil Patton

YOU CAN TELL TIME digitally, but you can't tell it much. The relentless cackle of little digitals is everywhere today, with LEDs visually chirping away the seconds as on a scoreboard viewed by a team desperately behind. With its flickering immediacy, digital time is confrontational, antagonistic, almost militaristic. It is a product of the world of electronics, whose native time is so insubstantial that the term "real time" had to be coined as its opposite. The sweep of analog hands, by contrast, is comforting, promising daily rounds of habit to be filled and savored. Not futuristic, it promises a future.

One place that just about everyone agrees the digital clock does not belong is the living-room mantel. There, clocks are not so much functional objects as civic ones: monuments and sculpture in the domestic sphere. The clock on the mantel is the counterpart of the clock on the courthouse tower. As you keep the fire under that mantel less for physical than for psychological warmth, so you keep the clock above it less for real time than for quality time.

In the face of the digital deluge, the hard rain of solid and solid state seconds, contemporary mechanical clocks have reacted defensively. Now you see mechanical clocks encased in metal—or in granite or marble—hard timepieces asserting that minutes have quality to be protected as well as quantity to be expended like ammunition, gears and motors shielded as if endangered, hardened like silos. The Museum of Modern Art's Design Store, in New York City, offers a clock literally embedded in concrete.

Some, of course, harden time better than others. The Monticello series from Koch & Lowy may be the quintessential postmicroelectronic clock. Designed by Piotr Sierakowski, the straightforward round clockface is embedded in any one of a number of shapes, all of which bear resemblance to the shapes of classical fortification: redoubts, towers, pulboxes.

These clocks are fortified. Batteries power them, lest a siege cut off the power cord. They sit secure in enameled metal, black marble, or a type of hardwood Koch & Lowy calls purple heart—a military decoration. The name, of course, suggests the best spirit of the early era: the mechanistic optimism of the Enlightenment and of Thomas Jefferson, who designed his own clock and kept it by his bed, perhaps the first to do so.

Analog clocks remain heroic items. In the first wave of American industrialization, they were exemplary objects, swathed in the status and mystique computers enjoy today. Before revolvers or automobiles, they were made

The sweep of the analog hands is comforting. Not futuristic, it promises a future.

in quantity of more or less interchangeable parts in the Connecticut factories of Eli Terry and Seth Thomas, dropped into classical revival cases shaped like little Congregational churches, then peddled to the backcountry. To buy a clock was to declare oneself part of the new industrial and mechanical trend of things. A clock was a little temple to Newton, and the time it told was time under control, not in control.

Our favorites among the Monticello group remain in this spirit. They are the two low models, one angled and called *temple* and the other curved and called *arc* ($165 to $200). These hunker down, cling low to the horizon, like the circular slice of a sun nearly sunk behind it. In marble, these clocks suggest pediments—the quintessential PoMo architectural cliché, but no apologies—that can turn a flattop mantel into a more monumental feature. In wood, they suggest the speedometer on the dash of a classic 1930s Chris-Craft, steady despite the volatile tossings of waves. In either material, these clocks put you in mind of a carpenter's level, the delicate liquidity of its bubble visible but solidly protected: time as a line for building, a starting point rather than a pressure point. ■

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

RITA MAAS



MOTORING

Is There Life After the Country Squire?

By Patrick Bedard

PRETTY SOON, one of the things you won't be able to get anymore is the traditional family station wagon, that dreadnought-size suburban hauler with the simulated-wood paneling on the side. Government fuel-economy regulations will make that car go away. But the little league will still need schlepping, the little redwood chips will have to be carted home from the garden store, and autumn football would never be the same without a half-time gathering around the tailgate. Will there be life after the Country Squire?

You bet. The vehicle itself is a transportation blunderbuss, big on the outside, small on the inside. To anyone who's mulled over the idea of the perfect schlepping car for more than thirty seconds, the conclusion is inevitable. Such a car should be shaped like a loaf of Wonder bread. Hence, the rising popularity of the minivan.

But there's a problem. Most Americans, having grown accustomed to the regal, long-hood proportions of Cadillacs and swoopy silhouettes of Camaros, simply can't see themselves dressing up on a Saturday night and setting out on their social rounds in a bread loaf.

Okay, but what if the loaf were disguised as a futurama spaceship with an intercontinental ballistic nose cone and mysterious Ray-Ban windows? Then would they take to it?

Yes, with enthusiasm, I think, based on a lengthy tour around the Southwest in a Silhouette, Oldsmobile's version of GM's new APV (all-purpose vehicle). More people rolled down their windows in traffic or dashed out of shops to talk about this car than about the last two dozen new cars I've driven put together. When it comes to style statements, the APV speaks through a bullhorn.

Chevrolet and Pontiac offer similar vehicles, differing only in seating arrangements and trim. Individual bucket seats are available for up to seven passengers, and you can rearrange the furniture just as in your living room. All of the seats except for the two in front unlatch and lift out, leaving a flat floor. So, when you can no longer avoid that trip to the dump, you can clear the deck entirely for one big haul. On your next vacation, put in just enough seats for the passengers, leaving the rest of the cavern for stretching out room and luggage. No station wagon ever offered such versatility, or presented so much useful room for passengers, particularly those sentenced to the third row.

Conceptually, the APV is first-class, and so are the appointments if you indulge yourself with options. My Silhouette had leather-covered seats, which added $650 to the $17,695 base price.

The minivan is a breakthrough because it's roomier than a wagon, yet fits in a smaller parking place. Compared with a big GM wagon, the APV is twenty-one inches shorter, nearly six inches narrower, and seven hundred pounds lighter. Still, a stern functionalist would remind you that GM's rakish deviation from the pure loaf shape has a cost. The APV is about eighteen inches longer than the typical mini, with most of the extra space contained within the wedgy nose.

The driver is forever reminded of the APV's dramatic shape by his view from inside. The windshield thrusts forward out of reach, and the wipers necessary to sweep the vast glass are huge, looming like the arms of some horror film praying mantis. At first, the faraway windshield is disorienting—the prow looks to be *way* out there—but the mind soon compensates. Converts

What if your van were disguised as a spaceship with mysterious Ray-Ban windows?

from station wagons will find only one other bother: limited vision to the rear corners whenever they change lanes or back up. Big vans are far worse, if that's any consolation.

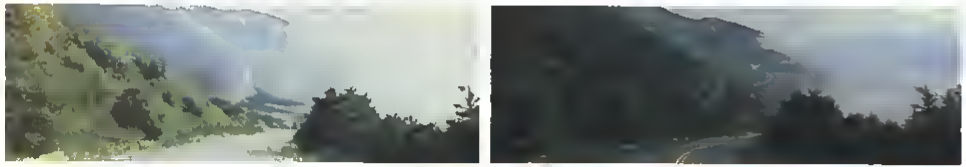
Otherwise, the APV is an easy replacement for the family wagon. It's passenger-car quiet at interstate speeds. Its front-wheel-drive layout biases the vehicle's weight toward the front, which promises a solution to the queasy handling common to fully loaded wagons. And despite the ICBM styling, APV missions have an enforced serenity about them because the 3.1-liter V-6 doesn't have the oomph to tip over a grocery bag.

Though escape velocity is out of the question, the APV still goes a long way toward satisfying the longing most of us feel for a venturesome car. Besides the styling, it also has courageous details. The windshield is made of a special glass that resists the passage of solar heat; the body's skin is made entirely of plastic; the side windows are tinted like those in a rock star's limousine. I get the feeling of a supremely practical car that's trying very hard not to be dull. What more could one ask for?

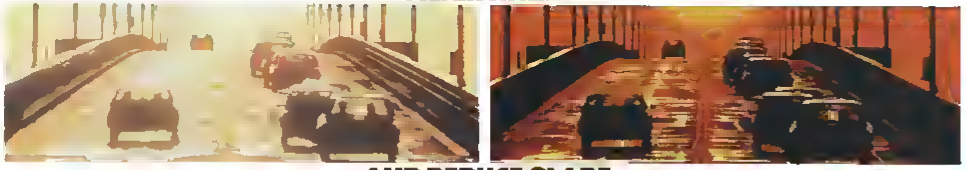
Well, actually, there is one little thing. The APV's one-piece rear door swings up to roof level when it's open. Unless your friends are all giraffes, forget about the tailgate parties. ■



SERENGETI® DRIVERS. THE ONLY SUNGLASSES THAT CAN:



FILTER HAZE



AND REDUCE GLARE



AND ADJUST TO CHANGING LIGHT



AND PREVENT DISTORTION.

© 1989 Corning Inc. Corning, NY 14831

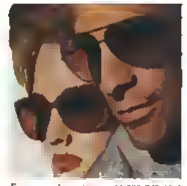
Sure other sunglasses can handle glare. Maybe even haze. But only SERENGETI Drivers can remove virtually any visual "roadblock." At any time of day, in any weather.

That's because they're the only sunglasses with Spectral Control® lenses that selectively filter hazy blue light. Meaning your vision is sharper and clearer. And glare is dramatically reduced.

SERENGETI Drivers also have photochromic lenses that adjust to varying daylight conditions.

Additionally, these optical quality lenses prevent distortion. Keep colors true to life. And block over 99% of ultraviolet rays.

Better yet...these one-of-a-kind lenses come in dozens of different frames—everything from the classic to the avant garde. SERENGETI Drivers. Take a good look at a pair today.



For more information, call 1-800 525-4001. Available at better stores in the U.S. and Canada.

SERENGETI®
DRIVERS
By CORNING OPTICS

Ermenegildo Zegna



HIGH PERFORMANCE
THE FINEST LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT IN THE WORLD

MILAN—VIA P. VERRI 3 LONDON—37 BOND STREET PARIS—18, RUE DE PAIX TOKYO—2F AOYAMA TWIN TOWERS NEW YORK—743, FIFTH AVENUE



CLASSICS

The Slipper

By John Berendt

UNTIL RECENTLY I would have said, without bothering to check it out, that Sherlock Holmes was the most famous slipper wearing figure in English literature—until, that is, I stumbled on an unsettling bit of news. Sherlock Holmes never wore a deerstalker cap. Nowhere in any of Arthur Conan Doyle's sixty Sherlock Holmes mysteries is such a cap ever mentioned by name. It was invented by the illustrator Sidney Paget.

Naturally, this revelation undermined my confidence about Holmes having worn slippers, especially after I perused two dozen of the stories and found no mention of them at all. Therefore, to be on the safe side, I put in a call to Stanley MacKenzie. MacKenzie is an actor who years ago played Sherlock Holmes on British radio; in retirement, he presides over the Sherlock Holmes Reference Collection, which is housed in his and Mrs. MacKenzie's London flat.

"What do we know about slippers?" I asked MacKenzie.

"A fair amount," he replied. "Evidence suggests that they were devised by the Chinese some six thousand years ago, not so much for comfort as for *stealth*. They were soft and silent, so the wearer could walk in the vicinity of mulberry trees without disturbing the silkworms. Silkworms require an extremely quiet environment in which to spin their silk."

"Fascinating," I said, "but what I'm particularly interested in is the connection between slippers and Sherlock Holmes."

"You mean the Persian slipper? Holmes kept his tobacco in a Persian slipper."

"How could I have missed that?" I said.

"Well, it's mentioned in only four stories," MacKenzie politely remarked. "'The Adventure of the Empty House,' 'The Musgrave Ritual,' 'The Naval Treaty,' and 'The Illustrious Client.'"

"Actually," I said, "I was looking for a reference to the *wearing* of slippers."

"I see," said MacKenzie. "Dr. Watson wears a pair of parent leathers in 'The Stockbroker's Clerk.' Holmes is able to deduce from them that Watson hasn't been feeling well, because the soles are scorched, which indicates he's been sitting by the fire, with his feet up on the grate, recuperating. There are also the carpet slippers worn by Mr. Barker in 'The Valley of Fear.' Holmes notes there's a spot of blood on the sole that matches the blood on the windowsill."

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I had in mind Sherlock Holmes's *own* slippers. I picture him lounging at home in a purple dressing gown, and I assume he wore slippers too, but I can't find any mention of them."

"If I may," MacKenzie said gently, "I should like, first, to clarify the matter of the dressing gown. Holmes had at least three: a mouse-colored gown in 'The Empty House' and 'The Bruce-Partington Plans,' a blue gown in 'The Man with the Twisted Lip,' and a purple gown in 'The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.' As for slippers, they do appear in illustrations, but I can't quite place them in the text. If you'll bear with me for a moment, I'll consult my concordance."

As I waited, I could hear MacKenzie thumbing. "Ah!" he said at last. "Here it is! 'The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle.' Holmes says: *'You look cold, Mr. Ryder. Pray take the basket chair. I will just put on my slippers before we settle this little matter of yours.'* It's the only overt reference to Holmes's wearing slippers, but it proves he did wear them."

"That's a relief," I said. "Now, let me push my luck a bit."

Evidence suggests they were devised not so much for comfort as for stealth.

de. Can we deduce what kind of slippers they were? Could they have been mules? Pantofles? Babouches? Or perhaps Alberts—those black velvet slippers with the gold embroidery on the top?"

"That will be a challenge," said MacKenzie. "We know Holmes was a fastidious man. Watson tells us in 'The Musgrave Ritual' that he affected a certain 'quiet primness of dress.' Is that any help?"

"I'll have to mull it over," I said. "But while I have you on the line, let me ask you something else. Is Holmes's inverness cape genuine?"

"I'm afraid that was the illustrator's imagination again."

"And the meerschaum pipe?"

"There's no authority for that either. We know Holmes smoked several pipes: a briar, an old black clay pipe, and a pipe made of cherry wood. The meerschaum was introduced by an actor, but I've not yet been able to pinpoint exactly who it was. As a matter of fact, I'm working on that mystery at this very moment. When I solve it, I shall let you know."

"Why, thank you," I said.

"Not at all," replied the ever-gracious MacKenzie. "And in the meantime, I do hope I've put your mind at ease about the slippers." ■



NOT JUST BELLS AND WHISTLES... TECHNOLOGY.

Panasonic introduces a personal stereo designed for the most discriminating ears.

Bells and whistles. Gizmos and gadgets. That's what many personal stereos seem to have today. But as impressive as some of those glitzy features may seem, they won't impress you if you really know and care about music.

That's why Panasonic introduces the new RQ-S5V. The personal stereo designed for music lovers. It has a precision digitally synthesized FM/AM tuner plus a high-performance cassette deck with both Dolby* B and C noise reduction systems.

Its S-XBS Super Extra Bass System produces a powerful, tight, resonant bass. Even the headphones are specially engineered. They're compact, yet give you sound with incredible impact. And it's controlled by an auto-logic microprocessor-driven remote—so you can operate almost everything without ever having to take the RQ-S5V out of your pocket.

So treat your ears to this new Panasonic Personal Stereo. Because, after all, it's not bells and whistles your ears appreciate. It's the music. ■

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

THE ENLIGHTENED TRAVELER

Two in the Bush

By Tom Robbins



So you tell your girlfriend you're going to take her on a holiday to one of the most romantic spots on earth, and after she has tastefully expressed her gratitude and delight, she asks how she should pack. For the mountains? For the shore? For the samba clubs of Rio or the boulevards of Paree?

"Oh," you say, "just throw a few things together that'll get you by in a swamp."

Naturally, she thinks you're kidding, even after she notices you laying in a supply of mosquito repellent and aquasocks. And when you usher her into the Victoria Falls Hotel, following a spine-numbing twenty-two-hour flight, she smiles simultaneously at the pleasing surroundings and what she believes was your little joke. The Vic Falls, perhaps the lone nineteenth-century colonial hotel still operating in southern Africa, may have a run or two in its safari stockings, a few stains on its bush jacket, but it's as romantic as the last act of a bad operetta.

Seedily luxurious, the low, rambling wings of the Vic Falls are tickled by palm fronds, scampered over by monkeys, serviced by an attentive staff in starched white livery, and moistened by mists from cataracts so immense they make Niagara seem like a leaky faucet. Your girlfriend is really settling into the place, especially its spacious patio, but the ice has hardly melted in her second gin and tonic before you've booked passage on Air Botswana, and toward the end of the next afternoon, the two of you are flying over territory that decidedly resembles a swamp. You feel a trifle sad about the look she gives you.

The flight from Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe, to Maun, Botswana, arrives nearly two hours late, and as you wait for your luggage, the guide who has met you at the yam-patch airport is nervously glancing from his watch to the sky and back again. "We have a ways to go, and we've got to get there before dark," you explain to your companion. When she asks, "Suppose we don't?" you shrug. You're afraid of what she might answer if you inquire if she's ever spent the night with a crocodile.

Before long you're motorboating up a reedy, sullen river, exchanging waves with folks who've never so much as heard of George Bush, even though their relatives are Bushmen. Before you can think to congratulate them, they, their huts, and their goats have vanished, and your boat is alone on a waterway that twists through the aquatic flora like a spastic vegetarian through a salad bar, and whose banks are closing in on you from both sides. The river narrows into a channel. The channel into a hippopotamus path.

Meanwhile, the sun has slipped below the palm-fringed horizon and the temperature is dropping so fast you think it must have fallen off a cliff. It gets later and later, darker and darker, colder and colder, lonelier and lonelier, the route more and more crooked, the papyrus beds more and more dense, and your girlfriend has to pee so bad she must gnaw on her camera strap to stifle a howl.

Still, the emerging stars are flamboyant, the birdcalls crystal-

Oh, you say, just throw a few things together that'll get you by in a swamp.

line, the frog den hypnotic, and the situation really isn't all that horrifying, considering how lost you appear to be. Then you hit the WALL OF GNATS!

You call it a wall instead of a cloud because clouds don't usually give a person whiplash. You're talking about the force of trillions of tiny bugs per cubic foot here, gnat cheek to gnat jowl, and you're swallowing gnats and breathing gnats while



The upwardly mobile.

© 1988 SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO., N.Y., NY JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL® 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

Jack be nimble.

Jump behind the wheel of the new Prelude Si and you'll see exactly how much fun a sports coupe can be.

Beneath you awaits a highly advanced double wishbone suspension system on all four wheels. The kind that Formula 1 race car drivers have counted on for years.

Certainly you will marvel at Honda's agile 4-wheel steering. Available once again on the Prelude Si. It easily handles twisty streets and winding roads. Wide Michelin radials, alloy wheels and 4-wheel disc brakes keep the curves neat and clean.

Swiftly taking you through the gears is a 5-speed stick shift. Few transmissions can hold a candle to its smoothness. The 4-speed automatic is just as smooth.

A new 16-valve, twin-cam engine with more power keeps the excitement moving. Naturally, it's fuel-injected.

Which makes Jack pretty quick, too.

HONDA

The Prelude Si

© 1989 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.



4WS option package shown

Man At His Best



National Enquirer headlines—COUPLE DROWNS IN GNAT TSUNAMI—dance before your gnat-blinded eyes. On you bore, meter after meter, into the LIVING WALL!, certain you're within a gnat's hair of asphyxiation, until

It gets later and later, darker and darker. Then you hit the WALL OF GNATS!

the wall suddenly crumbles away as inexplicably as it materialized, and in the distance you glimpse a flicker of light that's of apparent human fabrication. In ten minutes you're docked at Ntswi Island, a campfire and a beefy meal in your immediate future. Ah, but any illusion that things are now hunky-dory disappears when you discover that your poor girlfriend couldn't quite hold it until she reached the thatched latrine. There's nothing like wet pants to throw a wet blanket on swampland romance.

Add to that some loud-mouthed hippos teething the Hippocratic oath a few-score yards from your tent, and the savage chill that is piercing your lightweight sleeping bag (in Botswana, mid-June has turned out to be midwinter. You'd think those people south of the equator could get their seasons straight), and you have a night that belongs to misery, not to Michelob. You greet the dawn with no more glee than your significantly silent sweetie.

Gradually, however, you warm to the place and it to you. Before the afternoon is over, the temperature will have hit 80—a 50-degree swing that occurs each day—and the sky will have pinned blue ribbons to every lapel of the Okavango delta, irrefutably a first-prize swamp.

The Okavango is the largest inland delta in the world. It's formed when the Okavango River, overfed by floodwaters from the rains of Angola, runs headlong into the Kalahari Desert, and skids to a stop without ever reaching the sea. The result is seventeen thousand square kilometers of channels, lagoons, reedbeds, grass pans, and islands. The water is pure enough to drink, warm enough to bathe in, although if you splash for more than ten minutes, a drooling crocodile will usually show up and demand a wine list. In a week, however, your party sees not one poisonous snake nor one squadron of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, lest anyone think to compare it with the Everglades. As for the WALL OF GNATS!, it seems to have gone the way of the walls of Babylon.

What you do see in this glistening oasis of water lilies, phoenix palms, and melapo grass are storks and fish eagles, hornbills, and bee-eaters, parrots, vultures, lilac-breasted rollers, and literally hundreds of other ornithological showpieces. Everywhere, great wings beat the air as if it were a drum, and when the day chorus of doves and cuckoos punches off duty, the more esoteric night birds come on-line.





On the larger islands—and some are many times the size of Manhattan—there is game. Big game. Buffalo, giraffe, zebra, elephant, lion, leopard, et al., most of the stereotypes of the African tableau, although they appear anything but stereotypical when you're stalking them on foot, and worrying if they might be stalking you. Hiking unarmed through acacia thornbush, in fairly close proximity to the wildest of animals, gives your Okavango experience that dark edge of danger without which romance is merely the sappy side of lust.

Tranquility is also a necessary component of romantic adventure, and there's no shortage of peaceful epiphanies in this watery Eden. Early each morning, your party pushes off in dugout canoes hollowed from the single trunks of sausage trees. Powered by a native guide with a twelve-foot pole, you glide noiselessly along the hippo paths, your bow knocking a shower of dew pearls from the papyrus tops, whiffs of nectar in the air, as all about you fin, fang, and feather receive the Day Glo kiss of the slowly rising sun.

After a day of walking and marveling, you are poled back to tiny Ntswi Isle, where, at a primitive open-air bar decorated with skulls, that same sun, setting now, is reflected off cold cans of local beer. The dusk belongs to Lion Lager.

And one evening, sure enough, beneath the gloriously exotic configuration of the Southern Cross—it happens to be the night after a bull elephant drank the sudsy water in which your girlfriend had just washed out her underthings, an act that filled you with a perverse mixture of revulsion and jealousy—your paramour interrupts the Okavango concert of cricket and ibis and mystery beast to whisper, "Honey, you were right. This ol' swamp *is* the most romantic spot on earth."

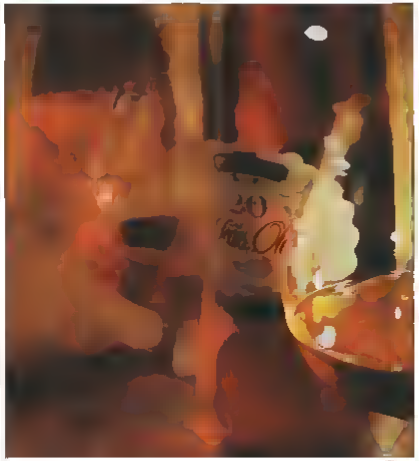
EXCURSIONS into Botswana's Okavango delta may be booked through Sobek Expeditions, P.O. Box 1089, Angels Camp, California 95222, telephone 800 777-7939. ☛

COUNTRY HITS



The attitude is laid back, but the style is pure Cole Haan. Our wavy oak moccasins have a natural, outdoor look with just a splash of city chic. Lace into our canoe penny with leather soles, spectator penny with brick red COLE·HAAN COUNTRY crepe bottoms, or spectator tie moccasin with distinctive rubber cleats. Genuine handsewns that capture the spirit of the weekend every day of the week. Another hit. From the Cole·Haan Country Collection for Men.

Cole Haan. Fine Footwear for Men, Women, and Children. For stores near you, write: Cole-Haan, Dept. B3, North Elm Street, Yarmouth, ME 04096. 5002



THE DRINKING MAN

The Grape Divide

By John Mariani

BOND REGARDED the glass with the cruel sneer of a cat ready to pounce on its prey. He picked up the cognac, sniffed it, and without even a sip, declared, "I'd say it was a thirty-year-old *fine*, indifferently blended"—another whiff of the glass now—"with an overdose of Bons Bois."

Thus did James Bond, in the film *Goldfinger*, tell the head of the Bank of England what he thought of the man's cognac.

Bond's ability to sniff out the components of a blend of cognac *and* to guess the vintage is not just the kind of brutal one-upmanship he exacts as he might a blow to the solar plexus, it's the kind of arcane connoisseurship only an Englishman could muster, because only in England are "vintage" cognacs sold. There they are called "early landed, late-bottled cognacs," meaning that English merchants have bought casks of single vintage cognacs, stored them for years in bonded warehouses along the Thames, then bottled and sold them under their own names.

Nowhere else—not even in the Cognac region itself—could you find vintage-dated cognacs. Not until now, that is. Last fall Hine exported to the United States sixty bottles of its 1914 vintage, which, despite a price tag of more than $600 a bottle, were snapped up by a handful of restaurateurs and retailers. Their introduction into the world market has caused something of an uproar among those who can't wait to try them—and those who think they're pure gimmickery. For if anything disturbs the usual equanimity of the genteel cognac trade, it's the idea of vintage dating.

The argument against vintage dating goes like this: Cognac has traditionally been a blend of wine-based spirits from strictly delimited regions around the cities of Cognac and Jarnac. Master blenders take the cognacs from many different years, casks, and batches, all with their own characteristics, in an effort to achieve a consistent style, year after year. Thus, the distinctive taste of Delamain (elegant lightness), Hennessy (round and robust), or Rémy Martin (smooth and full-fruited) never varies. Cognacs from a single vintage year would, therefore, lack the complexity and consistency of a blend.

Moreover, the difficulty of proving that the contents of a bottle come exclusively from a specific vintage is considerable, made more suspicious by the occasional producer who seems to possess unlimited stocks of very old vintages.

The argument *for* vintage dating is really a reaction to the recent interest in that *other* French brandy, armagnac, whose producers, not quite so dogmatic about tradition, began selling vintage bottlings about twenty years ago. This marketing tactic has sent its sales soaring, cutting into the cognac market.

At first the cognacais shrugged and countered with more superpremium cognacs with proprietary names like Louis XIII, Triomphe, and Paradis, in fancy packages and Baccarat crystal, which the Japanese buy the way Americans buy Kahlua. But with sales now flat—and in many countries (including France) dropping—the large cognac producers fear that the intrusion of vintage cognacs into the marker will further confuse customers whose heads are already abuzz with terms like "V.S.O.P.," "Extra," "Reserve," and "Napoleon," and will lead them to assume the newcomers must be *better* simply because they are in such short, expensive supply.

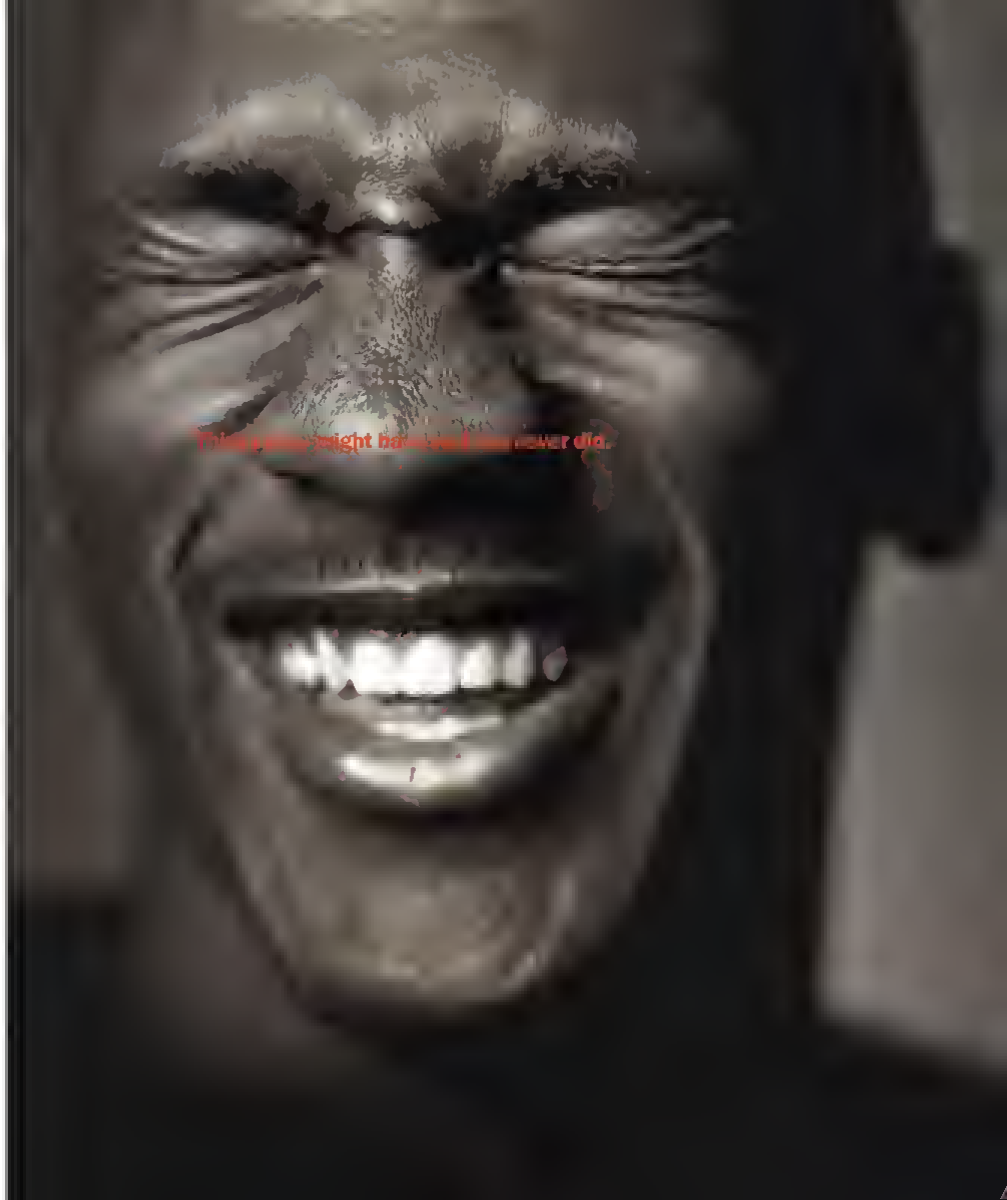
Small producers argue that vintages add variety and excitement to the market. "Without vintage cognacs, the small producers cannot survive," says Patrice Burnez-Prunier of Maison Prunier, which makes a single vintage cognac called Prunier 20 Years Old, which sells for about $45. And now that Hine has made the leap into the vintage market, others are poised to go the same route.

So how different does a vintage cognac taste? Well, having tasted several vintage cognacs, including the wonderfully woodsy Hine 1914, which smells of fresh wild mushrooms, the bright, briskly clean Prunier 20 Years, and an amazingly supple, less alcoholic 1805 from Dor, I must admit that they stand out one from another and from the blended cognacs from the same houses. On the other hand, I find them one-dimensional and lacking in the complexity I like to savor in a blend. Indeed, the 1805 Dor reminded me of the *Venus de Milo*—unquestionably a very beautiful woman of character, but let's face it, the girl has no arms.

Vintage cognacs are, I think, curiosities, well worth tasting and talking about, although *better* is not necessarily a word I'd choose to describe them. But describing them with aplomb may

So how different does a vintage cognac taste from a traditionally blended cognac?

be just the reason to drink them. For in the mouth of someone with the instincts of a James Bond, a little knowledge of such cognacs can be a deliciously dangerous thing. €



RITA MAAS



Michael Jordan, accepting [illegible] "My car [illegible] along with it—" [illegible]

I really do [illegible] what do I need a car for? I got Nike basketball shoes. I mean, why cruise around

in some fancy [illegible] sedan when I got shoes like these? (Michael [illegible]

and the understanding crowd applauds)..."



Andre [illegible] addressing a crowd of young, screaming, adoring females—"[illegible] my Nike tennis shoes [illegible] which prolong the life [illegible]

Full-length Nike-Air. And washable Durabuck uppers…Yes, girls, washable!"…(the screaming gets so loud Andre is unable to continue).





Early morning. Calling from a car phone. "I know it's two thirty in the morning. And I apologize for calling so late, but I just had to call. What do you mean who's this? Don't you know Diddley? This is Bo Jackson. Yeah, That Bo Jackson. I know I've never called you before. It's just that I was having trouble sleeping and I was wondering if you wanted to play football. Come on, I got my Nike cross-training shoes on. OK, so you don't want to play football. Then how about a little racquetball? No. How about swimming bowling? No. Table tennis? Come on, I got my Nike cross-training shoes on. What do you mean I'm having to get sleep before practice? What kind of jobs do you think I have where I'm near me crying when I'm tired? Well then, what about sprints? ...?'



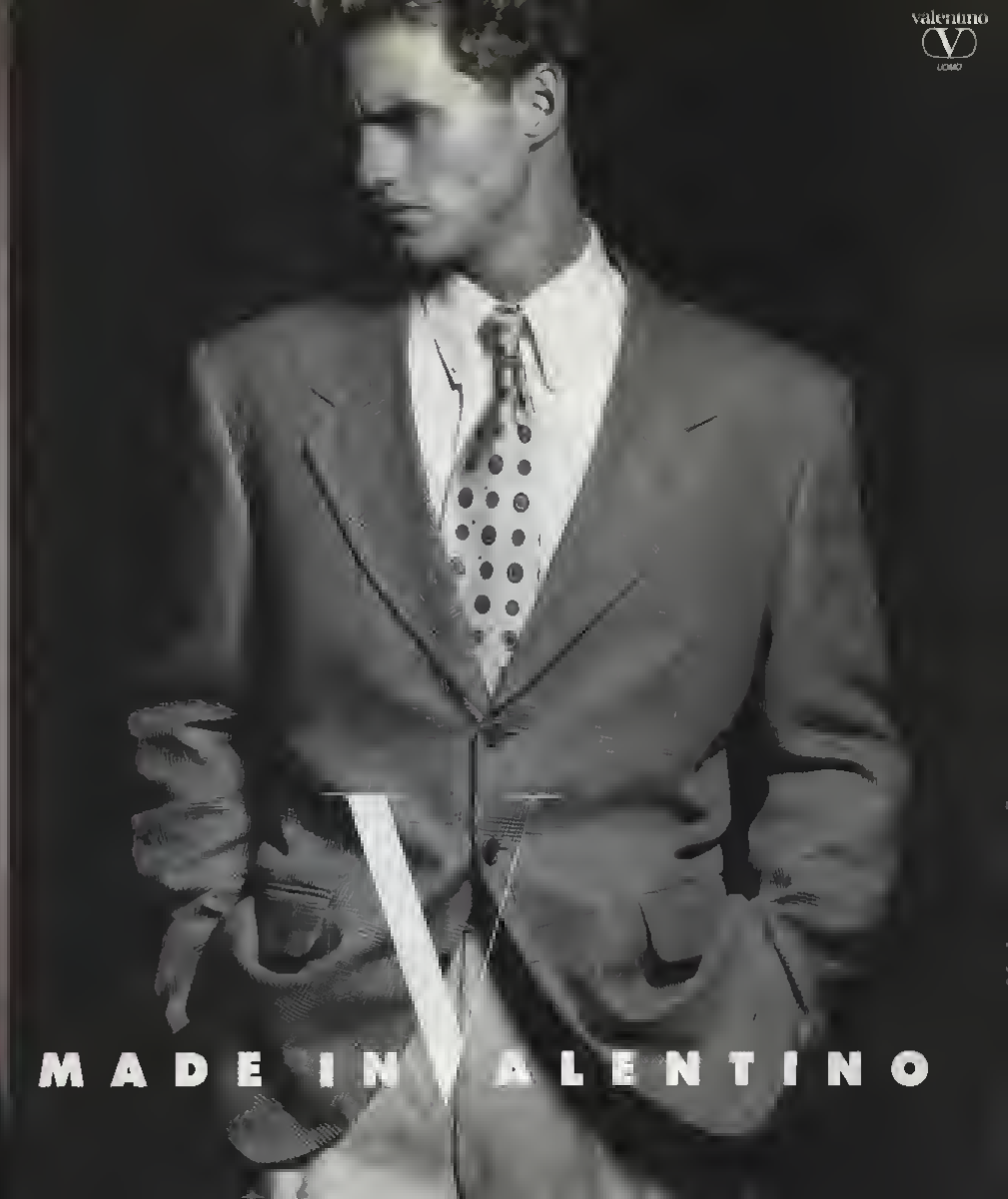


Aqua Sock

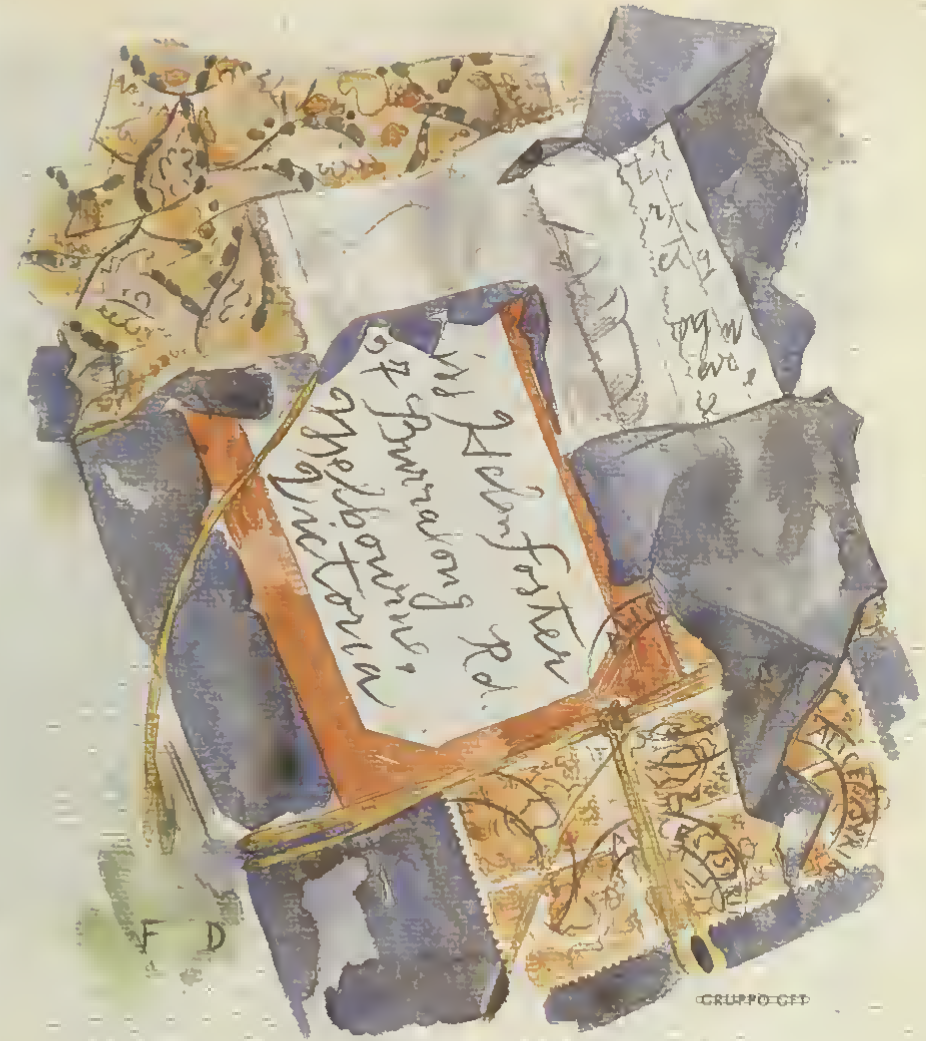

Nike Air Max


Mark Allen, accepting
I would like to thank my parents for giving me the genes.
Nike
me the running
the encou
like for giving me the running shoes.
brother for giving me
for the trip to Hawaii."


Just do it. And after you finish just doing it, and you really want to say something
absurdly complimentary about your shoes, we think you should just
NIKE


valentino
UOMO
MADE IN VALENTINO


DESIGNED BY
JOSEPH ABBOUD


GRUPPO GFT

For those who accept turbulence as a fact of life.



Although Timberland gear gives you a great look in the flattering sunlight of a calm day at sea, its true worth shines through when the sky blackens and the water opens its jaws to feast on anything afloat. We build our clothing and footwear to meet the needs of people whose serious love of the sea exposes them to all its moods. People who will not or cannot cling to land until turbulence no longer threatens and the coast is clear. For these individuals, shelter is made of three things. Their boat, their skill, their Timberland gear.

Boots, shoes, clothing, wind, water, earth and sky.

NEW YORK LONDON BOSTON SAUSALITO NEWPORT ANNAPOLIS

Timberland and the tree logo are registered trademarks of The Timberland Company © 1999 The Timberland Company

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE. POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.



Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94° Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. © 1995 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

Who Cares About Prague?

By Pete Hamill

YEAR AFTER YEAR I'd see them in public places: on street corners in Chicago or in Washington parks or standing in the rain outside the United Nations in New York. It was always Captive Nations Week or some great date in a fading national history, and the exiles would chant their anguish and their protests in languages I could never know. The men were gaunt and moustached. The women were plump, with shiny pink skin. The languages in their leaflets had too many consonants, and in my life I was drawn more passionately to lands that were lush with vowels. Usually I sighed and walked on by.

After Hungary in '56, there was a brief time when their existence was recorded in the public prints. This man had fought a Soviet tank with a Molotov cocktail and that man's sister had died hurling a paving stone at a machine gunner; they made words and phrases like *sacrifice* and *freedom* and *in vain* sound like something more than Fourth of July oratory. But by the time we had plunged into our own anguished '60s, most of us had ceased to care. We could do something about Vietnam. It was our war, waged by our politicians, fought by our armies. We could do nothing about Eastern Europe except exchange missiles with the Russians.

But the exiles kept coming on the appointed days to the United Nations. The numbers dwindled. The men began to look sleeker and were certainly grayer, and the women seldom came at all. Some of my friends in the reporting trade dismissed them with innuendo—their leaders were on the CIA payroll, some of them had collaborated with the Nazis, they were mere props for the addled legions of the American Right. I remember talking to some of them one drizzly morning (for the weather of Eastern Europe often seemed to have immigrated with them). I needed a column for the newspaper I then served, and tried to get them to tell me their solutions to the problems back in the old country. "*Drive out the Russians!*" they said. "*Use the atom bomb!*" Faces flushed, mouths contorted, they split the damp air with their slogans. One balding man literally screamed at me: "*Better dead than Red!*" I never wrote the column.



For years we didn't lift a finger. Now we're taking credit

In '68 we read about the changes in Czechoslovakia under Alexander Dubcek, the lifting of the heavy hand of Stalinism, the exuberant attempt to make "socialism with a human face." In a way, this crack in the Stalinist ice pack seemed to further isolate the exiles outside the United Nations, particularly the Czechs and the Slovaks; they began to look like cranks. Then, on August 20 of that terrible year, one week before the American tribes gathered in Chicago for the Democratic convention, the Soviets and their Warsaw Pact allies invaded Czechoslovakia. The Prague Spring was crushed. In Chicago, through the billy clubs and the tear gas, some young American antiwar demonstrators held signs accusing Mayor Daley of running "Czechago." That year, nobody cared much for exact analogy.

But after that brief flurry, Eastern Europe faded from the American consciousness. The Reagan Right, of course, used its existence to pander for ethnic votes; the fading American Left sometimes spoke wistfully about the Prague Spring. But neither seemed really to care very much. There were other matters to divert us. Watergate, abortion, Iran, drugs, various gurus, the religion of the LSO. Reagan railed at the Evil Empire, invented the contras (degrading the 1956 Hungarian resistance by calling these hired thugs "freedom fighters"), and directed the heroic invasion of Grenada. But there was never any talk about "rolling back" the Red hordes in Prague or Warsaw, Sofia or Bucharest, East Berlin or Budapest, and places such as Lithuania, Estonia, Armenia, and Latvia had long ago vanished from the map. The attitude was brutally simple: Eastern Europe was "theirs", Central America was "ours." *Realpoli-*

Pete Hamill, *journalist and novelist, writes this column monthly for Esquire*

tik uber alles. And every year or so, I'd pass the old exiled stalwarts holding weathered signs and chanting in the streets, occasionally producing one of their American children to do a dance in a folk costume from the old country. If it was a slow news day, the papers maybe even ran a picture.

But while visiting Prague and East Berlin last December, I kept thinking about those angry and grieving exiles and felt increasingly ashamed of myself. I should have listened harder and learned more. In Prague, there were people like them everywhere, with the same gaunt faces and ill-fitting clothes, the same grievances against injustice, except that now the world was listening. Their uncontested leader was the fifty-three-year old playwright Vaclav Havel, whose moral authority was based on the years he'd spent in the country's prisons. But when I first saw him, at a basement press conference in the Laterna Magika theater, I realized that he easily could have been one of those men from the sidewalk opposite the United Nations.

He did not speak in slogans. Even when addressing vast crowds, Havel's language is concrete, precise, nuanced; he does not rant, even in confrontations with his former jailers, he sounds most reasonable. But his mission was the same as that of his countrymen—to get the dead clammy hands of Stalinism off Czechoslovakia and allow its people to breathe freely. Within a month after Prague police had used bats, clubs, and gun butts on hundreds of student demonstrators, Havel and other members of the opposition umbrella group called Civic Forum managed to force the old hard-line leaders to accept the first noncommunist government in the nation since before the communist coup in 1948. Not a shot was fired, not a window broken. It was an amazing process to watch. I woke each morning charged with an exhilaration I had almost never felt in the minefields of politics.

This revolution was a triumph of human intelligence. Czechoslovakia, like all countries ruled by totalitarians, was an oligarchy of the stupid. After 1968 the country's best writers, including such world-class talents as Milan Kundera, Josef Skvorecky, and Ludvik Vaculik, were silenced, jailed, or driven into exile. Rock 'n' roll musicians were thrown into dungeons. Only the corniest jazz (white Dixieland, for example, or moldy swing music) was officially tolerated. The brilliant Czech new wave of '60s filmmakers was halted, the best people exiled or cast out of the industry, while the Barrandov film studios ground our witless comedies and historical epics that nobody went to see. Thousands of scientists, engineers, schoolteachers, and scholars were removed from their jobs because they were ideologically suspect, and were then forced to do the most menial labor. In all cases, they were replaced by mediocrities, ass-kissing careerists, and Stalinist hacks. It was the most sustained act of national stupidity since Spain expelled both the Jews and the Arabs within ten years of each other at the end of the fifteenth century, thus ridding itself of its most brilliant artists, architects, mathematicians, and merchants.

For an American, some of this was uncomfortably familiar. We, too, once had a blacklist that prevented writers, directors, and actors from working in movies or television—on ideological grounds. During the McCarthy era, we, too, lost scientists, schoolteachers, and scholars, on ideological grounds. Our religious Right continues trying to impose its party line on everything from abortion to the content of television shows. We have a free press, but the vast majority of our newspapers wouldn't challenge the intelligence of a cocker spaniel. Certainly, in our mass media, we seldom read, see, or hear from American communists or socialists, who are dismissed as a disloyal opposition. In Prague, people showed me bound copies of samizdat, precious hand-typed books passed from person to person because they were banned from the bookstores. In East Berlin I saw a line of almost three hundred people waiting in a freezing rain to buy the first West German books to be sold in the East. But a glance at any American best-seller list, or the shelves of any bookstore in a shopping mall, will show you what most Americans have chosen to do with their freedoms.

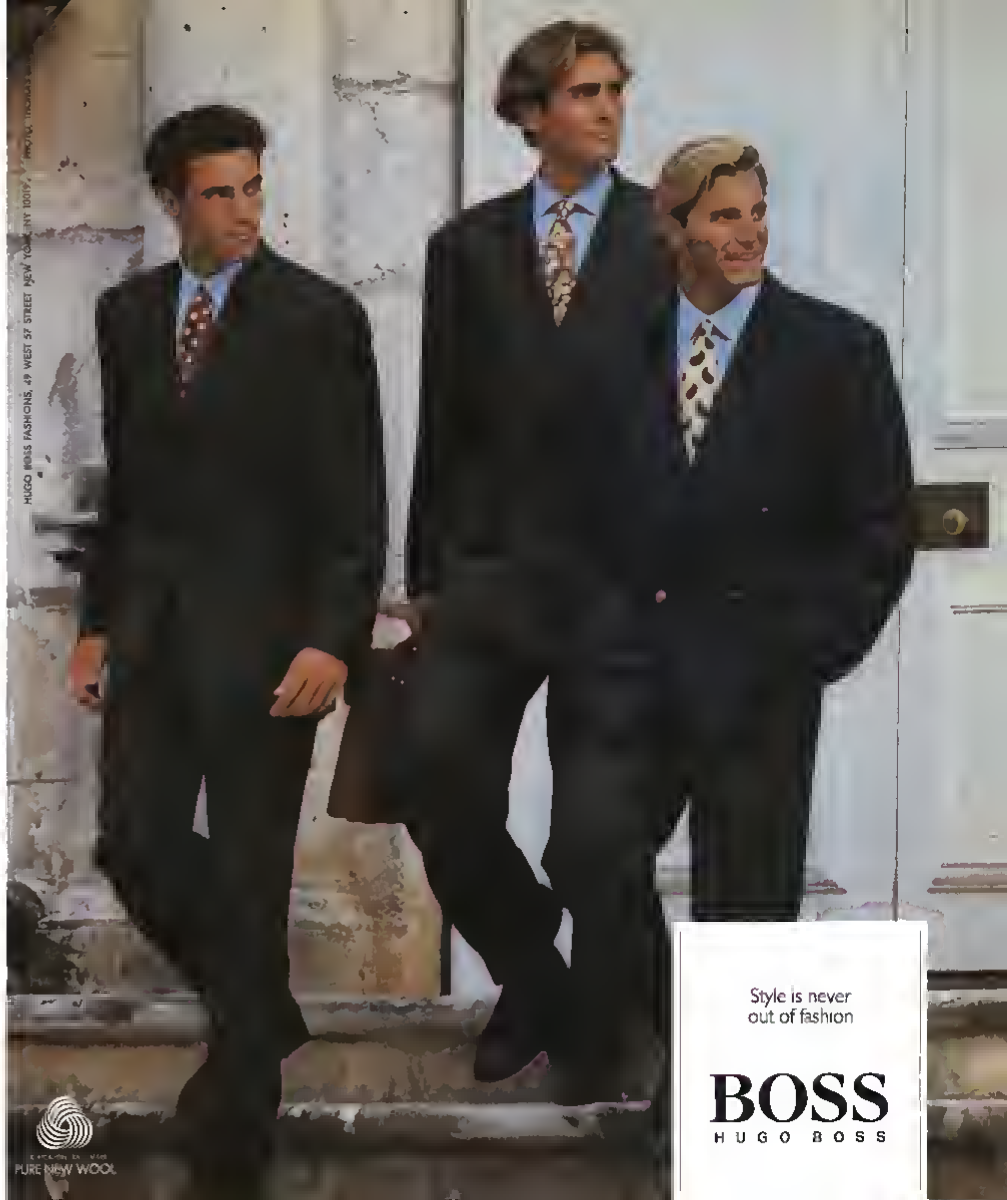
Still, we have choice, and until last year, millions of Eastern Europeans had no choice at all. Those who protested, like Havel, were visited by the secret police and taken away in handcuffs. He was a writer, and writers are rememberers or they are nothing. And that made him dangerous. In Czechoslovakia people were told to forget the Prague Spring, to forget the country's democratic past between the world wars, to forget the 1948 coup. The social contract was simple. Let the party make the big decisions and the individuals could make most of the small decisions. If they agreed to give up memory and a critical intelligence, citizens could indulge in small bourgeois pleasures: a cottage in the country, a car, skiing, clothes that made Czech women the most chic in Eastern Europe. In Moscow, citizens wait in line for potatoes, on Parizska Street in Prague, I saw a line outside Christian Dior.

But the basic neo-Stalinist demand was for national amnesia, and that, too, was familiar. It was at the heart of the Reagan era, when Americans were urged by the Great Communicator to forget Vietnam and forget Watergate, and use borrowed money to indulge in mindless pleasures.

This is not to say that the United States is the moral equivalent of a totalitarian state. That's ludicrous. But all human beings, including Americans, are confronted every day by the temptation of the totalitarian solution. Wandering the streets of Prague and East Berlin, I never saw a homeless person, never ran into a junkie, never felt a personal sense of menace. The total state, after all, places order above all human values, including justice. But back home in New York and Los Angeles and other American cities, I've talked to many people over the years who demand those Good Old Draconian Measures to deal with our disorders. They would gladly surrender the Bill of Rights if that meant clearing the streets of drug addicts and gunmen. I even heard this argument from some of the Eastern European exiles on the rainy sidewalks outside the United Nations.

Wandering the streets of Prague, I never saw a homeless person or a junkie, never felt a sense of menace.

That taste for the draconian certainly hasn't perished from the earth, as we saw in December in Romania and Panama. In the hardest of the old Stalinist states, the end came in blood and destruction, with the ruling family joining that of the czar on the casualty lists of the century's revolutions. In Panama, an American soldier was killed, another soldier's wife was insulted, and the great might of the United States was unleashed on the regime of Manuel Noriega. According to polls, most Americans loved this fierce spectacle. And while such peaceful and historic events as the collapse of the Berlin Wall drew poor television ratings, many cheered the brutality of the Romanian revolution. Apparently, nothing makes American blood quicken faster than the spirit of revenge. If it's history, most of us yawn; if it re-



A Permanent LIFETIME Answer To Baldness



A simple 3 hour medical procedure where filaments of hair are applied to the scalp to THICKEN or completely restore hair back !

This procedure is not a conventional hairpiece or hair transplant
There is no maintenance required after the procedure.

You can comb your hair straight back &
Hairlines are completely natural

A Lifetime Warranty is provided. This process is totally reversible if desired.
The fee for this procedure is from $1200 - $4500

For an Evaluation & Brochure - Call TOLL FREE

U.S. 1-800-262-8844
Canada 1-800-523-8844

Or Write
I.C.L. Labs
209 Professional Bldg
Cinnaminson, NJ 08077

MAIL ★ ORDER ★ MALL

▼ **THE REVOLVING BOOKCASE**—*No Assembly Required*

This elegant showcase for your favorite books or cassette library is crafted from hand-selected solid oak and oak veneer with a top that has been meticulously inlaid with genuine oak to create a traditional pattern of beauty and grace. You can use them in your den, family room, bedroom, office, or in your living room as end tables. Mounted on a specifically concealed ball-bearing base, the bookcase rotates a full 360 degrees with only a touch and needs only 4" clearance. You have easy access to any of the 8 individual compartments, each a roomy 11"H x 9½"W x 6"D. It's a total of nearly 6 linear feet of space, for storing your books, video tapes, audio cassettes, collectibles, etc. Overall size is 26½" high, 17¾" wide and 17¾" deep. Available in either classic medium oak or traditional deep mahogany finish. Classic Medium Oak **$149.95** ($22.95) #A1929 Mahogany Finish **$159.98** ($22.95) #A1930



TO ORDER: Send remittance with item number for total amounts, plus shipping & handling shown in ( ) payable to **H M SPECIALTIES,** Dept. FQZR 030, P.O. Box 1574 Radio City Station, NY, NY 10101, or call TOLL FREE 1-800-456-2434. When using credit card—include account number, expiration date, signature. We honor MasterCard/Visa. Sorry, no foreign, Canadian, or C.O.D. orders. Allow 30 days for delivery. 30 day money back guarantee.

Magaleg Marketing Group Inc. © 1989

THE HEARST CORPORATION ADVERTISEMENT 250 W. 55TH ST. NY, NY 10019

sembles a movie, we snap to attention.

That was what was so special about the events in Prague. Over and over, Havel and the others sent out the message: *We are not going to do to them what they've done to us.* "That would be the worst corruption of this revolution's ideals," said a filmmaker named Antonin Masa, who had spent twenty years directing his movies only in his imagination. "We want a country that is generous and decent. And where every man can speak his piece. That's all. Revenge is a debasing emotion." Another quoted Albert Camus, saying how it should be possible to love one's country and justice too.

There are lessons here for all of us. The American Right, after an initial period of bafflement, is claiming a triumph of capitalism over communism. "But that's not what is going on here," said Rita Klimova, who lived in New York as a child from 1939 to 1946, returned to Prague, became an economics professor, was blacklisted after the fall of Dubcek, and earned a marginal living as a free-lance translator. "If people here had to choose a model, it would probably be Sweden. A democratic socialist society, with freedom for the individual. This is a struggle for *choice*." Others noted that in the places where the United States did use physical force in the crusade against communism (Cuba, North Korea, Vietnam), Stalinism was still in power, its authority reinforced by the need (real or imaginary) to resist an outside threat. In Eastern Europe, the more pacific techniques of trade, cultural exchanges, and communications helped bring about the great change. Stalinism eventually fell of its own dumb weight. One Czech friend said to me: "There were two specific factors. One was Gorbachev, who made it clear that he wouldn't send the tanks. The other was the decision to stop jamming Radio Free Europe and the Voice of America. That allowed us to get hard news. We didn't care about the propaganda or the oratory. Just the news. That was *very* important."

He and the others were too modest to mention the one final factor: courage. Men like Havel, who began their lonely fight more than a decade ago, believed enough in their cause to place their bodies before the might of the state. They had no guns. They had no money. And in the end they won. They won for themselves and their families and their friends, for their country, for memory and history. But they also won for those lonely men and women who stood for so many years in the hard rain of strange cities. I wish I could find some of them and say that I am sorry for not listening to them in their separation and solitude. But they're gone now. And that might be the happiest ending of all. ◘

Imagine the radar detector you've always wanted.
High performance. Small size. And no power cord.



Introducing self-powered SOLO

"No other radar detector manufacturer has anything even close"
PAVE Restricted

Imagine a new kind of radar detector. A high performance radar detector so easy to use, you'd never get in your car without it.

As the makers of Passport and Escort, we have some rather high standards for radar detectors. Yet we've always dreamt of a simpler, friendlier, more elegant system of radar warning.

Here's the dream

We dreamt of freedom. Freedom from radar, of course. We'd never compromise our industry-leading performance. But our vision of freedom goes beyond that.

Imagine long range radar warning completely free of all nuisances. There's more to consider than just compact dimensions. There's the power cord, dangling across your dashboard, and tangling in your pocket or briefcase.

The dream radar detector would have no cord. No recharger. No snap-in battery pack. In fact, no visible means of power. The dream includes anti-theft protection, too. If we're going to dream, why not dream of perfection.

Dream come true

Finally, after years of painstaking engineering, the dream is a reality. We call it Solo because it stands alone: never needing a cord.

Solo is a totally new concept in radar warning: the first self-powered radar detector. All you do is attach Solo to your visor or windshield, and switch it on. It's that easy.



Solo comes complete with all accessories, including visor and windshield mounts that instantly conform to any car, but fold flat for convenient carrying. Both designs are patented.

With all the performance and features of our award-winning Passport, self-powered Solo provides high performance radar warning with no power cord. Within its tiny (¾" x 2¾" x 4½") magnesium housing it contains its own power source.

Fifty times more efficient than conventional detectors, Solo uses a single 9 volt battery to operate 200 hours. If you use Solo one hour a day, the battery will last over six months. (Even at two hours a day, you'll get over three months.)

The experts agree

AutoWeek called Solo "the most user friendly radar detector yet." We fell in love at first beep.

Solo couldn't be easier to use. No worries about cords or recharging. And Solo maintains 100% of its performance over its entire battery life. (Its digitally monitoring the battery.) There's even a special circuit that turns Solo off if you forget.

When it finally is time to replace the battery, Solo tells you five hours in advance so you have plenty of time to plan ahead. Then a 9-volt lithium battery will add another 200 hours. (A standard 9 volt alkaline will provide 90 hours.)

Call Toll Free 800 543 1608
24 hours, 7 days a week



$345 Ohio residents add $19

VISA

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 328630
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

Self-powered Solo brings cord-free radar protection for only three cents an hour.

Security system

Solo's design also incorporates our exclusive Digital Key theft deterrent system. When you insert a new battery, you use your tiny Digital Key to restart Solo's electronics. Without the key, thieves will have little use for your detector.



Solo's super efficient design never needs a power cord. A 9 volt battery provides 200 hours of power — several months of radar protection for most drivers! At a cost of only three cents per hour.

Experience the freedom

Imagine the first radar detector so easy to use you'll never get in your car without it. A 5½ ounce wonder that slips into its leather case and fits in your shirt pocket for easy carrying. A precision instrument you just clip on your visor and switch on. Imagine a Solo of your own.

A special offer lets you try Solo at no risk.

Call toll free

Designed and manufactured at our facility in Cincinnati, Solo is available from us only. For more information or to order, just call our radar experts toll-free (we're here seven days a week). Solo includes all accessories, and is backed by our usual one-year limited warranty.

Here's our offer. Simply, we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not completely satisfied, return your purchase within the first 30 days. We'll refund your money and your shipping cost.

Once you try self-powered radar protection, nothing else will do. Order today.

© 1990 CMI

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEDMER

Montana



BOUTIQUES CLAUDE MONTANA : PARIS / BEVERLY HILLS / HONG KONG / NOW-LOON / TOKYO / [illegible] / SINGAPOUR

PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY
GRUPPO GFT



Interplak cleans circles around your ordinary toothbrush.



The Interplak® Home Plaque Removal Instrument is one of the most important advances in home dental care since the invention of the toothbrush.

It doesn't look like an ordinary toothbrush. And it doesn't work like one.

After using the Interplak Instrument just once, you'll be able to feel the difference immediately. Your mouth will seem fresher. Cleaner.

It cleans teeth nearly plaque-free.

Clinical studies show that manual brushing removes only some of the plaque that builds up daily on your teeth.

But those same studies show that the Interplak instrument cleans teeth nearly plaque-free and reduces gingivitis to improve the health of your gums. And the more plaque you remove, the more you reduce the risk of early gum disease and tooth decay.

Nothing fights plaque better.

Unlike manual and electric toothbrushes that only clean back and forth, or up and down, our ten tufts of bristles rotate 4200 times a minute. And they reverse their direction 46 times a second to literally scour off plaque and stimulate your gums. When the tufts reverse direction, the bristles extend fully to clean deep between teeth and under the gumline. And because the bristles are four times softer than the softest toothbrush, they're no more abrasive than manual brushing with toothpaste.



Interplak tufts clean plaque from between teeth and under the gums.

Ask your dentist about the benefits.

Dental professionals across the country have enthusiastically endorsed the Interplak instrument and they've recommended it to their patients. It's even accepted by the American Dental Association.

It's easy to use, cordless, and it recharges itself every time you place it in its stand. Plus you can buy color-coded, interchangeable brush heads for the whole family.

The Interplak Home Plaque Removal Instrument, from Bausch & Lomb.

A new way of brushing your teeth, with extraordinary results.



INTERPLAK®
HOME PLAQUE REMOVAL INSTRUMENT

Interplak is Acceptable as an effective cleaning device for use as part of a program for good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for good oral health.
Council on Dental Materials, Instruments and Equipment, American Dental Association.

ADA

Interplak® is the registered trademark of the Bausch & Lomb Oral Care Division, Inc.
© 1990 Bausch & Lomb Oral Care Division, Inc.



YVES SAINT LAURENT



IZOD. LACOSTE.

THE ORIGINAL SINCE 1933

©1990 IZOD® LACOSTE®

David Thompson, Back to Earth

By Mike Lupica

SOME PEOPLE called him Skywalker. Mostly he was just David. His game was above nicknames really, way above nicknames, because of a leap that took him above the basketball world. He was the six-four David who took the college basketball championship away from the Goliath known as UCLA. The man who could soar with Julius Erving. The man who once scored seventy-three points in an NBA game, the most ever by a non-Wilt.

David. There was a time in the 1970s when it was not so much a name as an idea about flight. Now the 1980s have ended. David Thompson is again in a place where he is known only by his first name. But it is not a basketball arena. And for this one day, anyway, his feet are planted firmly on the ground.

Thompson is in the library of an old red-brick Episcopal church, in Charlotte, North Carolina. It is a little past noon. There are maybe twenty people with him, a lot of them smoking, almost all of them drinking coffee.

M., a black man with his arm in a sling, is talking about cocaine when Thompson arrives. He tells of running into old drug friends and, right away, "talking that same tired shit." He says that he must be vigilant every day. Then M. tells of how grateful he is that he finally found his way to a room like this.

A man with a shaved head begins to speak. He goes on for a long time. It is a riveting speech, sassy and funny and angry, the words coming out of him hard, like rap music. The shaved head talks about being an alcoholic and a drug addict, about treating his disease a day at a time, not looking behind or ahead.

"If there's one thing I've learned," he says, "it's that if I keep beating myself up over yesterday, I'll go crazy."

David Thompson, a bit heavier than



In his prime, he flew higher than Dr. J. or Michael. Coming down was the problem

when he beat Bill Walton and the Bruins, his hair beginning to thin in front, smiles. Everyone in the room has yesterdays. Thompson's are the most famous. Everyone has to fall to end up in one of these smoky rooms. Thompson's fall may have been the most dramatic of all, because he could fly once. In 1974, the weekend before the UCLA game, while trying to block a shot, Thompson chipped a teammate's shoulder and suffered what still might be the most unforgettable crash landing in basketball history. It took a terrible instant. The fall that put him in this church was as dramatic, and terrible. Just more gradual.

It is nearly 2:00 when the shaved head stops talking. The meeting is over. Thompson stands and joins hands with men to his left and right and recites the Lord's Prayer. He is thirty-five years old, five years from his last NBA game, eight months out of rehab.

"I SURE, I SEE a lot of me in Michael," Thompson says. We are in a conference room, in a suite of offices belonging to the Charlotte Hornets. Thompson is the Hornets' youth-programs coordinator. His desk sits down the hall like all the other desks, in a row of cubicles. I ask him what he thinks about when he watches Michael Jordan play basketball.

"He's a little bigger than I am," Thompson says, "but he does a lot of things I used to do. The hang time and all that. He told me he remembers watching me at N.C. State." Thompson smiles, as though looking at some old picture of himself, dancing in midair, a basketball in his hands. "I only wish I came into the league ten years later," he says.

Michael Jordan is the best player to ever come out of the Atlantic Coast Conference; David Thompson was the

Mike Lupica *is a contributing editor of Esquire.*

best to ever play in the ACC. He was ACC Player of the Year three times, Associated Press college Player of the Year twice. He was a part of two of the most storied games in the history of the state of North Carolina. N.C. State's 103–100 triple-overtime win over Maryland in the 1974 ACC tournament, and the overtime win that stopped UCLA's string of national championships at seven. David Thompson did not so much play in those games as write his name above them. The aerial history of his sport goes something like this: Julius Erving, then Thompson, then Jordan.

From N.C. State, Thompson went to the American Basketball Association's Denver Nuggets. His rookie season, he was MVP of the ABA All-Star game, and finished second to Erving in one of the most famous slam-dunk competitions ever. He averaged twenty-six points a game, and the Nuggets, coached by Larry Brown, made it to the ABA finals before losing to Erving's New York Nets. The next year, the Nets and the Nuggets moved into the NBA. Thompson's scoring average dipped to 25.9. If they played him tight, he would drive to the basket and dunk. If they played off him, he would throw in feathery jump shots from twenty-five feet. He eventually signed a five-year, $4-million contract that made him, at the time, the highest-paid athlete in professional team sports.

"No one had more talent," Brown says. "When he was healthy, there wasn't anyone in the league who could stop David."

Alcohol and cocaine finally stopped him. He would have problems with rotten representation later, and a fall down a flight of stairs would ruin his knee. But it was alcohol and drug abuse that stole Thompson's career and almost stole his life. It was alcohol and cocaine that finally landed him in jail.

"The first time I ever used cocaine was my rookie year," he says. "One of my team members asked me if I'd like to try some. I was apprehensive at first, because I'd never done anything more than drink a lot of Heineken beer. But I was tired and run-down. It had been a long season. So when he said, 'Try it,' I said, 'Okay.' And I liked it."

David Thompson wanted to fly higher still.

THOMPSON HAS BEEN SOBER for eleven months now. He stares at his hands, sometimes at my notebook, as he recounts the story of the previous fifteen years.

"Word gets around when you like to use," he says. "These were the days before Len Bias died from cocaine. Back then, it was just the drug of choice. We had enough guys on our team who had suppliers. So getting the coke was never really a problem. I still had some fear of it. I didn't want to go too far. That's what you always tell yourself. Got to make sure you don't go too far." Thompson tries a weak laugh. "I started freebasing in 1979," he says. "Right away, I knew something was wrong. It felt too good. The rush was too intense. Within a couple of months, my usage had become more frequent. When I'd get too wired, I'd drink myself to sleep, or smoke some marijuana. I never used heroin, but I used whatever else was around."

Brown says that it was during Thompson's third season with the Nuggets that he started drifting away. They would talk, Thompson would say he was fine and continue to score twenty-five, thirty-five points. Despite the occasional "cold" or missed practice, he maintained a level of play above just about everybody else. When cocaine rumors about Thompson began to surface around the Denver police department, David had answers.

"I told people it was just guilt by association," Thompson says. "I denied everything. I truly believed I didn't have a problem. When I first went for treatment, I didn't go because I believed I needed help. I just wanted to save my career, my family, and my reputation." He leans back in his chair and makes a brief little shooting motion with his hands, as if miming a free throw. "Eventually, I ended up losing all those things anyway."

People he had put in charge of his money were gambling it away, firing it into lousy investments. Thompson didn't notice. His marriage was breaking up. He did not care. The party was everything. And his lifestyle was beginning to steal his career. By his last season in Denver, Thompson, down to 14.9 points a game, had lost his starting job. His cocaine use became front-page news.

He was traded to the Seattle Supersonics for the last season of the $4 million contract. By 1983 he was trying drug rehabilitation for the first time. "David and I had a talk," then–Seattle coach Lenny Wilkens says. "I told him there was only one way: complete rehabilitation or nothing." Thompson went through the motions, came out, went back to drinking and cocaine. On the court he was just another player. Then in March of 1984, he was involved in a fight at Studio 54, fell down the flight of stairs, and ruined his left knee. The takeoff knee. Thompson says he had been with some teammates, talking to a couple of women at the bar. Someone got mad. He got sucker-punched. "I went down the stairs like I was in a western," he says. "As soon as I tried to stand up I knew it was something serious." The knee required major reconstructive surgery. Thompson would never play another game in the NBA.

The skywalker was finally working without a net.

"I started freebasing in 1979. Right away, I knew something was wrong. It felt too good. The rush was too intense."

"FROM THE TIME I hurt my knee until jail, I was out of control," Thompson says. "I was able to drink and use every day. You know, until the money ran out."

He shakes his head. We are in a Charlotte restaurant having lunch. People watch Thompson from all over the room, men and women smile, some of them wave. He smiles and waves back, used to this kind of attention. He has known it since high school.

In 1987 he was still living in Seattle. By then he had filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy, listing $2.2 million in debts. His wife had taken their two daughters and left him. A few months before, the Thompson home had been burglarized by a drug dealer. Then came the night Cathy Thompson called the police after she found David freebasing. The charge was "domestic violence."

"It wasn't anything real serious," Thompson says. "I got six months' probation. The judge also stipulated that I'd have to undergo counseling, and go to Alcoholics Anonymous five days a week. Well, of course, I didn't follow through. The authorities called me back in, and they threw my butt right in jail."

North Rehabilitation Facility. Minimum security. Known as "NERF" to inmates, all of whom were there because of misdemeanors and problems with alcohol or drug abuse. David Thompson worked in the cafeteria, dishing food. He got to play some ball in the afternoon. At night he went to AA meetings.

"I was the big basketball star putting the meat and potatoes on their plates," Thompson says. "It was pretty humbling. I



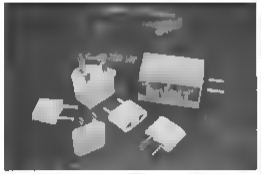
WIN ENOUGH AND YOU'LL BE ON THE TIP OF EVERYONE'S TONGUE.

The Connors Classic,® part of the Jimmy Connors Collection. With its soft leather uppers and terry lining, you'll look better and maybe even play better, too. Then when you've won 109 major tournaments, we'll name a shoe after you.



©1990 Converse Inc.

CONVERT VOLTAGE FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL!



Now you can enjoy using many American appliances overseas easily and conveniently like never before! Our Voltage Converter Kit changes foreign 220 volt electricity to U S 110 volt electricity virtually anywhere The five foreign adaptor plugs have the right kinds of pins - square round, fat short - to fit into practically every non-standard wall outlet around the world Choose the one you need, fit our universal converter onto it end then plug the appliance you're using into the converter Voilà - you're in business This unique patented all solid state kit accepts the new polarized plugs as well For durability and reliability our converter has molded-in pins (not bolted) and is enclosed in a tough aerospace aluminum (not plastic) casing We provide a fitted leatherette travel case complete with usage guide too End the frustration of incompatible plugs for **just $32.95** ($29 95 plus $3 00 for shipping handling and insurance each kit).

HOW TO ORDER: Send a check or money order (no cash please) payable to **N.M. SPECIALTIES** for $32.95 ($29 95 plus $3 00 for shipping handling and insurance) for each Voltage Converter Kit you want On a separate piece of paper PRINT the name and address including ZIP code that you want the Voltage Converter Kit(s) sent to Please be sure to include the department code shown below on your envelope and on your order paper Send your payment and your order information to:

N.M. SPECIALTIES, Dept. EQVT0300
P.O. Box 1117, Radio City Station
New York, NY 10101

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian foreign or C O D orders) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible Orders outside continental United States will take six weeks for delivery via Insured Parcel Post

The Hearst Corporation 250 W 55th St., NY NY 10019

had time to reflect on what drugs and alcohol had done to my life. I started to admit I was an alcoholic and an addict."

On the weekends, Thompson would sit in the recreation room with the other inmates and watch the NBA playoffs on television. One night, while he sat there, Julius Erving appeared on the screen An interviewer asked him about the best players he had ever seen One of the names Erving mentioned was David Thompson. "Here's the Doc talking about me on national television," Thompson says "And I'm in jail."

When he got out in September, Thompson tried to effect a reconciliation with his wife. It didn't work There had been a couple of slips with alcohol He was lost somewhere between admitting he had a problem and accepting it. So he went home to Shelby, North Carolina, in December 1987 He went home because, in the words of Robert Frost, when you go there, they have to take you in At the age of thirty-three, he had nowhere else to go.

It was a hard time for him, as hard as jail. Shelby is a small town, about an hour from Charlotte Outside his parents' home, there was no place for Thompson to hide. To some neighbors, he was still the hometown hero To others, he was the ungrateful kid who had visited disgrace upon his town and his parents. "I got beat up by the locals every day," he says " 'You had everything,' they said 'How could you do this to your momma and poppa? How could you let those people steal your money?' They weren't saying things I hadn't thought myself But it hurt to hear it from people you've known your whole life "

Thompson called N C State looking for an assistant coaching job But Coach Jim Valvano had just hired former N C. State star Dereck Whittenburg. When the University of Kansas made the Final Four in the spring of 1988, Thompson went to Kansas City Larry Brown was coaching Kansas.

"I was thrilled he wanted to be a part of what we were doing," Brown says. "Then I realized he was still drinking. I'd always believed David was too good to stay down forever But now I started to wonder."

Thompson went back to Shelby Stayed clean again. That summer, he went to an exhibition game between a group of NBA All-Stars and the United States Olympic team. His presence caused a stir in the arena. Carl Scheer, the man who had signed him to the $4-million contract, was at the game Scheer, now general manager for Charlotte, offered him a job with the Hornets in community relations.

"I spoke all over the place, telling my story," Thompson says. "It was tough to stand up in public like that in North Carolina But I got a lot of positive responses The only problem was that I was doing too much talking and not paying enough attention to my own program for sobriety."

In December 1988 Thompson felt himself sliding back toward drinking. He called a Christian friend, Jimmy Walker, in Phoenix. Walker flew to Charlotte, then flew with Thompson to the NBA's rehabilitation facility in Van Nuys, California Thompson planned to be there for a month He stayed three When he got out, Scheer had a desk waiting for him Now he runs clinics and camps Last summer, his daughters were in the program I ask David if the other kids know who he is. He laughs "No But their dads tell them Or their moms Or their uncles and aunts."

THE GROUND IS SLICK with rain, so Thompson moves carefully when he steps out of his black Corsica We are in the parking lot of the Central YMCA. As he walks toward the front door, he is limping.

"Can you still dunk it?" I ask.

"Oh, sure," he says. "But I can't do those 360s anymore, because of the knee. When I go up, I have to go off my right foot, or off both feet. It's not the same "

There is a game of four on four in progress when Thompson walks into the gym.

"How you doin', David?"

"Change into your shorts, D.T, I think we can find a place for you on our team."

Thompson ducks his head "Got to go back to work, men." He sits down to watch

"It's like the guy said at the church," he says "I can't beat myself up about the past anymore, or I will go crazy It's not like I don't have regrets I mean, if it hadn't been for that fall at Studio 54, I'd probably still be playing But I can't do anything about that, or the money. I can just do something about today And I'm happy today. I've got a life I think I can help these kids I'm working with There's a 25-percent dropout rate in high schools around here And drug and alcohol usage is way above the national average If I can just instill some self esteem in these kids and keep them away from that stuff, then I've got to."

When the four-on-four game is played out, Thompson moves toward the exit.

"Hey " A kid in a navy-blue Michigan Wolverines cap comes dribbling over. Thompson, about twenty feet from the corner, looks up Michigan cap hits him with a bounce pass David Thompson, without thinking, feet firmly planted on the ground, takes the pass and shoots It is not one of his world-famous dunks, but the shot falls, touching nothing but net The players at the Central Y cheer. Nor as loud as Thompson once heard, but it will do He walks out the door and into the rest of his life ◘

OPTION GRADUAL.

First it gets rid of your excuses. Then it gets rid of your gray.

1. *If I color my hair, everyone will know.*
With Option, no one will know. Option works gradually, subtly, over a week or two. You control how much gray you get rid of. And it's got a range of shades to match your natural haircolor more accurately. Grecian Formula® doesn't.

2. *It's probably complicated to use.*
Option Gradual is a push-button foam. What could be easier. There's nothing to pour or mix. And it won't drip or run

3. *I'm worried about what it will do to my hair.*
Relax. Option Gradual works without peroxide or ammonia. This major advance in men's haircoloring is as gentle to your hair as a shampoo.

4. *My hair will smell awful.*
Breathe easy. Option has a fresh, pleasant scent.

5. *I won't be able to shampoo.*
With Option you can shampoo every day. "Grecian" recommends shampooing just once a week, initially, for the darkest results.

6. *This sounds too good to be true.*
You can believe it. After all, Option was developed by Clairol, a world leader in haircolor research.



OPTION GRADUAL.
The advanced way to get rid of the gray.

© 1990 Clairol Inc
Men's Division Stamford, CT 06901

An Institution Famous For Openings Is Proud To Announce New Closings.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now open until 9pm on Fridays and Saturdays. So why not drop by for a visit? After all, there's never been a better time

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

NEW HOURS Sun., Tues.–Thurs. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9:00. Closed Mon. New hours also apply to Restaurant and Bookshop



THE POLO DRIVING GLASS

POLO RALPH LAUREN

Whose Land Is This Land?

By Joseph Nocera

A FEW MONTHS before Sony announced it was paying a breathtaking $3.4 billion to buy Columbia Pictures ("a piece of America's soul," wailed *Newsweek*), before the Rockefeller family revealed that it was selling a majority interest in Rockefeller Center to the Mitsubishi Estate Co. ("a vital piece of the American landscape," bemoaned *The New York Times*), before, in other words, the latest round of hysteria over the prospect of the Japanese "buying up" America—I went to the office of a Los Angeles real estate broker named John C. Cushman III to watch a slide show. Cushman is a flamboyant soul, and his slide show reflects that aspect of his personality. The presentation is his way of showing the effect foreign investment has had on the Los Angeles commercial real estate market.

The palpable fear of a hostile takeover of America by foreigners, a word we all know *really* stands for (shudder, shudder) the Japanese, is one of those trends that began in California and eventually moved east—like goat-cheese pizza. Before the Japanese were buying prestigious high-rises in Manhattan, they were snapping up prestigious high-rises in downtown L.A., downtown is now 51-percent foreign-owned, and of that, the Japanese control 29 percent.

Cushman, however, is among the apparent minority—can you *believe* those polls showing that more Americans now fear the Japanese than the Russians?—that views Japanese investment as benign. He argues his case with the passion of a zealot, though he obviously has no small self-interest in the matter. As it happens, I also believe that Japanese ownership of American landmarks is hardly worth working up a sweat over. More than that, actually. The "controversy" over Japanese investment is the greatest bogus issue of the day, one that demeans us as a nation. The subtext is really about our own insecurity. It's about the jittery fears we harbor that Japan's most annoying assumption about us—that we are a nation in irreversible decline—is correct.



Why those Japanese takeovers don't threaten Our Way of Life

First, Cushman shows me slides of downtown buildings, which appear in rapid succession. Almost all of them are owned by foreigners. Then comes his coup de grace, an aerial snapshot of downtown L.A. To the top of each building, Cushman has added a national flag. I start counting. There's one Korean flag, two Israeli, three British, one American, and—am I getting all of them?—*twenty-eight* Japanese flags. "It's an impact slide, isn't it?" Cushman chuckles.

I'm not sure what effect Cushman thinks this slide has on people who don't happen to be real estate brokers. But I can tell you what my own reaction was. My jaw dropped. The faintest hint of a chill ran up my spine. In spite of myself, I felt my blood boiling. And I'm on *his* side.

I've been thinking a lot about my reaction to that slide show in the days since Sony bought Columbia and Mitsubishi bought Rockefeller Center. The reaction to both those deals has been slightly bonkers. Silly television newscasters suggesting that the Rockettes will soon be replaced by geisha girls, silly op-ed writers, like heavy thinker (and *M*A*S*H* creator) Larry Gelbart, proclaiming in *The New York Times* that the Columbia takeover represents nothing less than a Japanese attempt "to gain worldwide superiority by economic rather than military means." So that's their plan!

Even before these latest deals, you could find a slew of books—not to mention a rising tide of opinion—decrying Japanese investment as a threat to (drum-roll, please) Our Way of Life. My favorite such book, if only because it is so unwittingly nutty, is called *Selling Out*. Published last year, it contains such deliriously hysterical chapter titles as "Stealing the Crown Jewels," "Colonizing Hawaii," and "The Twenty-fourth Ward." The last is a chapter about Los Angeles. See, there are twenty-three wards in Tokyo, and the authors are trying to

Joseph Nocera *is a contributing editor of Esquire*

STEPHEN KRONINGER

hint that, aw, you get the idea.

The authors, Douglas Frantz and Catherine Collins, find Japanese threats lurking everywhere. Just as soon as the Japanese have the downtown market cornered, Frantz and Collins imply darkly, they are going to begin viciously *raising rents*! Not only that, but when they buy a building, *they never sell it*—thus depriving deserving American pension funds of their inalienable right to own high-rise office buildings. Also, the Japanese pay Americans way too much money for real estate. Frantz and Collins seem to feel that this is some new form of Oriental torture. And—are you sitting down for this?—once they've made a big investment in America, they *lobby* to protect their interests! The nerve!

Stripped to their essentials, the arguments against Japanese investment start to sound pretty foolish. Some of that same foolishness could be heard in the wake of the Rockefeller Center purchase. On the *Today* show, Susan Tolchin, coauthor of another of the anti-Japanese-investment books, was being pressed on what difference it really makes who owns Rockefeller Center. She wound up mumbling something about how "absentee landlords can be hard to reach." These arguments look even more ludicrous once certain inconvenient facts are trotted out that tend to blow the Japanese-takeover theory out of the water. Here are a few I'm especially fond of. Japanese direct investment represents only 1.5 percent of all U.S. corporate assets. Although Japan's real estate investments here have grown from $1.3 billion to $7.1 billion in four years, it's pocket change in our $4.9-trillion economy. Americans still own more abroad than foreigners own here. The Japanese are still a long way from surpassing the British in terms of direct investment in the U.S., and they only recently overtook the Dutch. (The *Dutch*?) Et cetera, et cetera. Japanese investment tends to look bigger than it is because it is concentrated in specific industries, like autos, or in specific locations, like downtown Los Angeles. But even in L.A. the purchases are not the result of some nefarious plot to corner the market. The Japanese buy high-visibility skyscrapers because that's what they understand. That's what Tokyo is full of. Unless Mitsubishi has discovered a way of moving Rockefeller Center to Japan, it's hard to imagine a form of investment that is less threatening to Our Way of Life.

So why do the Japanese make us so skittish? The Japanese have an answer at the ready (a little too ready, if you ask me). It's racism. Possibly, they have a point, although they have trotted out this argument so indiscriminately that it has already lost its sting. Any American with the temerity to say that the Japanese are less than saints is immediately labeled a racist. Also, such accusations are pretty hard to stomach, given the source. Ask any American what it's like to sit in a crowded Tokyo subway train and have the seat next to him empty because no one wants to sit next to the foreigner—and *then* let's talk about who's racist.

No, I think what is going on has more to do with a different kind of perception than with skin color. We have the gnawing feeling that we're being laughed at by the Japanese, and it drives us crazy. They have a particularly grating way of rubbing our noses in it—of making us feel like saps for having such an open economic system. I felt a little of this when I was in Los Angeles, talking to Japanese businessmen. They all mentioned that the Japanese tended toward high rises because of their predictable rates of return; they pointed out that market forces would determine such factors as rent increases; they claimed that reinvesting trade-generated dollars in the U.S. was good for America, not bad—all points that struck me as self-evident. But they also couldn't resist sticking the shiv in a little. For instance, they glibly referred to our trade deficit as "structural," a word that was plainly meant to convey the galling assumption that the trade deficit will never shrink no matter what we do.

Stripped to their essentials, the arguments against Japanese investment start to sound pretty foolish.

The Sony-Columbia deal offers another illustration of this Japanese chutzpah. There is no one in the world who has taken better advantage of American openness than Akio Morita, the chairman of Sony. Yes, I know. He moved to New York, learned the language, innovated brilliantly. But Sony's success has depended entirely on exports. America allowed Sony (among others) to demolish its television industry (among others) in the belief that the marketplace should decide which companies and products should succeed and which should fail. They don't do that in Japan. Morita ought to kiss the ground every time his plane lands at Kennedy Airport.

Yet instead of thanking us, he gives us something different: hectoring lectures about our deficits and various other failures. Most recently he showed his gratitude by coauthoring a book with a notorious Japanese racialist in which he told his countrymen they need to be more willing to tell America to go take a flying leap. You read this stuff and you want to strangle the guy.

On the other hand, if we can suppress such emotions, we ought to be able to see that the Sony purchase of Columbia Pictures is a terrific thing for everyone involved. The previous American owner, Coca-Cola, was a wretched movie mogul, yet Coke will reap a huge windfall, thanks to Sony. Columbia will get a chance to regain its exalted position in Hollywood. And Sony will have a movie company to complement its video hardware. Is America really losing a piece of its soul, as *Newsweek* believes? A more rational view is that someone is reviving a piece of America's soul that was nearly dead. Who cares if the savior is an arrogant little egomaniac? That makes him just like Donald Trump.

Ultimately, the mistake made by those who stand in fear of Japanese investment is their implicit assumption that we live in a static world. People like Frantz and Collins, petrified that the Japanese are about to take over Los Angeles, are also assuming that the number of high-rise buildings can never grow. But the evidence suggests the opposite. As the Japanese have bought up buildings, the money they spend has been used to construct new buildings—indeed, to finance a long-running building boom that has yet to run its course.

This principle applies in the broader sense as well. Remember how we were going to spend the next thirty years in gasoline lines because of OPEC? Don't hear too much talk about OPEC anymore, I've noticed. People adapt; markets correct; the world changes constantly. A decade from now, it's likely that the books about the Japanese investment "threat" will have the same quaint, almost camp feeling that books written ten years ago about, say, gold-as-an-inflation-hedge have now.

Do we have problems with the Japanese? Of course we do: trade problems, defense problems, all sorts of problems. But investment? Spending emotional energy worrying about Japanese investment is not only foolish but counterproductive. All it does is detract from our ability to solve the real problems, which are plentiful enough. The truth is, the only thing that gets hurt when the Japanese invest here is our feelings. ■

Cognac. 40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co. Miami FL 1989



Sometimes, romance needs a little nudge.



COURVOISIER

Le Cognac de Napoleon

In 1935, Mr. Paul Sperry taught his dog how to sit, beg, and roll over. In turn, his dog taught him how to make the best shoes in the world.





You may find it somewhat surprising that the invention of the original boat shoe was actually inspired by a cocker spaniel. And yet, that's exactly what happened

It was the winter of 1935, and as Mr. Paul Sperry took his dog "Prince" out for a morning walk, he was suddenly overcome by the dog's incredible sense of balance and stability on the frozen pavement

After quickly returning home, he examined the bottom of the dog's paw, where he found a pattern of deep grooves. Using a razor blade, Mr Sperry then reproduced this multi-directional pattern on a piece of crepe rubber.

The boat shoe was born.

Over the last fifty-five years, the boat shoe industry has evolved substantially from these humble beginnings And so have we. Today, we not only offer a number of performance boating shoes, but a full line of casual shoes as well. In fact, you're now as likely to see our shoes being worn with a sport jacket as a life jacket.



Yet, while the breadth of our line may have changed, the quality of our shoes has not Each pair is still made with the same painstaking craftsmanship Mr Sperry demanded back in 1935.

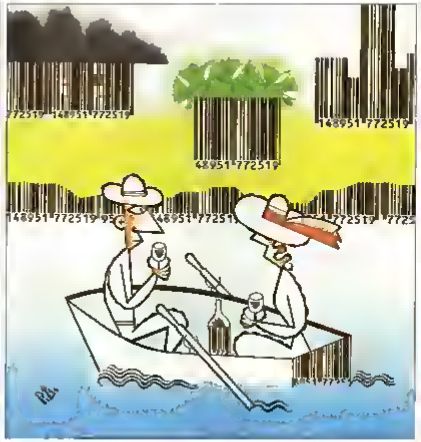
It's this long-term commitment to quality and ingenuity that has made us a leader in the market and on the sea for over half a century. Proving once and for all, that you can indeed teach an old dog new tricks.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®



Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS



TECHNOCULTURE

Are Your Groceries Spying on You?

By Donald R. Katz

MOST PEOPLE manage to pass through the day without ever noticing the preponderance of bar codes that now tattoo much of the physical plane. As with so many profound incursions launched by technology, the absurdly omnipresent, aesthetically hopeless little zebra striped Band Aids full of secret code have been rendered almost subliminal, blending into the landscape with the gentle appropriateness of rivers and trees.

But the other day, while sitting in a plane with the family, I was visited by a moment of such intense clarity that I actually *saw* a bar code. I was gazing at the well designed cover of my new Tom McGuane novel, when I turned the book over to regard a photograph of McGuane sitting out on a prairie somewhere. I was struck by how the effect of the book was marred by the presence of a bed of perpendicular black lines rising from a rectangular field of white below the author's leg. I glanced over at my wife's magazine pile and saw that each cover was also marked by a bar-code symbol. Just as was the package of potato chips, the can of baby formula, the coloring book, and the box of crayons sitting on a fold-down table nearby. In my bag was a good bottle of wine we were taking to our weekend hosts, and when I rotated the delicately etched chateau scene on the label, there arose like a distant jail cell on the horizon another bar code! When the baby's car seat came off the baggage carousel, I saw that somebody had taped one on the thing, and when I opened my wallet at the car-rental window, I was greeted by a library card bearing nothing but the name of my hometown and a bar code. Some joker had even decaled a bar code on the car rental window! I ran in a road race that afternoon, and somehow the midlife macho spin promised by wearing those runner's bibs was diminished when someone ripped the bar code off my bib at the finish line and ran a wand over it, as if it were so many packages of frozen snow peas at the Acme.

They're everywhere, I tell you. Lurking.

And what do we really know of these little strips of information only machines are able to read? Well, first and foremost, we know of their ubiquity—that some 90 percent of all American goods now wear a bar code. Beneath the bar code on my Avis car were hundreds of car parts bar coded as part of the supply and assembly process. Entire hospitals—from bags of blood to the patients on stretchers—are now bar-coded. The inventory of the Defense Department is so completely barred up that officials are talking about etching bar codes onto bullet casings. A group of scientists has even managed to bar-code a colony of bees to track the insects' movements in and out of the hive.

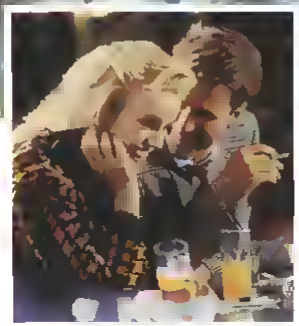
Think of it. If the Brooklyn Bridge and the Eiffel Tower can be envisaged as prime aesthetic reflections of the ascendancy of engineers and industrial process

What do we know of these strips of information only machines are able to read?

in a dying world of artisans and crafts, then the bar code might someday be remembered as the reigning physical symbol of a time when high technology and soaring imagination advanced to the point where man could actually bar-code the back of a bee.

So we should all know, for instance, that the first store based "wanding" of a bar code occurred in 1974, in a now hallowed spot in Troy, Ohio. Devices to automatically identify objects without allowing humans to screw up the process had been in the works for much of the century, but it wasn't until the late '60s that various committees, notably present in the supermarket industry, came up with common "symbologies"—such as the universal product code—that could be marked on the side of goods. A much-shrunken version of the optical scanner soon became known as a wand, and soon after that the innocent noun—*wand*—joined nouns like *parent*, *image*, and *network* as a verb. As in, "Go wand those suckers, Larry." Wands have become so sophisticated that one company has been wowing people at bar code conventions by affixing a strip to a Frisbee and winging it past a la







For people who like to smoke...

BENSON & HEDGES

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Regular 10 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol 11 mg "tar" 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method

Smart Money

ser laden optical reader that captures the strip's info on the fly.

Patterns of light and its absence are reported by the black and white lines and duly noted by a detector inside a reader. Then a decoder turns that pattern from analog impulses into the digital sequence of zeros and ones that computers can read. (The reading process is very much like that employed by compact discs, where the laser looks for tiny pits in the disc instead of bars.) A company called Softstrip makes a sliver of paper that can hold entire computer programs or a complete medical history. Bar codes can now be encrypted with secret codes to stop counterfeiters, and they can be made invisible and unreadable, except to a special ultraviolet wand.

Which brings us to the question of personal privacy: Will we all be tagged in the end?

Experiments are currently being conducted in supermarkets that will likely lead to the end of coupons as we know them. Everyone will have a debit card that will run past the scanner at the check-out line first, and a running personal file will be activated that tracks your consumption of items. A credit will be awarded automatically when so many items have been purchased.

Thousands of families have agreed to let market researchers track their purchases via bar code and then correlate findings with their television habits. The research firms actually override the TV cable feed and pipe in trial commercials to see if the ads have an effect on buying patterns. Info like this is collected from retailers and test subjects and sold to manufacturers. The statistics you provide are added to the new histories of everything you buy, and that becomes yet another stitch in the interwoven "nets" of information made up of financial, medical, criminal, employment, and insurance data on file somewhere.

So....will we all be tagged in the end? Will future high tech wands read invisible bar codes on the sides of our cars as they speed by, telling the wand wielder of our histories, predilections, and preference in oven cleaners? This may be paranoid, but whenever talk of beehives comes up—bar-coded or otherwise—I just can't help but consider how very much in vogue it was around the cafes in Weimar days to speak of the similarities between people and insects.

But then the nervousness passes, and within minutes I can admit freely that I hate finding mistakes on receipts. Where a person makes one error for every three hundred keystrokes, a bar code passes along bad data once in every two or three hundred thousand trees. I think about how I really wouldn't care if the blood-bank issue that's about to enter my arm was covered in bar codes if its purity were further assured. And I *don't* miss the five minutes you used to wait after the check-out person screams over the public-address system, "Yo! Price on anchovies!"

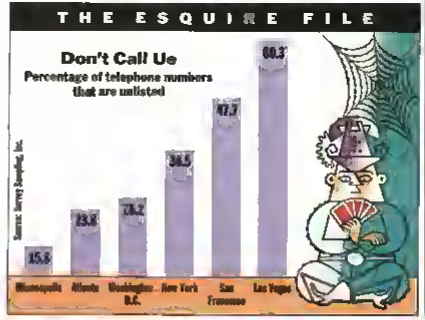
We fear the face of true order, but we hate disorder. It's a real dilemma. The automatic ID-ing of all things makes me wonder about the historic moment when everyone decided that since there were too many people named John and Hyman, they would aid identification by adding a surname to the human-coding formula. When John became John the Tanner and Hyman became Hyman the Schneider (tailor), did they at once celebrate the efficiency *and* stay up worrying at night that angry men on horseback would have an easier time finding them at tax time?

An interesting sidebar to bar-code history records that thirty years ago the railroad industry was at the forefront of bar code research because of the problem of keeping track of boxcars. Well, to this day bar-coding has failed the railroads because of the natural phenomenon of mud and the human phenomenon of so many people not wanting other people to know where the boxcars really are. People are good at working around things—witness the wine maker in California that has designed little ponds, reeds, and lilies into its label to completely incorporate and obscure the bar code.

A few days after my airborne bar-code epiphany, I couldn't even see the little buggers anymore. "Everyone tries to create a world he can live in," Saul Bellow's great character Augie March proclaims, "and what he can't use he often can't see."

And so the bar code, a small thing—certainly not the Eiffel Tower—but ours. ■

THE ESQUIRE FILE



FINANCIAL HOTLINE



Integrating Your Low-end Needs

The action in software these days is in the low-end integrated package—think of it as a boy's first software. The basic notion is to pack all the really useful programs—word processing, spread sheet, data base, business graphics—into one piece of expandable low-cost software (under $160) that enables you to cover the PC waterfront without having to change disks. The two leaders in the field are spinning new versions of their popular programs: Microsoft released an improved Works 2.0 last fall, and Software Publishing Corporation will be releasing the successor to its First Choice 3.0 sometime this spring. These packages are ideal for the PC neophyte or for the everyday user who already owns software for his primary computer function (say, word processing) and would like just one other piece of software to handle all the other applications.

PHILIP ANDERSON/CHART BY CYNTHIA DAVIS



It will change the way you think about Gallo.

We carefully select only the finest Zinfandel grapes and then preserve their berry-like flavor through cold fermentation.

The result is a White Zinfandel with a deeper, more distinctive blush color. And a wine that captures more of the true varietal character of the Zinfandel grape.

We invite you to try this delicate wine with a most intriguing taste.

© E. & J. Gallo Winery, Modesto, CA



THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

Is That Extra Mile Worth Your While?

By Glenn Etchler

ARE THE AIRLINE bonus plans dying — or are they just very, very sick? Let's check their chart. Since the triple-mileage debacle of 1988, in which plan members racked up record mileage in record time, the airlines have methodically made it more difficult to *do* anything with that mileage, chiefly by raising the redemption levels for awards and lowering the number of seats available to the redeemers. Many of the programs have instituted so-called elite levels (discussed in this space three months ago), which save the real rewards for only the most frequent of frequent flyers. Airlines have also taken to lowering their maximum credit levels—awarding five hundred miles for short flights that used to be good for one thousand miles. TWA even introduced a discount ticket, the Takeoff Pass, that earns no bonus miles at all.

All that is certainly bad enough, but the last quarter of 1989 brought even worse news on two fronts. First, Senator John Danforth suggested that maybe bonus miles should be convertible into cash—a move that people in the industry say would bring the programs to an end, period.

At just about the same time Danforth proffered that notion, Hertz announced that it would phase out its participation in airline bonus plans unilaterally by letting its contracts lapse as they came up for renewal. Hertz said it could find better uses for its promotion money, Avis followed suit within a few weeks, announcing that it would drop participation in several of its programs.

Is this the end?

Maybe not. A call to the Senate Commerce Committee brings assurance that Senator Danforth's remarks were strictly "for purposes of discussion." Danforth's eleven-page statement upon the introduction of the omnibus Airline Competition Enhancement Act of 1989 shows nary a reference to bonus plans, and a committee press secretary knew of no plans to introduce bonus-plan legislation. In other words, the statement was designed to get a few headlines. And it did.

What about the car-rental defectors? Competitors point out that Hertz could easily have dropped all bonus-plan participation immediately but in fact managed to stay in the game while publicizing its pullout (a sort of bonus-plan Vietnamization). Avis has already announced that it will continue honoring two bonus programs (American's and Delta's), so its move is even less radical. Other chains are waiting and watching, in sum, there's no monumental movement afloat here.

As for TWA's Takeoff Pass, the airline says it was designed strictly for budget-conscious travelers, and those are the ones buying it. There are no plans to expand the no-bonus-miles idea.

So the bonus programs are not dying, maybe it's just something they ate. Even at the best times they continue to be a mixed blessing. It was damn near impossible to get a peak-season award ticket to Europe or Hawaii last year, and this year will be worse. The days when you could count on using your bonus miles to vacation when and where you wanted to are over, at least for now.

The miles themselves still have value, though. Upgrades continue to be easy to earn, and domestic round trips are actually becoming easier. If you can put exotic travel out of your mind and instead look forward to lots and lots of free first-class trips to Duluth, you'll have the proper mind set for bonus travel, 1990s style. E

TRAVEL HOTLINE

Early Bird/ Worm Update

Those DOT reports on the airlines' on-time performance have finally provided news you can use. Extrapolated, interpreted, logarithmatized, the message is: Fly early. Before 4:00 P.M., flights have an on-time rate of about 74 percent; like people, schedules begin to disintegrate in the afternoon, and the on-time rate drops to 62.7 percent by 8:00 P.M.

Our Tickets, Ourselves

The first airline self-service ticketing machine has been installed at San Francisco's Parc 55 Hotel. About five thousand are due to be placed in public areas in the next three years.

Light Reading It Ain't

The folks who publish *Frequent Flyer* have gathered everything they know about travel into the one-volume *Official Frequent Flyers Guide*, and it's a big mother. Included are seating charts, airport maps, info on airport clubs, car-rental and hotel chains, and, in microdetail, bonus programs. Desktop and handbook versions available; the *small* one has 408 pages. Call 1-800-333-5937.



Logo Paris eyewear—for the man at the top. *Logo Paris eyewear represents the height of fine design, function and manufacture. It adds the finishing touch to your portrait of success.*

Like the man who wears it, Logo Paris eyewear shapes tradition and fashion to the best advantage.

Logo PARIS
FINEST EUROPEAN EYEWEAR

Our designers combine hand crafted European quality with legendary comfort, 22-karat gold finishes and high-tech precision to create exceptional, trendsetting eyewear... true modern classics.

Men of vision express their personal style with Logo Paris.
Call for the nearest location: (800) 556-5646.



REAL ESTATE

A House in the Capital

The Place: Cleveland Park, the District of Columbia Liberal Establishment neighborhood just north of the National Zoo.

Historical Note: Grover Cleveland summered here.

The Architecture: Victorians with five, six, or more bedrooms, ranging from fairly unadorned stick style houses to elaborate, turreted varieties. Also present are scattered smaller (but not small) colonial revivals and craftsman-influenced hybrids. One of the city's first "streetcar suburbs," Cleveland Park was built at the turn of the last century for Washington's affluent middle class. Though never actually run down, the area was rediscovered during the Kennedy years by large brood optimists seeking beds for their boom children. It has since remained a haven for journalists, lawyers, doctors, and others who prefer their high schools private, their lawns studiously scruffy, and their maids plain clothed.

The Market: Congressmen need not apply. Recent listed prices began at $359,000. This is deceiving, though, as the neighborhood's many large houses are rarely on the market and when sold fetch at least a million. Lots are urban (averaging around five thousand square feet), even if local atmosphere isn't, so expect to pay a hefty premium for a corner property and even more for a double lot. Some streets—Newark, Highland Place, Lowell—command a 10- to 15-percent premium due to quietness, size of neighboring houses, and the nature of things.

The Outlook: As recently as last July, the median price of a house in the relevant zip codes—which include several other neighborhoods set down in northwest D.C.—was more than 20 percent higher than the previous July, but now property isn't moving and prices are flat. While prices are not going down, no one is predicting when they will rise. Despite numerous scholarly articles in the *Post*, the most common reason given is "sticker shock" buyers finally outraged, sellers trying for one last killing. Long-term outlook is good, though, as the city's major industry appears to be healthy and immune to general economic trends.

The Pros: Quiet, friendly, and impossibly tree-lined neighborhood set down in the heart of the nation's capital.

The Cons: While the city may be obscured by the trees, and some residents really do leave their cars and houses unlocked, this is still the District. Marion Barry is still the mayor. E

THE LISTING

Four-bedroom, 1909 Victorian bungalow on Macomb Street. Large kitchen, dining room with fireplace, living room, study, "rec room," and two and a half baths. Patio, deck, and three-car driveway. Taxes: $2,567. Last sold in 1982 for $157,000; listed last winter for $459,000. Source: Pamela Lottmann at Michael Sullivan, Inc.



THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER.

What kind of shape is your water in? Ours is actually quite fascinating. Especially when it waves and coils out of the Flume™ spout of our Altema™ Faucet. Choose your favorite handle inset (they're changeable) and give it a turn on! See Yellow Pages for a Kohler Registered Showroom. For complete product portfolio and idea book, send $8 to Kohler Co., Dept. ACD, Kohler, WI 53044 or call 1-800-4-KOHLER, ext. 267.

The ultimate in sound... The ultimate in savings...



SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN
You get 50% off bonus savings with every CD you buy at regular Club prices. Right with your very first purchase... unlike other clubs that first make you buy 4, 6, or even more.

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one selection at regular Club prices (usually $14.98–$15.98), and take up to one full year to do it. Then, you can choose another 3 CDs Free! That's 8 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine and mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection—or none at all—just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide—or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your membership agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.

BMG Compact Disc Club 6550 E. 30th St. Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194 CD649A

AND DON'T MISS THESE SMASH HITS!

- Best Of The Greatest Hits (Eurythmics) 60596
- Billy Ocean: Greatest Hits 29618
- Pointer Sisters: Greatest Hits 53912
- The Judds: Greatest Hits 44978
- Gershwin's Porgy & Bess 1989
- Decade Of Steely Dan (14 Classic Hits) 54136
- Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits 60798
- Steve Miller Band: Gt. Hits 1974-78. 33169
- R.E.M.: Eponymous 60791
- Alabama: Greatest Hits 29647
- Eric Clapton: Time Pieces 23809
- Duke Ellington: Collection 60888
- Styx: 14 Classics 14805
- Jimmy Cliff: Reggae Greats 54386
- Jerry Lee Lewis: Original Sun Gt. Hits 54116
- Rick Springfield: Greatest Hits 60815
- The Eagles: Greatest Hits 71-75 28481
- Tanya Tucker: Greatest Hits 60898
- Bryan Ferry (Roxy Music): 33 Gt. Hits 10486
- Best Of Eric Straiss 60712
- Buffalo Springfield: Retrospective 60892
- Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: So Far 29638
- Best Of The Beatles 46738
- Squeeze: 14 Classics 54081
- Best Of Roger Whittaker 53852
- Linda Ronstadt: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 60896
- Billy Idol: Vital Idol 54888
- Foreigner: Records 60817
- Great Hits Of Guitar Rebirth 73786
- Lee Greenwood: Greatest Hits 60887
- Barry Manilow: Greatest Hits, Vol. 3 60810
- Best Of The Chillers 64789

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: BMG Compact Disc Club/P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose another 3 CDs FREE! That's 8 for the price of 1... with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (indicate by number)

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):
☐ 1 EASY LISTENING (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
☐ 2 COUNTRY ☐ 3 HARD ROCK
☐ 4 POP/SOFT ROCK ☐ 5 CLASSICAL

☐ MR.
☐ MRS.
☐ MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)
Address Apt.
City State Zip
Telephone ( ) Area Code
Signature
Limited to new members' continental USA only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

BMG COMPACT DISC CLUB

ZCU26 (AS)



© 1990 Schieffelin & Somerset Co. NY, NY Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80)

Cognac
Hennessy.
The World's Most Civilized Spirit.

Dammed If You Do, Dammed If You Don't

By John Poppy

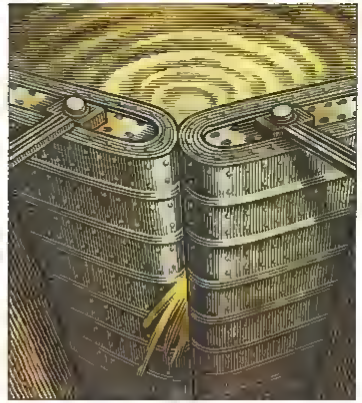
RELEASED BY the New York Mammoths at the age of thirty-nine, the famous southpaw Henry Wiggen goes to Japan to check an offer from a baseball team, and in the middle of the night encounters one of those private difficulties that men dread.

"When I arrived in the bathroom I was unable to proceed with my plans," he tells us. "I returned to bed. However, the pressure on my bladder continued, and I tried the bath room again, standing for a long time in t place while 3 or 4 drops of urine dribbled forth and the pressure on my bladder increased in pain. I felt like God was punishing me for I knew not what.... He was banging the old gavel and crying out, '3,000 years in Hell or prostrate trouble, take your pick,' and I like a fool took the prostrate trouble ..."

Henry's creator, Mark Harris, gives him a rough-cut, shrewd voice in four novels, including *Bang the Drum Slowly* and this one, *It Looked Like For Ever*. Henry reports what happens without slowing down for spelling or grammar—or, in this instance, for squeamishness about a subject that most of us wish would just go away. (One of my editor friends, a man whose eye usually brightens at any chance to show us who we really are, blanched and almost clapped his hands over his ears the day he declared, "I don't even want to *hear* the P-word.")

Back in New York, Doctor Frank Pointer tells Henry, "You have got a some what in large prostrate gland which might or might not someday require surgery. This is very normal in younger older men like your self."

When Henry inquires, "What brings on ptosttate trouble?" Pointer says, "Time"—an answer, we will see in a minute, that is not complete or helpful.



To get a grip on prostate trouble, you may just need to let go

Henry Wiggen is a man who looks out for himself—Mark Harris made Robert Ftost's poem "Provide, Provide" the epigraph for this book—so it's interesting to imagine the moves he would make if he could hear what a real doctor of my acquaintance, Richard A. Schmidt, says about problems of the prostate gland in "younger older men" and just plain young men.

What could have kept many of them out of trouble, Schmidt has learned, is not antibiotics, not surgery, but toilet training. "Good voiding technique" now leads a lot of his patients out of the trouble they get into.

Muscle control is what Schmidt advises—an exact parallel to the practice that polishes the skills of every athlete. "Just as you have to have a good swing to play a good game of tennis," he says, "it boils down to technique." Only here, the muscle groups to train have been taken so much for granted for so long that most people don't realize they're using them at all, never mind right or wrong.

This is not kid stuff. The average man's prostate gland starts enlarging gradually in his mid-forties. (This "benign" growth is not cancer, a separate problem of unclear origin.) It can then proceed to strangle the urethra, the canal from bladder to outside that runs through the prostate. In fact, four men out of five past the age of fifty will feel symptoms at some point that range from minor bother to misery surpassing Henry Wiggen's. About four hundred thousand men a year in the United States undergo surgery either to carve away excess prostate tissue or to squash it back with a procedure similar to balloon dilation for heart arteries. Surgery can help the first part of an older man's problem, the squeeze from enlargement. But it often does *not* help a second cause of the trouble with urination, which also afflicts other men—many of them as young as twenty-five—who have no enlargement: prostatitis, an inflammation that can make you think you have something worse.

Prostatitis accounts for perhaps a third of most urologists' practice. It responds nicely to Richard Schmidt's prescription of muscle control. So,

John Poppy *writes this column monthly for Esquire*

you'd think his message would be widely understood in the world of prostate treatment. It isn't, yet. But after fifteen years of research and clinical practice at the University of California, San Francisco, where he is professor of urology, he is convinced that "quite possibly, the prostate is nothing more than a secondary player in a drama that begins with poor voiding technique."

OUR FEATURED PLAYER is normally the size of a golf ball. It surrounds the urethra, which emerges from the bottom of the urinary bladder, where a physician can feel it with a finger in the rectum. The prostate produces an alkaline fluid that composes up to a third of the volume of semen. (Women, the lucky creatures, have no need for one.) It rather resembles a sponge, with about thirty ducts that squeeze its fluid into the urethra during orgasm and ejaculation.

Plenty of men in their twenties come to Schmidt's office complaining of "urgency-frequency" (needing to urinate right away and often), of having their stream choke off before they're done, and of burning sensations in the penis or farther up the urethra. They often think they've got some sexually transmitted bacterium. But for many, sexual contacts turn out to be blameless. No unusual bacteria show up. So, no infection. But prostatitis nonetheless. From what?

"These men," Schmidt finds, "have very high sphincter pressures—in the urinary sphincter specifically, but more generally in the whole pelvic floor [which includes the anal sphincter], because everything works as a unit down there." The urinary sphincter is a muscle around the urethra where it emerges from the bladder, just above the prostate. It's a voluntary muscle that you use to turn the flow of urine on and off. "High pressure" means it can't relax enough to open fully.

Say there's a pint of urine trying to get out (the bladder holds about a pint and a half). The sphincter stays clenched, producing an abnormally high head of pressure in the inch of urethra embraced by the prostate, and urine forces its way through in a jet or spray. Some squirts into the prostate ducts, where it shouldn't go.

"The result," Schmidt concludes, "is irritation, often without an infection. It's an injury, like a burn or a strain, caused by poor voiding technique. That is the most likely cause of prostatitis symptoms in younger men, and even older men."

That suggests specific actions a man can learn to improve—and relearning much that he learned before he became a man.

"We don't train our children to void properly," Schmidt says. "We just put kids on the toilet and tell them to do it. We don't help them visualize a *method* for using the muscles. When they see you throw a ball, they copy your moves. Here, all they know is that something is supposed to happen near their bottom and a stream comes out. If Dad's a bit spastic, Type A, in a rush to get it over with, his toddler might pick up a habit that settles into the muscles of his low back and pelvis. He might become one of those 'shy voiders' we've all seen at the trough at the ball park—guys with piddling streams who can't relax the muscles beyond 50 to 60 percent of what they should do."

Schmidt urges patients to make a point of teaching their children, girls as well as boys, to relax in the bathroom. He wants a man with a son to "remind him that things come out best when he takes it easy. So many little guys go in and hurry to say, 'I'm done.' Eventually, it hurts them."

Schmidt teaches "a sustained, complete relaxation of the entire pelvic floor before the void and continuing until the bladder is emptied." His patients locate the muscles to relax by consciously clenching up as they do when they need to urinate or defecate but can't find a bathroom. Then they practice relaxing those same muscles.

"We just put kids on the toilet and tell them to do it.... Instead, we should remind them to relax and take it easy."

The pelvis contains voluntary muscles and also automated systems. Ordinarily you don't have to think about holding a sphincter shut, or deciding that the time has come to relax it. The urge to urinate originates in stretch receptors in the bladder wall, when the bladder becomes a quarter to a half full; the receptors send impulses through the lower spinal cord to the urinary sphincter. Then you engage voluntary muscles, either to proceed with the automated behavior or override it. If the override becomes a habit, it can make muscle systems sore over time—decades—and, Schmidt contends, turn them into instruments of damage to your prostate gland.

Since 1980, he and his colleagues at the UCSF medical school have used electrical stimulation of the nerves that control muscles of the pelvic floor, both to study the behavior of specific muscle groups and to help patients learn how to use them. An electrode in the tailbone, just above the buttock crease, can contract and relax two groups: the levator muscle that forms the pelvic floor, and a batch of smaller muscles, including anal and urinary sphincters.

The stimulation can help patients with severe control problems recognize what the motions feel like. The bottom line for Schmidt is that "we see men with prostatitis get better when the behavior of their sphincters gets better."

He cautions, "I'm not saying that *all* prostatitis comes from tight sphincters. But I can count on the fingers of one hand the cases of true bacterial prostatitis I've seen. The rest of it is what you could call an executive syndrome. I see a lot more of these complaints in San Francisco than I ever saw in the farmer communities east of Montreal where I trained. It's a higher-pressure society—people putting off voiding because they're on long distance or in a meeting, then rushing their stream because they've got a deadline. It might take ten years to get to the penalty, but they'll get there." *Don't avoid voiding* is a saying that has been around for years. Schmidt is happier with it than with some other persistent advice for the prostate.

The most popular is to ejaculate often. The theory is that unused fluid engorges and irritates a prostate. "That has been taught for most of the century, and it doesn't work—not for prostate problems, anyway," Schmidt says. "If a man in the old days got some benefit from a prostate massage, I suspect it was not so much from having seminal fluid milked from the gland as from having a finger pulling down on his pelvic muscles and making them relax a little."

More useful, he says, are antianxiety drugs. "In addition, just about the most helpful thing a doctor can do is to take time to instruct a patient on voiding better, in a more relaxed fashion."

He concedes, "It's a bit like saying to a right-handed man, 'Okay, I want you to become left-handed.' He has to overcome the memory circuits he's burned in and *practice* what's supposed to happen."

The man does best who considers not just his prostate but the whole sweep of his life. "Eat right, exercise, relax, do your stretches," says Richard Schmidt, "and all the other things we know we should do but usually don't." And as the fictional Doctor Pointer tells Henry Wiggen in a surprisingly good piece of advice, "Stand right up to it and think good thoughts." ◘





Introducing Corvette's new speed-reading dash.

■ Newly designed interior and advanced electronic information center ■ Instrumentation includes: speedometer, tach, fuel level, oil pressure, voltmeter, average MPG and cruising range ■ New Supplemental Inflatable Restraint System. ■ Available world-class Delco/Bose Music System with CD player. ■ Selective Ride Control option lets you select desired ride firmness. Touring, Sport and Performance ■ Standard PASS-Key®. The most sophisticated anti-theft system in Chevrolet history

THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA IS WINNING.
TODAY'S CHEVROLET

Corvette's new wraparound cockpit is a quick read. Its unique combination of analog and digital instrumentation is as obvious as it is beautiful. It requires no mastery of video games. And no degree in math. Every dial, gage and display is so clearly and logically laid out, it could even make you a speed reader. After all, when you're driving a Corvette, you've got more important things to concentrate on. Like the open road.

® Chevrolet, the Chevrolet emblem and Corvette are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. © 1990 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Let's get it together... buckle up.

We shed a lot of flavor on the subject of light.

Most ultra low tar cigarettes are a compromise.
low tar, and low taste. Some compromise! Only Merit has
figured out how to deliver low tar and great flavor in an ultra light cigarette.
Perhaps that's why we're America's fastest growing ultra light.
Is that the sound of a light going on in your head?

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

Only Following Orders

By Stanley Bing

THERE IS THIS BEACH. There is no one on it but me. Am I on vacation? No, I am facedown upon this beach. And the waves are lapping at my hair, which is still lustrous and bushy. Why am I facedown? Because I am either very tired or, no—I am *dead* upon this beach, have, now I see, been washed up on the shore of this solitary continent, where the birds are wheeling overhead and the sun is hot in the sky and the silence is so soothing, so empty, so, well, refreshingly *nothing*. I am wearing a business suit, and have lost a little weight. My arms are spread akimbo above my shoulders, and my legs are kind of twisted, one bent, one straight. I look good, though. Comfortable.

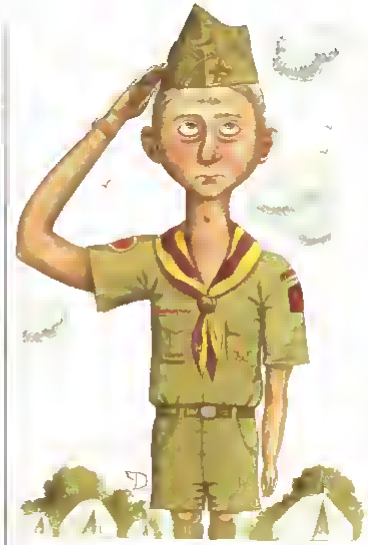
And a shadow falls across my dormant form. I am aware of it because the sun is now partially shaded on the back of my neck. "What's up?" I say, mouth full of sand and salt and the taste of the sea and something else, something vegetable and not wholly pleasant. Kelp?

"*I'm afraid no lying on the beach is allowed*," says an immensely authoritative voice, which I recognize as my own. "*Get up and go to work*."

"Thanks," I say, rising to my feet and stretching with a sense of physical well-being I haven't felt in decades, if ever. "It's great not to be dead!"

The preceding was brought to you by my subconscious, which laid it out before me over breakfast in the coffee shop this morning. I was thinking about the huge, tumescent mound of stuff I had to do in the next eight hours, and while my body, guided by the right side of my brain, was reading the paper and drinking, I guess my left lobe delivered a tasty packet from the underworld.

Get up and go to work—the quintessential Order. And I follow, yes I do, because I am good at following orders. I take orders awake, asleep, and somewhere in between. I give orders to waiters, wives, friends, associates, and subordinates, to, actually, anyone who will take them without laughing or punching me in the face. Most important, I give them to myself continuously, to the point where I really and truly do lure myself out sometimes, and drive myself to rebellion against myself.



Orders are good! Unless they are bad. So tell me, what would *you* like me to do?

Six o'clock. My alarm does not ring or buzz. It beeps. "*Beep!*" it says. And I awake.

"*Sit up!*" orders my ego, driving my id into the void, where it continues to do good work.

"*Wake me when you get out of the shower*," my wife mumbles as I lurch into the bathroom.

"*Shave*," yells the voice of my corporation. Naturally, I do so. Both ways. I consider this to be about as natural to the male animal as being required to put on a studded leather collar and formal wimple.

"*Now wash your hair, so you don't look like Alfalfa at the management breakfast*," says the taunting voice of our former general counsel. I still remember how the guy used to make fun of my hair. Why do I most easily retain the orders that cause me the most pain?

My father was authoritarian. I miss him.

"*Take an umbrella!*" says the fat guy on CBS. Why is he laughing?

"*Wear the blue silk suspenders*," adds the internally incorporated voice of the chairman's administrative assistant, Edith, a very put-together female authority figure who has taken to coaching me on my wardrobe.

"*Move it*, or you'll reach the 6:52 just as the doors slam shut!" says my watch. As usual, my watch is atrociously garrulous, but I listen to it. It knows better than I do where I'm supposed to be at any given time and how long it will take to get there.

Stanley Bing *is a contributing editor of Esquire*

"Bye, hon," says my wife. "Don't forget to *call Karl about the registered letter.*" We kiss. Karl is our attorney, and you don't want to know about the registered letter.

"*Step lively!*" says the conductor. I sit in my usual car, third from the front.

"*Read me,*" snaps the business section of my newspaper. The business section makes me tremendously agitated for a wide variety of reasons. But in spite of all my best intentions, my hands check it out from covet to covet, if only in desultory fashion.

The first teeny embers of rebellion begin to smolder in my breast. By 6:00 PM this tiny spark will be a humongous, dangerous conflagration of magnitudinous proportions, an inferno that threatens to consume all things within hailing distance of sanity, a blaze that can be extinguished only by my family, alcohol, and sleep.

"*Tickets!*" says the conductor. I display my monthly commuter pass, which I hate. It reminds me of those little red tags that game wardens put behind the ears of endangered species to track where they're going during mating season.

"*Watch the closing doors!*" says the subway as I get both on and off. I try to do so.

"*Give me a dollar,*" says the bum on the steps, thrusting a cup that says WE RE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU in my face. "*Feel guilty,* you thumb sucking cunning dog of the ruling class!" says the voice of my old dorm mate Gary Teetet, who is now a dentist but once belonged to the Progressive Labor party. I give the guy a quarter. "This is a quartet," he says, looking disappointed.

I enter the coffee shop, visions of flapjacks and sausage and fried eggs tap-dancing in my greedy mind's eye. "*Special K, dry toast, and tea!*" demands a veritable Greek chorus made up of my wife, my mother, my two kids, Dr. Art Ulene, and my Uncle Al, who died at the age of fifty of circulatory problems. "*Use one bag per cup,*" my tea bag instructs. "*Pour boiling water over tea bag. Serve steaming hot.*" Do I have any fucking choice? I mean, really!

"It's 8:47," my watch pipes up. "*Remember the lecture* you got from Lazenby last month on how only 'part-timers and short-hitters work 9:00 to 5:00'"? I pay up and get out.

DON'T WALK, says the stoplight. I wait. WALK, it says. I walk, and I am almost run over by a certifiable moron on a bicycle.

At the executive breakfast, I *have fruit* and, just to show I am present, make several idle comments about the way I believe requirements should be communicated to the field. These are immediately transformed into an order to *codify my observations into a memo* suitable for distribution to employees nationwide. "*Do it by Friday,*" says the vice-president of Policy and Process, whatever that is. I make a note.

Back at my office, I find my secretary, Rhonda, sucking down a chatty coffee with her peers in the amenities area. For some reason this pisses me off. "Have these notes typed up for me by 9:45 for faxing to the five regional offices," I tell her. There is no need for me to assume this tone. I see I have hurt her feelings. My superego orders me to *feel ashamed of myself.* I do.

Between 8:53 AM and 5:47 PM I enjoy a deluge, a plethora, a veritable apocalyptic onslaught of commands from cohorts, battalions, whole subcontinents of people from all walks of life, from impotent potentates to massive *machers* with personal transports the size of Hannibal's, a towering redwood of functional necessities, under which I stand, tiny and obedient in cool, timeless shadow. Not everyone says please, because they don't have to.

Lew Larvish, a subordinate four levels down, calls from our fuel subsidiary to ask if I would *do a backgrounder on recent economic developments.* I ask, "Lew, can't you do this kind of thing yourself?" Lew thinks about this for a moment, mystified. "My consultant doesn't kick in for another three weeks," he says.

Between 8:53 and 5:47 I enjoy a deluge of commands from whole subcontinents of people. Many don't say please, because they don't have to.

Les Lepke, industry nabob now retired, who must pull in about half a mil from a variety of platinum parachutes, calls on me to *provide immediate backup for testimony he's making to the Senate.* I make a mental note to prepare whatever I send in the **Twelve-Point Roman Bold** Lestet feels is the only font worth laser-printing in.

Len Laskin calls from Benefits to ask when I will *fill out my 1990 form.* Turns out that if I do not do so within forty-eight hours, I will *lose my health insurance!* This would be a bad thing. I make a note.

At 1:00 PM I ask the coffee shop to *deliver a tuna fish and Fresca,* neither of which I really want but continue to order daily simply because an alternative luncheon concept seems beyond me. Is the unexamined lunch still worth having? I don't know. I eat it *anyway.*

Then I close my door and attempt to get my alpha waves in order. Five minutes later the phone rings, waking me. It's the chairman. "Don Forsch is coming in to re-up his contract," Chet says. Forsch has been a consultant for us for a decade. He's nearing fifty-five, and we're pretty much his only paying customer. "We don't have the margins anymore to carry a guy like Forsch," the chairman says. "He's superfluous and expensive and I want him out of here. Can you *handle this for me?*"

Of course I can handle this for him.

So Forsch comes in and he's very rosy and jolly, and I can tell he's been drinking at lunch, but not that much. He looks fine, in tweed and a relaxed open collar, and although I have dropped a few hints over the last several months that his future with us was not bright, he is unprepared, I can see that. He has a house in the suburbs and an ailing wife, and out sixty grand is the only thing standing between him and an honest vocation. "We're not going to be able to renew your contract, Don," I say.

"Not at all?" he says. All the air and color drain out of him. He practically says, "Oof." "I knew my role here would be cut back. But to *nothing*... Excuse me."

He blows his nose and stands looking out of my plate-glass window for a while. "*Stay in touch,*" he says. And goes.

When he has gone, I remember to *arrange for the basket of fruit* that will greet each executive who attends our spring management retreat, the total cost of which will exceed $1 million.

It is 4:00, and my psyche orders me to *look out the window* into the gathering dusk. Then it's time to go *home.*

"This is the metropolitan local, making all stops," says the conductor on the 5:58. Then, as always, he adds. "*Make sure you're right.*" What does this mean? All we can do is the best we can.

A guy in a horrible brown suit appears and hovers over me. "*Excuse me,*" he says, and I must move my coat and briefcase. I hold my newspaper before my face, but my mind is blank, totally and utterly. Pretty soon I will fall asleep. "*Wake me* when we get to the fourth stop, will you?" I ask my neighbor. "Okay," he says. He looks used to following orders, too. The linings of his eyes are red. I feel like hugging him, but a strong interior voice orders me to refrain from doing so. Some orders even I won't accept, as long as they come from myself. ◘

©1989 Harley-Davidson, Inc. We support the AMA and recommend you wear a helmet and protective gear, always ride with your lights on, and watch out for the other person while riding.



When Did It Start For You?

Like a spark, at a single point in a lot of people's lives, something happened that changed things. The urge to have a Harley Davidson® took hold. From that point on, and especially after seeing the world from the seat of their very own Harley,® each one of these people became very different. They found something that the average population will never discover. Maybe you were made to be a Harley owner. Maybe you were born to be one. Ever thought about it? Maybe it's time you started.

MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTOR COMPANY

Things Are Different On A Harley.

Man Power

HEARTTHROBS



JEFFREY ZASLOW

Sob Brother

So his correspondents occasionally needle him ("the only female advice columnist with testicles"), but Jeffrey Zaslow stands tall as The Man Who Replaced Ann Landers. Assigned by *The Wall Street Journal* to cover the 1987 search for Landers's replacement, he neatly accomplished the assignment by applying for the job, then surpised everyone by winning it. Unlikely to be welcomed back into the brotherhood of business columnists any time soon, he's pledged to a sorority now. "Men who write me want me to sympathize—no matter what they did, he, cheat.... The women all want me to be a service manual, to tell them how men really work."

FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3/OUTLINE

RAY LIOTTA

Half-Italian Stallion

He resists the urban-Italian-American-stud stereotype, in part for the usual good professional reasons, but also because he is half Scotch-Irish and therefore, he says, was "not brought up with spaghetti stains on my shirt." So it seems fitting that in *Good Fellas,* the new movie about the Mafia, based on a book by Nicholas Pileggi, directed by Martin Scorsese, produced by Barbara DeFina, and also starring Robert De Niro, Lorraine Bracco, Joe Pesci, and Paul Sorvino, Liotta plays a man named Henry Hill, a real-life Brooklyn mobster who himself is half Sicilian, half Irish. Hill's mixed breeding gave him the quasi-outsider status that made him such an astute observer of mob ways in *Wiseguy,* Pileggi's telling of Hill's life on which the film is based. And Liotta's ability to transcend his Italian-ate good looks and intensity has been put to good use in capturing Hill's peculiar position in a nasty world. So don't expect to see the same kind of thug Liotta created when he played Melanie Griffith's crazed husband in *Something Wild.* "Yeah," he explains, "if Henry Hill was that kind of guy, he would have gotten knocked out pretty quick."



RICHARD CORMAN



RICHARD CORMAN

Man Power



JOSHUA BELL

Sex and Violins

At twenty-two, he's arguably the preeminent violinist of his generation, and that's okay. Who would deny him the praise he's received for his smart, unsentimental approach to the repertoire? But stereotypes acquired in childhood prepared us for something else—something wan, pasty, even dweeby—when it came to violin players, definitely not somebody who looks like a teen idol, excels at sports, drives around in a racy black Porsche, and makes a music video with Karen Black! Maybe it has something to do with the red-blooded, all-American upbringing he enjoyed in Indiana. Indiana! Anyway, he plays about a hundred concerts a year, and admits—with some coaxing—to picking up a fair number of backstage bouquets and mash notes from fans along the way. Some guys.

CRAIG NOVA

Words of Love

"The key thing is to stop thinking of women as the 'other,'" Craig Nova instructs, "and for that, all you have to do is fall in love with one or more." Sounds like a retired roué, but Nova is speaking mainly of the women he invents in the room in Vermont where he writes his novels. And even after he invents them they tend to gain the upper hand and run away with their stories. The women—like the prostitute who lectures her clients on wing shooting and bird dogs in *Tornado Alley*, for instance—are braver and tougher than any man, willing to endure ragged lives in dusty towns and hard-luck motels in pursuit of passion. Nova grew up in Hollywood, used to drag-race with the likes of Steve McQueen on Mulholland Drive, and lived the starving-artist life in New York before escaping to the safety of the countryside. Embracing the comforts of hearth and home took a little adjusting, though. "A young writer needs to get over his fear of love, land, and money."



BASS SUPER WEEJUNS. WE TAKE 132 STEPS BEFORE WE LET YOU TAKE YOUR FIRST ONE.

WEEJUNS®

After fifty four years of making the loafer others have looked to for inspiration, G H Bass & Co has decided to raise the standards by creating the Super Weejun®

On first sight you'll notice that the full-grain calfskin leather with the rich luster of an aniline finish, takes on a sleeker silhouette.

However, the beauty of Bass® runs deep, with fifty extra steps that go beyond industry standards, to make this Weejun feel positively super. Space does not allow listing all of them here, but some do require mention.

After they've been hand sewn, instead of putting them in an oven for two hours to dry, we allow them the luxury of air drying for two days, so they will be soft, supple and conform to the shape of your foot

Our double sole construction, from pre-flexed natu rally tanned leather, not only makes them comfortable right out of the box, but also longer wearing. And when it rains your feet will appreciate all the steps we take to make the sole water and weather resistant

Unfortunately there is just one apology we must make for taking extra steps with the Super Weejun. That the Bass craftsmen can make only a limited number each day. Which may make your first step harder to come by

A&S, BULLOCK'S, BURDINES, DILLARD'S, HECHT'S, LAZARUS, MACY'S, G. H. BASS & CO. CONCEPT STORES. FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 800 950-BASS (8:30 A.M.- 4:30 P.M. MON-FRI EST)

Bass®

THE LOOK THAT NEVER WEARS OUT™

Esquire
MARCH 1990

"It's not like she's got the flu. She's in bed, mad and hurting. I'm not sure why it was all my fault, but I damn sure knew it was."

MEN ON ABORTION

I SPOKE WITH A DOZEN MEN, ranging in age from twenty-eight to forty-six. These are their voices:

I've only been in love one time. It was the first time I felt I loved somebody more than myself. Just a neighborhood girl I really cared for. We were going out. She would treat me like gold and I would treat her like a doormat—which was the way I thought you were supposed to treat a girl. I tried to dominate her, to own her. I tried to tell her how to live. It's what I saw my father do, and I really thought that's what love was, at the time. The woman does what the man says and the woman is glad to.

BY MARK BAKER

DANIEL FELAVIN

ESQUIRE
SPECIAL

All we did was have sex. I don't know why I was surprised when she got pregnant. Like a fool, I didn't take any precautions. She wasn't on birth control.

She wanted to have a child. But I didn't want one, because I knew I'd have to marry her. Otherwise, her family would have killed me. They were good Catholics in a small town. If I'd disgraced their daughter like that—believe me—they would have literally shot me.

Instead, I begged her to have an abortion. I said, "Listen, Sue Ellen, I'm in no financial position to take care of you and a child. I don't want to live in poverty. I want to give you the same things that my father gave my mother," et cetera, et cetera. I said, "Don't you see this would just ruin everything? I'd have to quit school and get some kind of construction job and just be nothing." That kind of thing.

She didn't care. She wanted to have that kid. She said, "I can work, you can work, we can make it." She wanted to get married too, that was the bottom line. Even though I was in love with her, that was too big a step for me. Absolutely not. Just as things were looking up for me, everything seemed to be collapsing.

We talked about it for a couple of weeks, and she finally put it totally on me. "Wagner, I'll do what you want me to do. It's your decision."

"Hey, let's do it," I said. At that time, I was looking out for number one.

I drove her down there to have the abortion. The place was like a catacomb. The receptionist was a big, fat lady who wasn't nice or friendly, like you'd expect at a doctor's office. Kind of surly. She just shoved papers at us. "Fill out this."

Then I waited outside. Generally, every woman seemed to have somebody waiting for her. A diverse crowd. Some in suits. I was dressed in beat-up pants, a bad shirt, and a baseball cap, just like today. Every one of us is sweating bullets. Just going nuts. There wasn't a sound except cigarette lighters flicking.

> Once it was over, we never talked about it again. We kept our mouths shut. She did have some real prophetic words, though. She said, "Wagner, you're going to regret this all your life."

The funny part was, I saw another couple in there who were good friends of mine. We completely ignored each other.

She was in there about an hour. When she came out, she just had this overwhelming sadness, this quiet sadness.

We talked a little in the car on the way back. She cried a lot and she kept telling me she loved me. I think she was saying that to rationalize why she did it. The more she said it, the worse I felt. I said to myself, Wagner, you're doing the right thing. But deep down where I live, I said, No, you're just being a coward.

The worst part was, it was her birthday. I went to her house and they had a little get together for her birthday, with a cake and her family. You talk about a weird situation, man. Me and her both were just completely drained emotionally, and they don't know *what*'s going on. I forgot to get her a gift.

I got to admit, the way she did it, she really put it on me. Put the total decision on me. Here's her body getting my decision on it. That made it worse. I could have dealt with it better if she hadn't wanted to be in that position, if she had said, "No, I'm having the kid" or "You're right, I'm not having it." It's her body, but I had her brainwashed. I made all the decisions.

Once it was over, we never talked about it again. We kept our mouths shut. She did have some real prophetic words, though. She said, "Wagner, you're going to regret this all your life." I told her, "No, no." But inside me something would spark and cling to that. She was right. I'll never forget it. I'll never forgive myself.

I GOT HER A KITTEN after her abortion, some sort of surrogate, I suppose. But when we split, I ended up with the cat. That cat had just a plethora of kitties. This was one fecund cat. Out of this abortion grew many little critters. It took me a little while to get around to having her spayed.

Ever since then, I've been cool in my relationships. I did learn. I never had another abortion. One girl told me she was knocked up just six or seven months ago, and I said, "Hey, fine. I believe in life. Have the child, go get a blood test, and if it's mine, I'll pay the child support for the rest of my life."

"Bullshit," she told me. "You don't know what you're talking about. I'm going to have an abortion." In that situation, I don't feel so responsible.

AFTER THE ABORTION, we still weren't using contraceptives. We were using the rhythm method. I'm going, "What an idiot I am. I ought to just shoot myself in the head." It was like I had no control over my hormones. It was crazy.

SHE SMOKED A LOT of cigarettes. Didn't want to talk much. For some weeks after that, she was pretty emotionally bruised. It certainly cast a shadow over our relationship. Sexually it affected us. I don't recall making love at all between the time we first heard about this and when she got the abortion. I don't think we made love for several weeks after that. And when we did, it was pretty apparent that there was this presence between us—which was the aborted child.

There was also this resentment on her part that, no matter how supportive I was, I hadn't gone through it and I couldn't understand. I was a man and a good deal responsible and that was that.

I have wondered from time to time whether it didn't cast a permanent shadow on that aspect of our relationship. If so, it would be a very, very subtle one. I don't even think that it's there, too often. But once in a while, I wonder if a troubled moment or an awkward communication physically traces to that time.

"I'M PREGNANT."

"You couldn't be pregnant. You're on the Pill." I hadn't been struck by lightning lately. Why this? It's the same odds. I was young. Nothing had ever happened to me. I hadn't been drafted to go to Vietnam. I'd had no doses of reality.

"Are you sure it's me?" was my immediate thing.

"I've also checked it out," she said, "and I'm going to have an abortion."

I didn't even have the sense to do the proper thing, to take her out there, to pay for it. I finally did pay for half, but she had to ask me to.

Everything just dissolved after she had the abortion. Then, boy, there was about a month where she wouldn't talk to me and

---

Mark Baker *is the author of* Nam *and* Cops. *His latest book,* Women, *will be published by Simon & Schuster this month.*

In 1777, the Duchess of Edinburgh threw a ball and word got out that Drambuie was to be served. They came from as far away as Albuquerque.



Would you like to be known for throwing a legendary party? Serve Drambuie. In a Rusty Nail (half Drambuie, half Scotch), on the rocks, or simply in a glass by itself, Drambuie makes quite an impression. It's the one liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. Just make sure you have enough. You never know when three or four thousand people will stop by.

Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.

To send a gift of Drambuie anywhere in the U.S. where legal, call 1 800 238-4373.

she wouldn't have sex with me.

I consulted my friends. They said, "I don't know what to tell you. Try to cheer her up. Buy her flowers or something like that." But it seemed that whatever I did was wrong. Finally, I became really resentful. I just assumed, I paid for half of it, it's done, now let's get back to things. I didn't have any sense of the psychological ramifications. "Oh, you don't want to fuck tonight? Well, I understand that you're a little sore." But she was really spooked—like any woman would be—locking doors, not returning phone calls, and stuff. She didn't want to talk about it, didn't tell me anything....and I wasn't going to listen to it anyway. That was not the era of the caring man, or I wasn't the caring man, in any case. I just wanted to get back into the groove.

I saw this as a temporary slowdown, almost in terms of dollars and cents. It would cost you a day at work and it was expensive—almost five hundred bucks. "I realize it took a big bite out of the old checkbook, babe. I'll buy the drinks tonight. You know, two hundred and fifty bucks is a couple weeks' salary. How much more aware can I be, baby?" It was out of my scope of comprehension. I just got this opinion that women got real mean when they had abortions. I thought, Fuck her, if she wants to act like that. What the hell did I do?

Boy, the next one really got it. Like the guy from New Jersey who gets in a collision. It's obviously his fault, but he gets out of the car and starts screaming. "Let me see your fucking insurance card! Look what you've fucking done to me! This is a vintage car!" I just went on the offensive.

The second time I was approached, my response was "Fuck you. I'm sterile. Go to somebody else. Don't ever come to me!"

Of course, all my friends are going, "Yeah, give it to her. Deny it. I know she's sleeping with other people."

Those were two in about a six-month period. Left cross, right cross. But that was it. Never again.

IN A STRANGE WAY, it was liberating. After the abortion, I realized that I had broken every single commandment the nuns had ever harped on over the years—except one or two having to do with certain Mediterranean deviant sexual practices. I fully expected to go out to the mailbox one morning and find a tastefully engraved notice of excommunication, personally signed by the pope and suitable for framing.

I did not feel any of the moral remorse we were urged to feel in parochial school, because I am firmly of the belief that life is not present in the corpus until you can break a decent fart. This is far more indicative of the human condition than any kind of brain-wave activity.

WE WERE KIND OF long-distance romancing it, much more fervently on her part than on mine. I'd just gone on to the big city, and thinking about my hometown was the last thing I wanted to do. So I'd go back to see Janet and we'd do what people that age do, which is have a lot of sex. And I enjoyed it a lot. But I was more interested in excitement than a good woman. Janet was one of the best women I've ever been with, second only to my wife.

A few years later, after we had broken up, I was back home for some reason. I wasn't there to see her. I just happened to run into her while I was in town. We were sitting there talking, and the story surfaced slowly. Her friends told me later that it had been really traumatic for her. Right about the time it happened, I'd been blowing her off big-time, so I pretty well fucked her up for a while.

When she told me, I was twenty-four. I didn't know what to think, do, or say. I was completely dumbfounded. It was after the fact. She'd already done the deed. I certainly didn't argue with her choice of terminating the pregnancy. In fact, I was very grateful that she had. At the time, it sure seemed damn convenient.

I know that is a terrible thing to say. But when you're that age, the idea of getting somebody pregnant, particularly somebody that you're not even dating anymore, it just seems like there's nothing worse that could happen to you. Looking back on it now, I realize that there are worse things that can happen to you than a mistake.

THE FIRST ONE surprised us, because we considered ourselves to be liberated, modern people. We expected that the abortion would not be a big deal. We were pretty young, in our early twenties. We were both starting out in our careers. We had no money. We did not think that we could have a child at that time and continue with our lives. So we did it.

I remember I was very nervous. I remember I didn't want to stay. I remember that there were a lot of women in the waiting room who were very distressed. And that I ran. I dropped her off there, said, "I'll see you later," and I met her at home later in the day. I went on about my business. We didn't talk about it afterward.

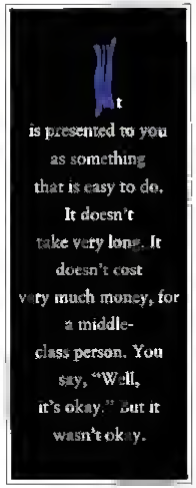
The next year was pretty rough. We'd been married three or four years and had gotten through the worst part of the first few years of marriage when you're fighting all the time because you haven't yet figured out how to merge your personalities or what issues are worth fighting about. The marriage was going pretty well, and then we had this very bad year. We weren't getting along.

About one year after the abortion, we went down to visit my parents, who were staying at some resort out of town. It was a long drive. It's always distressing to see my parents. It wasn't a happy occasion. Then on the way back we got lost on the highway. It was really dark and we didn't know where the hell we were. We didn't know how to get back on the road. We kind of gave up and said, "We'll just drive for a while until we find something."

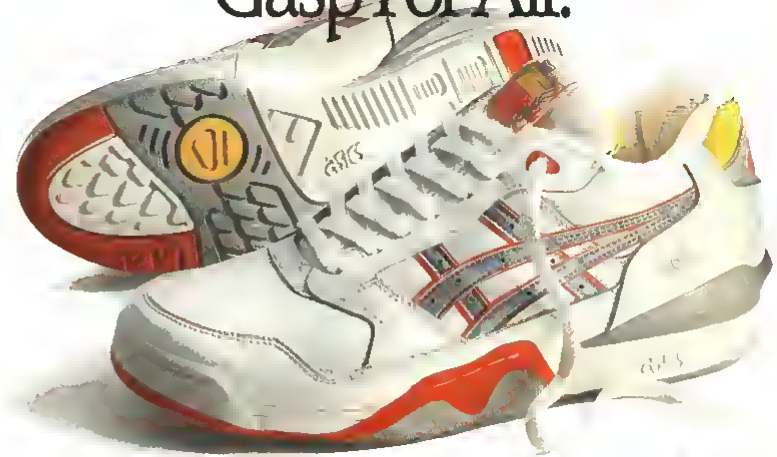
The road seemed to be endlessly dark, and we started talking. We tried to figure out why we weren't getting along so well. It occurred to one of us that it was a year since the abortion. That was the first time we realized that we felt we had killed something that we had made together and that it would have been alive and might have been our child.

We talked and shared how disturbed about it we both had been. That cleared up the problems we'd been having for the last year. We hadn't known that we were angry and upset and hadn't been willing to face the facts.

Abortion is presented to you as something that is easy to do. It doesn't take very



Work Out In
ASICS' GEL Cross Trainers
And You'll Never
Gasp For Air.



The reason why is right under your toes.
Actually it's closer to your midfoot, where cross training impact is highest.



Encapsulated ASICS GEL effectively absorbs shock by dispersing vertical energy into a horizontal plane.

It's ASICS' GEL. A remarkable silicon-based semi-fluid substance with great shock absorption characteristics. Very important if you're constantly working out, working out and working out.

You see, by dispersing vertical impact into a horizontal plane, the ASICS' GT-Intensity cross trainer can reduce the risk of injury, thus increasing your athletic performance.

The ASICS' GEL cross trainers are now available for men and women. In exciting styles and colors that (gasp) might just leave you breathless.

asics
Don't Just Do It. Do It Better.



Women's GT Intensity
Men's GT Intensity

For the ASICS dealer nearest you, call 1-800 866-ASICS.

long. It doesn't cost very much money nowadays, for a middle-class person. You say, "Well, it's okay."

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

But it wasn't okay. It left a scar, and that scar had to be treated tenderly and worked on in order for us to get on with our lives.

I don't think abortion is easy for anybody. The people who say it's easy either don't want to face the pain of it or haven't been through it, because it's really a tough experience.

Now, it's also one of the reasons we had our first child. The next time we thought she was pregnant, we were really distraught again, because we thought we weren't ready to have a child—still—and we were seriously considering another abortion.

I was with some old friends, and I did not want to let on what was happening. Obviously, I did, because I was mooning around. Finally, I was alone with this woman who said, "Rick, what is it?"

"Ah, it's terrible," I said. "I think Lisa is pregnant, and I don't know if we can go through with an abortion again."

"Lisa's pregnant?" she said. "That's *wonderful*."

"What do you mean, 'wonderful'?"

"You can have a baby. It's great."

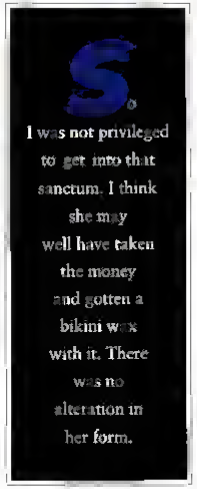
"But we're not ready. My career isn't set."

"When's it ever going to be set? What are you waiting for?"

"You know, you're right," I said. I got up from her living room and I literally ran home. I said to Lisa, "It's great you're pregnant. We don't have to have an abortion. We'll have the baby." She wasn't sure, but I kind of convinced her.

As it turned out, she wasn't pregnant. But we were so disappointed that she wasn't, we then set about making sure we could have a baby. We had our first child. We've had a second child since.

ODDLY ENOUGH, I don't have really strong feelings either way. I'm certainly not against abortion. I believe it is a woman's right. But it's not something I bother myself with. I had a vasectomy a few years back, so I don't have to deal with that anymore. I get little pamphlets and junk mail from both sides wanting money, especially now that the battle is on again, and I don't even open them too often.



THE FIRST ONE was at some kind of family-planning/reproductive-services clinic, so there was this faintly Unitarian air of moral earnestness about it—concerned people, granny glasses, plants with names, cute plastic cubes on people's desks filled with pictures of Chevy Royales. The pittance that I was requested to contribute was a hundred and fifty bucks. That may be misleading, because I don't know if I was part of a pool or the sole philanthropic benefactor.

The second time, it was slightly more than two hundred dollars, and we went to the Women's Rape Crisis, Abortion, and General Anti-Man Clinic, a division of the National-Female-Women-Sisters-and-Lesbo-Death-to-All-Men Society. I got to sit in a waiting room for a couple of hours, which I suppose is what decency requires. But during this time I was the object of much scornful eyeballing by these crop-headed, broad-beamed disciplettes of Womanism.

Maybe it was paranoia on my part. But they saw me sitting there and knew I had not come for a Dalkon shield. I got a couple of poison-toad stares, like, "You and your kind should be hunted down with submachine guns and flamethrowers, trailed back to your stinking caves, and flamed out before you can multiply." Basically your Iwo Jima last-stages-of-mopping-up atmosphere.

"There's one. Get the interpreter up here on the double."

"Hello. I am a man, like yourself. Give in to the Female Womanhood Sisters. You will not be harmed. You will merely be neutered and reeducated. Many promising careers are open in interior design and hairdressing."

I felt like I should have had a caption, something small and tasteful, a sign I could hold underneath my chin: *THESE ARE RESPONSIBLE!*

On the final occasion, I don't know if she went to a better class of abortionist or what. That was a private physician and cost me three hundred.

I got a sense—this may be wildly misplaced self-regard or something—but I got the impression it was some kind of gambit. "We'll take the big slob right up to the precipice of abortion and see how he performs in that instance." When I said with alacrity, "Sure, I think you should have one. I think everybody should get one," and immediately assembled the funds—exact change, crisp new bills—this was mute evidence of insincerity on my part. Which is quite false, because I truly wanted her to have one. I really, really did.

I offered to go to the office with her and was rejected in some of the most scathing of terms, actually with a depth and breadth of zoological allusion that I have seldom since encountered. Although, the denunciation took place after I'd handed over the money. I wrote the check, was soundly tongue-lashed, and things then proceeded with the coolness and formality of a Heidelberg Dueling Society Convocation. "Thank you. Thank you very much."

"Hey, don't mention it, sweetheart. Here's a couple hundred extra in case you got twins."

So I was not privileged to get into that sanctum. I think that she may well have taken the money and gotten a bikini wax with it. There was no alteration in her form.

IT'S UNFORTUNATE that the present political atmosphere is so polarized that you can't say, "I think I should have the right to have an abortion, but an abortion is a terrible thing." Because that's the truth of it. An abortion *is* a terrible thing. Even though you should have the right to have it, and even though it might be better for the lives of the people who are here in order to have it, it doesn't make it less painful.

MY WIFE SAYS THAT she doesn't have tremendous qualms about the act of abortion. It isn't a person yet. It isn't even a fetus. It's microscopic, you can't even see it. That's what she used both times to tell herself, "We can get through this. It's okay."

On the other hand, you see your wife's body changing. It changes so fast. Her breasts get larger immediately. Her nipples get brown. The areole gets wider. You see changes in her right away with the new hormones coursing through her. Everything's

Esquire Retail Directory

NEW YORK

ALFA ROMEO
Alfredo's Foreign Cars Inc. 2030 Boston Post Rd. (Larchmont)
Bay Shore Volkswagen Inc., 1660 Sunrise Hwy (Bay Shore)
Bobcor Motors 30 W. Palisade Ave. (Englewood, NJ)
Deno Oldsmobile, Inc., 1155 Bloomfield Ave. (West Caldwell, NJ)
East Hills Chrysler-Plymouth 2300 Northern Blvd. (Greenvale)
F. & S. Motors, Inc. 3751 Boston Rd. (Bronx)
Haldeman Ford 807 Rt. 33 (Trenton, NJ)
Huntington Autohaus Ltd., 650 E. Jericho Tpk. (Huntington Station)
Island Volkswagen Inc., 2555 Long Beach Rd. (Oceanside)
King's Alfa 2885 Coney Ave. (Brooklyn)
Prestige Imports 44 Pleasantville Rd. (Pleasantville)
Ramsey Chrysler Plymouth 615 Rt. 17 (Ramsey, NJ)
Riverbank Motors Corp. 42 W. Broad St. (Stamford, CT)
Spring Valley Volkswagen, 775 N. Route 45 (Spring Valley)
Springfield Imported Motors, Ltd., 146-154 Rt. 22 (Springfield, NJ)
Steven Kessler Motor Car Inc., 317 E. 34th St.
Zumbach Sports Cars Ltd., 629 W. 54th St.
ANDREW FEZZA
Bloomingdale's
Chanvan
Macy's
Saks Fifth Avenue
ARAMIS
Abraham & Straus, 422 Fulton St. (Brooklyn)
Bergdorf Goodman, 754 5th Ave.
Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St.
Bonwit Teller, 1120 Ave. of the Americas
G. Fox, 960 Main St. (Hartford, CT)
Lord & Taylor, 424 5th Ave.
Macy's, Herald Square
Macy's, 131 Market St. (Newark, NJ)
Neiman Marcus, Maple & Paulding Sts. (White Plains)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 5th Ave.
Stern's, Bergen Mall (Paramus, NJ)
BALLY OF SWITZERLAND
Macy's, Herald Square
Bally of Switzerland, 711 5th Ave.
Bally of Switzerland, 2 World Financial Center, 225 Liberty St.
Bally of Switzerland, 645 Madison Ave.
Bally of Switzerland, 553 7th Ave.
Barneys New York, 106 7th Ave.
Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St.
Crouch & Fitzgerald, 400 Madison Ave.
Harry's Florsheim, 2299 Broadway
Imperial Men's Wear, 48 W. 48th St.
Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 5th Ave.
Stadler Shoes, 1362 Ave. of the Americas
G. H. BASS & CO.
Abraham & Straus
Bay Shoes (Oyster Bay)
Bloomingdale's
Bool Tree (Southampton)
Brenner's (Westchester)
Charles Department Store (Katonah)
Darien Sport (Darien, CT)
East Hampton Shoes (East Hampton)
Ed Mitchell (Westport, CT)
Eppy & Eppy (Cedarhurst)
Eppy & Eppy (Great Neck)
Epstein's (Morristown, NJ)
Fairfield Department Store (Fairfield, CT)
Fellman LTD
Footworks (Brooklyn)
Futter Bros. (Millburn, NJ)
Garden City Shoes (Garden City)
Globe Shoes (Paramus, NJ)
Grossman's (Greenwich, CT)
Harry's Shoes
Harwyn
Heller's (Mount Kisco)
Heller's (Pleasantville)
Hulit's (Princeton, NJ)
Jay Roberts (White Plains)
Macy's
Marc's Bootener (Rye)
Marcus (Ridgewood, NJ)
McCreedy & Schreiber
Mr. Deg
Nee Dell (Summit, NJ)
Olympic (Upper Montclair, NJ)
Randal's (Westwood, NJ)
Riverside Shoes (Riverside, CT)
Sheffield Shoes
Shoes-Shoes (Port Washington)
Snappy (Huntington)
Stadler Shoes
Tip Top
Tri-Fon (Glen Cove)
Village Cobbler
Weatbest Shoes Inc.
BILL ROBINSON
Bloomingdale's
Camouflage, 139 8th Ave.
Carol Rolo/Riding High, 1147 1st Ave.
Chanvan, 2315 Broadway
Macy's, Herald Square
Rev 2, 75 Christopher St.
Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 5th Ave.
Threads, 9092 Thompson St.
COLE-HAAN
Abraham & Straus
B.O.Q.
Barneys New York, 106 7th Ave.
Bally Martin's Western, 812 Madison Ave.
Bloomingdale's
F. R. Triplet, 366 Madison Ave.
Family Britches Inc., 70 King St. (Chappaqua)
Fellman Ltd., 24 E. 44th St.
Freeman Shoes, 330 Madison Ave.
Harry's Shoes, 2299 Broadway
Heller's Shoes, 92 S. Moger Ave. (Mount Kisco)
Hudson's, Pam Am World Port
Hudson's, J.F.K. Airport
Lord & Taylor
Lubin's Man's World, Cross-County Shopping Ctr., 2 Mall Walk (Yonkers)
Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St.
Macy's
Marsh's Men's Wear, 270 Main St. (Hunt ngton)
McCreedy & Schreiber, 27 W. 46th St.
McCreedy & Schreiber, 213 E. 59th St.
Montmartre Man, 226 Columbus
Neiman Marcus, Maple & Paulding (White Plains)
New York Shoes, 1712 1st Ave.
Paragon Sporting Goods, 24 E. 16th St.
Finstripes, 75 Main St. (East Hampton)
Saks Fifth Avenue
Shoe Seller Ltd., 2155 Merrick Rd. (Merrick)
Tip Top Shoes, 156 W. 72nd St.
Tomas Miller Town & Country, 6285 Jericho Tpk. (Woodbury)
Wallach's
Wicker Gardens Children, 1327 Madison Ave.
CROSS CREEK
Anson-Newton Ltd., Rt. 202 Mount Kemble Ave. (Morristown, NJ)
The Annex, 2070 Northern Blvd. (Manhasset)
Arnold Grossman Co., 17 N. Bleeker (Mount Vernon)
B. & B. Dept. Store, 254 Drum Point Rd. (Brick, NJ)
Barry's, 322 Glenwood Ave. (Bloomfield, NJ)
Ban Daniels, 52 E. Palisade Ave. (Englewood, NJ)
Bloomingdale's, All Locations
Bob's Men's Shop, 602 Main St. (Boonton, NJ)
Bob's Sports Inc., 94 Park St. (New Canaan, CT)
Bragg & Son, 30 Church St. (Montclair, NJ)
California Sunshine Shops Inc., 1 Industrial Way W. (Eatontown, NJ)
Cee Jays, 114A Rt. 23 (Franklin, NJ)
Charles Dept. Store, 113 Kalonah Ave. (Kalonah)
Chester Hill Men's Clothiers, Rt. 24 Chester Mall (Chester, NJ)
Clayton & Magee, 19 Broad St. (Red Bank, NJ)
Country Men's & Boys, 41 S. Greenley Ave. (Chappaqua)
Country Squire, Old Lafayette Village (Lafayette, NJ)
Curro's Men's Shop, 1 Babbitt Rd. (Bedford Hills)
Dakota Dry Goods, 169 Mamaroneck Ave. (White Plains)
Darby's Men's Wear, 339 Park Ave. S.
Darien Sport Shop, 1127 Post Rd. (Darien, CT)
David Burr, 3900 Bergenline Ave. (Union City, NJ)
Delpark Inc., 206 E. Main St. (Manasquan, NJ)
The Dry Goods Inc., All Locations
Ed Tunick, Norton Heights Shopping Ctr. (Darien, CT)
Emporio, 5020 13th Ave. (Brooklyn)
Epstein's Dry Goods Inc., 21 Columbus Ave. (Tuckahoe)
Family Britches, 39 Elm St. (New Canaan, CT)
Family Britches, 70 King St. (Chappaqua)
Fenson's, 293 Main St. (Danbury, CT)
Florence Shop of Bergenfield, 1 N. Washington Ave. (Bergenfield, NJ)
Geisman Kaplan, 598 Valley Rd. (Upper Montclair, NJ)
Gentleman's Corner, 11 N. Union St. (Cranford, NJ)
George's, 53 King St. (Chappaqua)
Great Neck Department Store, 73 Middle Neck Rd. (Middle Neck)
Green's Dept. Store, Rt. 211 E., Orange Plaza (Middletown)

CROSS CREEK (CONT'D)

H Gross Outfitters 1 Palmer Square (Princeton NJ)
Harry Ballof 20 Nassau Square (Princeton NJ)
Henry's Men's Shop, 18 N Main St (Port Chester)
House of Jacks 70-11 Parsons Blvd (Flushing)
I B Cohen & Sons, 525 Main St (New Rochelle)
J Drum Ltd 51 Tokeneke Rd (Darien CT)
Jack's Fashions for Men 130 Sky Lane Dr (Ringwood NJ)
John Charles Ltd 94 White Plains Rd. (Tarrytown)
John Franks-Westfield 207 E Broad St (Westfield NJ)
John Larson Clothiers 1145 Main St (Boonton NJ)
Kaplan's Dept Store 36-40 N Main St (Port Chester)
Kurtz Men's Shop 33 Main St (Madison NJ)
Leberfeld's 65 54 Grand Ave (Maspeth)
Locker Room 44 Main St (Madison NJ)
Locker Room 812 The Plaza (Sea Girt, NJ)
London Men's Shop 1700 Plaza Dr (Secaucus NJ)
M Epstein 45 Horsehill Rd (Cedar Knolls NJ)
Mac-Hugh Inc. 1122 E Ridgewood Ave (Ridgewood NJ)
Macy's All Locations
Main Hosiery Shop 263 Mamaroneck Ave (Mamaroneck)
Mark Fore & Strike 136 E Putnam Ave (Greenwich CT)
Mark, Fore & Strike - All Locations
McGuire's of Maplewood 167 Maplewood Ave (Maplewood NJ)
Meyers Brothers 1100 Hamburg Tpk. (Wayne NJ)
Moe Ginsberg, 162 5th Ave
Moelgunn's 396 Springfield Ave (Summit NJ)
Mr. Ned/Custom Tailoring 22 W 19th St
Nat Goodwin, Inc. 215 Liberty Square (E Norwalk CT)
Natelson's 2 Broad St (Red Bank NJ)
Natelson's 66 Broad St (Stamford CT)
New Republic Products Inc. 93 Spring St
Nibs Men's Store 72 28 Main St (Flushing)
O'Brien's 267 Halstead Ave (Harrison)
Phil's Sportswear, 3 School St (Glen Cove)
Phyllis Victor 607 E Boston Post Rd (Mamaroneck)
Porter Wallace, 866 6th Ave
Posner's Co., Inc., 565 Broadway (Bayonne NJ)
Princton University Shop 36 University Place (Princeton NJ)
R F Harrel Co 345 Wilson Ave (Norwalk CT)
R F Jeffreys 112 Fair Haven Commons, 740 River Rd (Fairhaven NJ)
Randolph's Men's Store 21 Washington Ave (Tenafly NJ)
Reynolds 1000 Airport Rd (Lakewood NJ)
Richards 350 Greenwich Ave (Greenwich CT)
Richilson's Ltd., 600 Pleinborne Rd (Manhasset)
Ronnie's, 239 Greenwich Ave (Greenwich CT)
Rowe-Manse Emporium 1065 Bloomfield Blvd (Clifton NJ)
S P Dunham Independance Mall 2465 Broad St (Trenton NJ)
Sahadi University Shop, 43 E Palisade Ave (Englewood NJ)
Sainy Brothers 30 Park Place (Morristown NJ)
Sam's 553 S Livingston Ave (Livingston NJ)
Squire's Men's Shop 41 S Greeley Ave (Chappaque)
The Suburbanite 17 Danbury Rd (Wilton CT)
Stern's All Locations
T J McMahon 31 Church St (Little River NJ)
Victor's 3350 Washington Ave (Bergenfield NJ)
W H Woolley Clothiers, 181 Broadway (Long Branch NJ)
Walker & Florio 5 Trinity Place
The Waid Room 262 E Main St. (Babylon)
THE FRYE COMPANY
Brenner's Florsheim (Nanuet)
Brenner's Florsheim (Danbury CT)
Coldman Brothers Inc (Hicksville)
Heffering Florsheim (Yorktown Heights)
Heller's (Mount Kisco)
Heller's (Pleasantville)
Lebedas Inc (Fairfield NJ)
Lynn Boot & Shoe
Marty Kestenbaum (Union NJ)
McCreedy & Schreiber
Mirmax Shoe Company
Money Savers Inc. (Brooklyn)
Park Hill Shoes of East Chester (Scarsdale)
Prozy's (Hackensack NJ)
The Shoe Gallery (Elizabeth NJ)
Western Boot World (Paramus NJ)
JOHNSTON & MURPHY
Johnston & Murphy Shop 351 Madison Ave.
Johnston & Murphy Shop 1344 Ave of the Americas
Johnston & Murphy Shop 52 W 50th St
Johnston & Murphy Shop 615 Madison Ave
Johnston & Murphy Shop Roosevelt Field Shopping Ctr Old Country Rd (Garden City)
Johnston & Murphy Shop 115 Broadway
Johnston & Murphy Shop The Mall at Short Hills Canoe Brook Rd (Short Hills NJ)
Johnston & Murphy Shop Woodbridge Ctr (Woodbridge NJ)
Johnston & Murphy Shop Riverside Square Mall Rt #4 Hackensack Ave (Hackensack NJ)
Johnston & Murphy Shop Princeton Forrestal Village 121 Village Blvd (Princeton NJ)
Johnston & Murphy Shop, Stamford Town Ctr 100 Gray Rock Place (Stamford CT)
Johnston & Murphy Shop Bridgewater Commons Suite 159 Commons Way (Bridgewater NJ)
KOHLER
A F Supply Corp 22 W 21st St
A & R Supply Co 3821 Westfield Ave (Camden NJ)
Bath & Kitchen Showroom, 242 Hope St (Stamford CT)
Baths, Kitchens & Beyond 13 Main St (Warwick)
Best Plumbing Supply Building/Design Ctr 3333 1 Crompton Rd (Yorktown Heights)
Blackman Queens Corp., 217 68 Hempstead Ave (Queens Village)
Blackman-Hoffman Co , 3480 Sunrise Hwy (Wantagh)
Blackman-Southampton Corp 444 County Rd 39A (Southampton)
Bohemia Plumbing Supply 1595 Lakeland Ave (Bohemia)
Christensen's Bath, 545 E Jericho Tpk. (Huntington Station)
Classic Kitchens & Baths 475 N Midland Ave (Saddle Brook, NJ)
Coastal Plumbing Supply Co. Inc., 510 Bay St. (Staten Island)
Consolidated Plumbing Showroom, 220 Franklin Ave (Franklin Square)
Consolidated Plumbing Supply 200 Stevens Ave (Mount Vernon)
Cove Plumbing Supply Co Inc. 26 Morris Ave (Glen Cove)
Creative Home Improvement, TSS S&S
Seedman's Corp 1726 Sunrise Hwy (Merrick)
Danbury Plumbing Supply Co. Finance Dr & Commerce Park (Danbury CT)
Davis & Warshow Inc., 150 E 58th St 4th fl
Environmental Hydronics Morristown Supply 291 E Blackwell St (Dover NJ)
Final General Remodeling 960 Hope St (Stamford CT)
Fixture and Cabinet Outlet 65 Lake St. (White Plains)
General Plumbing Supply 663 Speedwell Ave (Morris Plains NJ)
General Plumbing Supply 1309 Kennedy Blvd (Bayonne NJ)
Home Products Distributors 53 Commack Rd (Commack)
I Smith & Sons Inc. 152 Medford Ave (Patchogue)
I Burack, Inc. 550 Saw Mill River Rd (Yonkers)
I & G Beebe Inc. 2217 Nottingham Way (Trenton NJ)
Jefferson Bath & Kitchen 198 Witherspoon St (Princeton NJ)
John M Hartel & Co Inc, 10 W Jefferson Ave. (Pearl River)
Kitchen & Bathworks 980 Blackshore Pike (Turnersville NJ)
Kitchen & Bathworks, 47 Newman Spring Rd (Shrewsbury NJ)
Kitchen & Bathworks, 457 West End Ave (N Plainfield NJ)
Kitchen & Bathworks, Rt 17 & Robinson Rd (Lodi NJ)
The Kitchen Designer 1 Executive Dr (Tinton Falls NJ)
L & H Plumbing, 401 Main St (Avon NJ)
L & H Plumbing & Heating 25 Cooper Rd. (Middletown NJ)
Lane Plumbing Supply 434 Menville Rd (Pleasantville)
Lincoln Plumbing Supply 32 Giffords Lane (Staten Island)
Long Island Bath Wholesale Bath Works & More 105 Newton Rd (Plainview)
Meehan Plumbing & Heating Supplies 242 Hope Rd (Stamford CT)
New Jersey Plumbing Supply Co Bath Connection 183 Millburn Ave (Millburn NJ)
Okin Wallack Corp 10-44 Merrick Rd (Baldwin)
Pacific Baths, 235 Westport Ave (Norwalk, CT)
Palermo Plumbing Ctr 2810 Kennedy Blvd (Union City NJ)
Palermo Sales Corp , 444 Livingston St (Norwood NJ)

KOHLER (CONT'D)

Palermo Supply Co 369 373 Anderson Ave (Fairview NJ)
Pascack Showcase, 33 S Kinderkamack Rd (Montvale NJ)
Phillips Plumbing Supply, 2036 Rt. 35 (Wall Township NJ)
The Plumbing Store 10 E Rt 59 (Spring Valley)
Ray Barry & Sons Inc., 2184 McDonald Ave. (Brooklyn)
Rochelle Plumbing & Heating Supply Co 1100 Goffle Rd (Hawthorne NJ)
Ron's Plumbing & Heating Inc. 130 Liberty St (Bloomfield NJ)
Scarbel Plumbing Supply 601 5th Ave (Brooklyn)
Showcase Bath & Designers, 111 E Westfield Ave (Roselle Park NJ)
Singac Supply Co 1432 Rt. 23 (Little Falls NJ)
Tivoli Tile & Marble Co Inc., 683 65th St (Brooklyn)
Tradewell Supply Co Inc., 258 Commack Rd (Commack)
Tradewell Supply Co Inc. 650 W Merrick Rd (Valley Stream)
Triplex Supply Co 1735 Union Blvd (Bayshore)
Vanities Plus 490 Glenbrook Rd (Stamford CT)
Wellington Plumbing & Heating Supply 116 Washington Ave (Wallington NJ)
Walsh Plumbing Supply 400 Walnut St (Yonkers)
Weinstein Supply Corp 250 Hamilton St (Allentown PA)
Windsor Plumbing Supply 3920 15th Ave (Brooklyn)

NEIMAN MARCUS

Neiman Marcus, Maple & Paulding Sts (White Plains)

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Saks Fifth Avenue 611 5th Ave
Saks Fifth Avenue 380 Hackensack Ave (Hackensack NJ)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 1300 Franklin Ave. (Garden City)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 1 Hampton Rd (Southampton)
Saks Fifth Avenue, Milburn & Short Hills Aves. (Springfield NJ)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 140 Atlantic St. (Stamford CT)
Saks Fifth Avenue Bloomingdale Rd. at Maple Ave (White Plains)

SPERRY TOP-SIDER

Not all styles in all stores
Abraham & Straus - All Locations
Barneys New York, 105 7th Ave
Bloomingdale's - All Locations
Boot Tree 30 Jobs Lane (Southampton)
Brave New World 1206 Richmond Ave (Point Pleasant Beach NJ)
Brenner's Florsheim Nanuet Mall (Nanuet)
Brenner's Florsheim Danbury Mall (Danbury CT)
Brenner's Florsheim Mall at Mill Creek (Secaucus NJ)
Broadway Cobbler 736 Broadway
Brooks Brothers 628 Broadway
Brooks Brothers 374 6th Ave
California Clothing, 767 Lexington Ave
Church's English Shoes 428 Madison Ave.
Danen Sport Shop 1127 Post Road (Darien CT)
Ed Mitchell's 570 Post Rd (Westport, CT)
Epsteins (Morristown NJ)
Field Bros - All Locations
Globe Shoes Route 17 (Paramus NJ)
Grogs Surf Palace, 910 Central Ave (Seaside Park NJ)
Grossman Shoe 68 Greenwich Ave. (Greenwich CT)
Hanover Shoes - All Locations
Harris Florsheim (Rockaway NJ)
Hans Florsheim (Bridgewater NJ)
Harry's Shoes, 2299 Broadway
Harwyn Shoes - All Locations
Heffering Shoes 650 Lee Blvd (Yorktown Heights)
Heller's (Mount Kisco)
Heller's (Pleasantville)
Hulit's 140 Nassua St. (Princeton NJ)
Lord & Taylor - All Locations
Lynn Boot & Shoe 20 W 46th St
M&E Manne Supply Rt 130 (Collingswood NJ)
Macy's - All Locations
Mare's Bootery, 38 Putchess St (Rye)
Marcus Shoes (Ridgewood NJ)
Marsh's 270 Main St (Huntington)
McCreedy & Schreiber, 213 E 59th St.
McCreedy & Schreiber, 37 W 46th St.
Ocean Hut, Rt 35 N (Lavallette NJ)
Paragon Sporting Goods Broadway at 18th St
Park Hill Shoes 686 White Plains Rd (Scarsdale)
Rusty's Shoes Parlour, 75 Main St. (Northport)
Saks Fifth Avenue - All Locations
Salemi Shoes Lacey Mall (Lanoka Harbor NJ)
Scandinavian Ski Shop 40 W 57th St
Shoes & More Shoes, 35 Main St. (Port Washington)
Stadler Shoes - All Locations
Stapleton Shoe 55 Broadway
Stern's All Locations
Stratford Shoes - All Locations
Surfers Union 1404 Grand Central (Lavallette NJ)
Tip Top Shoes, 155 W 72nd St
Village Cobbler 60 W 8th St.
TIMBERLAND
Bayside Shoes 40/01 Bell Blvd (Bayside)
Bloomingdale's - All Locations
Bostonian Shoe Co. Danbury Fair 7 Backus Ave (Danbury CT)
Bostonian Shoe Co , 159 Rockaway Town Square (Rockaway NJ)
Continental Shoes 6210 18th Ave (Brooklyn)
Coward Shoes All Locations
Essex House of Fashions 140 Market St (Newark NJ)
Family Britches, 70 King St (Chappaqua)
Fool-So-Port 63 W 49th St
Freeman Shoes 330 Madison Ave at 43rd St.
Globe Shoes 73 Rt 17 (Paramus NJ)
Goldman Bros 163 S Broadway (Hicksville)
Greenvale Jeanery 260 Wheatley Plaza (Greenvile)
Harry's Shoes 2299 Broadway
Harvel Shoes 953 Kings Hwy (Brooklyn)
Heller's Shoes 92 S Moger Ave (Mount Kisco)
Hudson's 97 3rd Ave
Lord & Taylor - All Locations
Macy's - All Locations
Marchesin Shoes, 4 Village Square (Clifton NJ)
McCreedy & Schreiber 37 W 46th St
McCreedy & Schreiber 213 E 59th St
Mens Designer Shoes 393 Willis Ave (Roslyn Heights)
Paragon 871 Broadway
Park Hill Shoes 686 White Plains Rd (Scarsdale)
Raspberry, 694 Lexington Ave
Raspberry, 376 5th Ave
Saks Fifth Avenue - All Locations
Scandinavian Ski Shop 40 W 57th St
Scotts of Westfield Quimby at Central (Westfield NJ)
Shoe NUF Shoes 2954 Hempstead Tpk (Levittown)
Shoe Plaza, 79 Nassau St
Shoe Plaza 105 E 23rd St
Shoe Plaza, 901 6th Ave 3rd flr
Shoe Studio 75 Nassau St.
Shoes By Conan, 160 Canal St
Shoes to Boot, 270 Sparta Ave (Sparta NJ)
Stern's - All Locations
Stratford Shoes 57 Middle Neck Rd (Great Neck)
Stratford Shoes 469 7th Ave
Stratford Shoes Cross County Shopping Ctr (Yonkers)
Stratford Shoes 140 E Fordham Rd
Tip Top Shoes 155 W 72nd St.
Wallach's, 555 5th Ave.
Wallach's, 167 E Post Rd (East Plains)

UNGARO UOMO CLOTHING

Bloomingdale's, 1000 3rd Ave
Effie's, 351 S Oyster Bay Rd (Plainview)
Geismar Kaplan 598 Valley Rd (Upper Montclair NJ)
Macy's
Richard's 350 Greenwich Ave. (Greenwich CT)
Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 E 50th St

YVES SAINT LAURENT MENSWEAR

Abraham & Straus
Capry 467 86th St (Brooklyn)
Chwatsky's 2859 Long Beach Rd (Oceanside)
Gatsby 46 Mamaroneck Ave (White Plains)
Gianni 5125 Kings Plaze (Brooklyn)
K. Moon & Star 5 W 32nd St
Leading Male - All Locations
Marshe Mans and Boys Shop 270 Main St (Huntington)
Michael's Closet, 1 New York Plaza
MurLee Atlantic Ave (White Plains)
Sr George 2684 Broadway



The Metropolitan Museum of Art Corporate 500. A Good List To Be On.

Through the ages, great art has flourished because of the solid support of generous patrons.

Today, the Metropolitan Museum relies on the help of the local, national and international companies—companies like yours—that make up our distinguished roster of Corporate Patrons. They help us preserve and display irreplaceable treasures—man's highest artistic achievements through 5,000 years.

If your company is not in the Metropolitan Museum's 500, it should be. To join, and find out what giving to the Metropolitan Museum can do for you, write or call William H. Luers, President, at 212-570-3900.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, New York, New York 10028

THE OFFICIAL MILITARY ISSUE GENUINE LEATHER A-2 FLYING JACKET

A Piece of American History.

The A-2 Leather Flying Jacket is one of the most famous pieces of battle gear in history. During World War II, the brave pilots of the U.S. Army Air Forces relied on the A-2 for protection and comfort. Worn by the daring "Flying Tigers" who fought over China in their P-40 Warhawks. And Jimmy Doolittle's B-25 bomber squadron that hit Tokyo in a daring carrier launched raid. Lightweight and comfortable yet tough as nails, the A-2 identified its wearer as one of an elite, brave breed of fighting men.

Genuine Military Issue. Not a Commercial Reproduction.

Cooper Sportswear was an original supplier of the A-2's worn by America's World War II flying heroes. Now, after a 45 year retirement from active duty, the U.S. Air Force has recommissioned the A-2 and selected Cooper as the official Government contract manufacturer. Now you can own the *very same* jacket issued to U.S. Air Force pilots. *Not a reproduction — this is the genuine article!*

Proudly Made in the U.S.A.

The Cooper A-2 is made in the U.S.A. using materials and production methods specified by the U.S. Air Force. Premium hand stitched goatskin ensures ruggedness and great looks. Knitted cuffs and waist band and a spun cotton-blend lining ensure draft-free comfort. Details include regulation snap-down collar, shoulder epaulets and roomy snap-close pockets. You'll also receive a certificate of authenticity stating that yours is an *official* U.S. Air Force A-2. Battle-proven and built for long life, the Cooper A-2 actually gets better looking with age.

Payable in Convenient Monthly Installments.

The Cooper A-2 Leather Flying Jacket can be yours for just $249*, payable in six convenient monthly installments of $42.75 charged to your credit card. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not completely delighted with your jacket, simply return it in original condition within 30 days for exchange or refund. Order today. Available in even sizes 36-46 regular and long. (If you prefer an oversized look, please order one size larger.) *Phone orders shipped within 5-7 business days.

*Plus $7.50 shipping/handling.



The actual jacket supplied to the United States Air Force

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-367-4534

© 1989 MBI

MBI Flight Gear
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Satisfaction Guaranteed

CALL TOLL-FREE· 1-800-367-4534

Please send me ____ Cooper A-2 Genuine Leather Flying Jackets
Size (Even sizes 36 –48) _____ ☐ Regular ☐ Long

Charge each of 6 installments of $42.75** to my credit card
☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Credit Card# _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Signature _____ (ALL ORDERS SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE)

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for $249 plus $7.50 shipping/handling a total of $256.50**

**Applicable state sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment.

505-137

ESQUIRE
SPECIAL

been triggered. So it's not invisible. It's not like you expect it to be. Something is there. You can see it. Your wife can feel it.

That's why abortion's so difficult. If there weren't physical evidence that something was going on, it might be easier to handle. You might be able to keep it in the realm of fantasy. But there *is* evidence that something is going on, something very real, something physical, something magical.

I CAN'T REMEMBER what birth control we were using. I think it was a diaphragm. I do not personally recommend them. Nasty. Women can never get them out.

"Honey, I can't get hold of this thing. Come see if you can get it for me."

"Damn thing's slippery. I'll just run down to the hardware store and get a pair of vise grips. I'm handy around the house."

So we weren't too dedicated to this whole diaphragm business. Obviously, we slipped up one too many times and Ginger got knocked up. The first I knew of it she said, "I went to the doctor. I'm pregnant. I've decided to get an abortion and I have an appointment on Tuesday."

I didn't argue with her. "Do you want me to go with you?" I said.

"Absolutely not. *Absolutely not!*"

The iron door slammed very loudly. I thought, This tells me how far my involvement with this woman goes. It's fine to sleep with her and take her out on dates, but when it comes to something like this, she doesn't trust me one bit with any part of the action. I didn't argue with that response either.

> Even though I knew it was for the best, that doesn't mean I wasn't sorry it happened. I loved her. The night before, I asked her to marry me. She had to be able to choose.

So she went and got her abortion. I felt completely helpless. It's not like she's got the flu. She's in bed, mad and hurting, sore in all kinds of places, and it's pretty much your fault. You knocked her up. I'm not sure why it was all my fault, but I damn sure knew it was.

We didn't have sex again for a month or two. This experience did something to our relationship that is hard to describe. She'd slammed the iron door. I'd seen it slam and stepped back. Although we stayed together for a year or so after that, neither one of us felt there was any future in it. It was merely convenient. Then after a while it wasn't convenient anymore. I helped push her out as much as she left. I made it very clear without saying so that I'd had it. She ran off with a gym teacher, and I was very happy that came to pass, because now I didn't have to make a decision. I wasn't very displeased at all, not too downhearted. I got messed up for a little while after that, but I don't think she had a whole lot to do with it. There was just the natural transition of going from a crazy young man to an adult man.

THE DAY WAS COLD and gray. Drizzle and snow mixed. It made me feel so empty, I couldn't seem to catch my breath. We didn't have much to say on the way there.

I just held her hand and kissed her when she went into wherever it is they take these women. Her lips were dry as paper.

Then I sat in a plastic chair and chain-smoked for two hours. Read a year-old copy of *Smithsonian*, cover to cover, twice. Looked for faces in the pattern of the floor tiles. Anything to keep from thinking.

When she finally came back down the corridor, she was so white, washed out. I could feel how weak she was as soon as I put my arm around her. I knew she was in pain by the way she hunched her shoulders.

It took forever to get a cab in that shitty weather. When I finally got one, it was a fleet cab—a rattletrap, no shocks, doors don't close all the way, the backseat sprung so bad we were sitting on the floorboards. She had been really good keeping it all together in the clinic and on the street, but once we got in the taxi, she began to sob real quietly, like so the driver wouldn't hear. Every pothole we fell into, she gasped and dug her fingernails into my hand. I cried, too, all the way home, holding her, no way to protect her. A little late for that now, fuckhead, I thought to myself.

I got her into the apartment and into bed. Then I had to run out and buy her some of those giant sanitary pads with a belt for the bleeding. There seemed to be lots of blood the next few days. Once she was asleep, I climbed into the shower, mentally kicked myself around some more, cried some more. It was just stupidity. I wasn't a fucking kid. I knew where babies came from. Hell, I had the entire goddamn sexual revolution behind me. It's her body and all, but we'd been together for a couple of months at this point and I hadn't even *asked* her what kind of birth control she was using. She wasn't using anything. She thought she couldn't get pregnant. I never have been able to figure out why not.

Even though I knew it was for the best, that doesn't mean I wasn't sorry it happened. I loved her. The night before, I asked her to marry me. She was the one who wasn't sure, she was the one who felt trapped by the pregnancy. She had to be able to choose.

THE PROCEDURE, in a technical sense, is very much like the most common operation gynecologists do—that's a D & C. Since it is a very small extension of that, once you have made the commitment to do it, the technical difference is not that much, nor do you see that much that is different.

But when you are involved in second-trimester abortions, it's more graphic. You are involved with the termination of something that could be called a life. That's where you have real problems in this profession. With second-trimester abortions, it is sometimes hard to get staff, and some doctors just refuse to do them, because there is the real probability of recognizing something that is a human form. There's more of a human-looking person there, and it causes you to confront the issue.

Most of us go through a lot of emotional changes trying to formulate an opinion about abortion, even though we don't publicize it much. The profession doesn't allow for a lot of public soul-searching. I don't have any beef with the pro-life people who consider the act of abortion murder or me a murderer for committing that act. Essentially, it comes down to a question of priorities. I'm prepared to go a lot further than a lot of the pro-choice people and allow for the philosophical possibility that I may be destroying a life. But it is life in its rawest form, which has no name, as opposed to somebody who has developed relationships, who has obligations, who has responsibilities and has other people depending on her.

During my internship in an inner-city hospital, I saw a lot of women die from ille-



ESQUIRE
SPECIAL

gal abortions. It was something to see young, healthy women die. I remember taking care of somebody who was called a septic incomplete—that is, suffering from the infectious complications of a back-alley abortion. She was a young mother with a couple of kids. In the process of taking care of her over a series of days, I got to know her two other children and her husband reasonably well. I would talk with them with some frequency about her progress.

I came down the day after she had died, and the kids ran up to me. "How's Mommy?" they asked me. "When is she coming back home?" I don't think I'll ever forget that.

Those practical aspects of the question formed my political philosophy. Given the fact that women will have abortions whether they are legal or not, as long as medical science has not found a way to absolutely prevent pregnancy across the board, it is incumbent on society to make those abortions safe so that people don't die. Unlike any other medical circumstance that I am aware of, a simple stroke of a pen brought a dramatic change overnight. It wasn't like smallpox or polio, from which people died less frequently over a period of time as medical wonders were disseminated. One day women were dying. The next day they stopped dying. It's that simple.

EMILY AND I were engaged, but not yet married, when she got pregnant. So there was a complexity to the pressure we were under. If we hadn't been engaged, there would have been no thought of having a child, and if we'd been married, we probably would have swallowed hard and had it. We were literally in between.

For a few days we really went back and forth on it. I found myself feeling pretty supportive of her desire to have a child if that was what she wanted to do, though it would clearly have upset a lot of our plans and expectations.

In retrospect, I suppose my willingness to be supportive of that choice reassured her enough not to have the child. She needed to know that it really was her choice, that I wasn't pushing her.

Some self-deception and some unwitting deception of the other person goes on. I don't know in my heart of hearts that if she had acted on my willingness to have a child that I would have been able to sustain that willingness. Maybe I sort of knew that my support was what she needed to make the decision not to have a child. I don't know.

I'VE HAD A HELL of a time dealing with it, actually. To this day I still think about it. I'll go to bed and I'll think about it and say to myself, "Man, what a terrible thing to do. What a cop-out. You don't trade human life for material niceties." Which is what I was doing, because I was hoping for a better future, more goods I could buy. I don't have a good rationalization for it either. I'm not one of those people who believe that it's only potential life. I've come to believe more and more that the baby in the womb is just that—a human life. I wish I didn't. I wish I could make myself believe differently, but I can't. It would make it easier to deal with mentally. When you have the opposite view and you go through with the abortion anyway, well, that's worse than anything.

So, you see, I'm kind of stuck. She did it for me. I feel like I murdered somebody. I wish I could do it over again, if I could just go back in time and relive those years. If she'd had the child, even if we'd got married and everything, it wouldn't have been that bad. I've seen other people do it. Reality's such a bitch sometimes, you know?

Guilt manifests itself in a lot of ways, too. Now I want to go picket abortion clinics. You'll probably see me get arrested one day. The trespassing. I'll be there one day on your TV screen.

WE WENT TOGETHER to a clinic in midtown. There was a strangeness walking into a high-rise office building to get an abortion, like you're going up to take a business meeting. The doorman asks which floor, and then he kind of looks at you. You wonder how many people he's looking at every day who are going up to the clinic. It must be dozens. You wonder how other people are dealing with the coldness and impersonality, the businesslike aspect of the whole thing.

When we got up to the clinic, there was just a waiting room with maybe thirty people waiting. The thing that struck me was the extraordinary cross section of people who were there. There were fifteen-year-old black girls and forty-five-year-old Park Avenue women. We were right about in the middle of that. Most of the women seemed to have their husbands or boyfriends with them. I didn't feel strange being there, just sort of depressed, the way everyone else seemed to feel. None of us were looking at one another, not so much out of embarrassment but out of a real sense of being in our own private torpor.

It took a long time. When she emerged, she was fragile, but more emotionally so than physically. She was unsure what to feel about me. I was unsure about what to feel toward her. It's hard to know what the Miss Manners advice would be in this situation. The only reasonable thing is to recognize the different conflicting feelings that are swirling in the couple who come out of a high-rise office building onto a crowded city street after an abortion.

IT'S IRONIC, but going through that divisive, romance-killing experience together is a big part of the reason we stayed together. We had suddenly grown up. It forced us to look at each other—really look. She realized that she could honestly trust me. I saw she was a whole person—not just "a girl"—strong and independent. We got married about a year later. She wanted it and I wanted it. If we hadn't gone through with the abortion, sooner or later one of us would have decided we'd been railroaded into it. Instead, we're still married, still in love. We have two beautiful children, a boy and a girl.

WHEN ONE IS FACED with the question, "Well, what's it going to be? An abortion or a formalization of the relationship?" it's always a termination point, it's time for adieu. I'm afraid I pretty much have the sensible psychology of a father dog. "Let's get them pups on to Abilene, because there's many new and interesting scents on the wind." So one trots off with spittle hanging from one's dewlap and one's tail carried in a jaunty manner.

I've always felt abortion was preferable to littering the landscape with kids you have no intention of minding. I don't really regret the abortion because, gee, there have been many times since when I had no facilities to feed, clothe, and otherwise care for a small genetic replica of myself.

Also, if you know that there is a high probability that the relationship will not persist in the face of reproduction, then you run the risk of one day opening the door nineteen years down the road in your physical decrepitude and getting floored by a haymaker from some lummox who looks vaguely like you.

"That's for what you did to my mother."

"Uh, what was your name again?"

IT'S ONE OF the few secrets I have from my wife. I'd say the reason it's a secret is about 10 percent not wanting to go through the awkwardness of talking with her about another woman in my life, sex, and having babies. These are not subjects you need to share to strengthen or otherwise affect your marriage. I don't see how it

Over the river and through the woods.

How does 35 million acres of Parks & Recreation grab you? That's one third of the state. 285 state parks, 20 national park areas and 19 national forests, if you're keeping score.

Mt. Shasta, Lassen and Whitney. Half Dome, El Capitan and Yosemite. Channel Islands, Calaveras Big Trees and Grizzly Creek Redwoods Parks.

Stand nose to nose with Mountain Plum, Weeping Spruce and Bristlecone Pine older than King Tut. Listen to the rivers roar.

It took ten million years to grow this vacation. Don't wait that long.



Californians didn't invent the bridle path. We just have more of the Five-Star variety than anywhere else on the planet.



Why sleep on the ground when you can pitch camp in the sky?

At 385 feet, the Giant Redwood is the world's tallest tree. At 30-feet round, the Giant Sequoia's the roundest.





If the Audubon Society took a team photo, they'd choose the Klamath Basin Wildlife Refuge. Eagles, snow geese, swans, pelicans and Ducks Unlimited.



Our fresh fish menu? Rainbows. Goldens. Cutthroats. Browns. Lakes, rivers and brooks, brothers.

The Californias®

To get your free 196-page Discover The Californias Travel Guide call toll free 1-800 TO-CALIF ext. 132026. Or write the California Office of Tourism, P.O. Box 9278, Dept. 132026, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

Name

Address

City

State Zip



© 1990 California Department of Commerce. All rights reserved.

Cocaine lies.

After nearly a decade of being America's glamour drug, researchers are starting to uncover the truth about cocaine.

It's emerging as a very dangerous substance.

No one thinks the things described here will ever happen to them. But you can never be certain. Whenever and however you use cocaine, you're playing Russian roulette.

You can't get addicted to cocaine.

Cocaine was once thought to be non-addictive, because users don't have the severe *physical* withdrawal symptoms of heroin—delirium, muscle-cramps, and convulsions.

However, cocaine is intensely addicting *psychologically*.

In animal studies, monkeys with unlimited access to cocaine self-administer until they die. One monkey pressed a bar 12,800 times to obtain a single dose of cocaine. Rhesus monkeys won't smoke tobacco or marijuana, but 100% will smoke cocaine, preferring it to sex and to food—even when starving.

Like monkey, like man.

If you take cocaine, you run a 10% chance of addiction. The risk is higher the younger you are, and may be as high as 50% for those who smoke cocaine. (Some crack users say they felt addicted from the *first time* they smoked.)

When you're addicted, all you think about is getting and using cocaine. Family, friends, job, home, possessions, and health become unimportant.

Because cocaine is expensive, you end up doing what all addicts do. You steal, cheat, lie, deal, sell anything and everything, including yourself. All the while you risk imprisonment. Because, never forget, cocaine is illegal.

There's no way to tell who'll become addicted. But one thing is certain.

No one who is an addict, set out to become one.

C'mon, just once can't hurt you.

Cocaine hits your heart before it hits your head. Your pulse rate rockets and your blood pressure soars. Even if you're only 15, you become a prime candidate for a heart attack, a stroke, or an epileptic-type fit.

In the brain, cocaine mainly affects a primitive part where the emotions are seated. Unfortunately, this part of the brain also controls your heart and lungs.

A big hit or a cumulative overdose may interrupt the electrical signal to your heart and lungs. They simply stop. That's how basketball player Len Bias died.

If you're unlucky the first time you do coke, your body will lack a chemical that breaks down the drug. In which case, you'll be a first time O.D. Two lines will kill you.

Sex with coke is amazing.

Cocaine's powers as a sexual stimulant have never been proved or disproved. However, the evidence seems to suggest that the drug's reputation alone serves to heighten sexual feelings. (The same thing happens in Africa, where natives swear by powdered rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac.)

What is certain is that continued use of cocaine leads to impotence and finally complete loss of interest in sex.

It'll make you feel great.

Cocaine makes you feel like a new man, the joke goes. The only trouble is, the first thing the new man wants is more cocaine.

It's true. After the high wears off, you may feel a little anxious, irritable, or depressed. You've got the coke blues. But fortunately, they're easy to fix, with a few more lines or another hit on the pipe.

Of course, sooner or later you have to stop. Then—for days at a time—you may feel lethargic, depressed, even suicidal.

Says Dr. Arnold Washton, one of the country's leading cocaine experts. "It's impossible for the nonuser to imagine the deep, vicious depression that a cocaine addict suffers from."

© 1987 DDB Needham Worldwide Inc.

Partnership for a Drug-Free America

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

could possibly do any good to talk to her about it.

The other 90 percent of it is that it's not any of her business. I owe it to the other woman—who had to go through so much more than I did—I owe it to her to keep my mouth shut. It may not be good, but it's wise and it's sure a lot easier.

WE'VE NEVER TALKED about it since. Never. It was only mentioned once. Just before our first child was born, out of the blue she said, "If I hadn't had the abortion, that child would be five years old now." We both let it drop. I don't know what her reasons are for not saying anything. She's my wife and we've been together ten years now. Me, for the first few years, I didn't want to hurt her again by bringing it up. I really didn't feel like it was my place to drag buried memories back into the open. Even though it happened to both of us, she was the one who I felt had suffered all the physical pain, and for all I know there is a lot of psychological damage hidden behind the silence.

I've got mine. I knew if either of us went too far, we might open an emotional floodgate we'd spent a long time screwing tightly shut.

IT WASN'T UNTIL years later that it really began to prey on my heart and on my mind. It still does. I still feel a lot of remorse, not only because I treated a good woman badly, but now that I'm entering into what I *want* to be my time to have children and to be a father, I start to think about the preciousness of what was lost. That makes me feel very sad. I feel in my heart that I should have done more of something, said something, been there..., I don't know.

NOW I KNOW HOW incredibly hard it is to be a father and how much stress a relationship has to endure, even when you really love each other and have a child you prayed for and planned for and wanted from deep down inside yourself. I don't know what would have happened with a child I didn't want. I hate to admit it, but I probably would have voted with my feet. Faced up to my responsibilities with my backside: "I'm out of here."

IT'S SO PERSONAL and mysterious, you can't help but think what might have been. I wonder if I would still be married to Evelyn. You have to wonder about what kind of damage it does to live the rest of your life knowing that you were at least part of it. It's not like she had her appendix out. I've got to think of the pain and the damage it did to her, because I know about the pain that it does to me, and it wasn't my decision. I was part of the cause and I certainly didn't resist in any way. I can't help but think, Am I guilty of being an accomplice in the taking of a life, or at least in not bringing it to fruition? There's guilt, but more than anything, there's just sadness.

DID WE TALK ABOUT IT? Yeah. Did we agonize over it? Yeah. Have I put it behind myself? Yeah. But I've been thinking about what happened a lot more recently, since the birth of my son. I just kind of wonder, if we had been in a different situation and had had the child, what that child would have become. Although I wonder what would have been, I don't regret it. I'm a strong believer in abortion. But still there's always the mystery of what might have been.

I don't know what else to say about it. Abortion doesn't affect a man as deeply as it does a woman. It's not our bodies. Nonetheless, you are very much aware that it is something that was yours too.

I USED TO KNOW the date of the abortion. The anniversary would be a bad time for both of us, because we were in love at the time. I've forgotten it now. ◘

"Cambridge SoundWorks May Have The Best Value In The World. A Winner."

David Clark, *Audio* Magazine, Sept. '89



Henry Kloss, creator of the dominant speaker models of the '60s (Acoustic Research), '70s (KLH), and '80s (Advent), brings you Ensemble—a genuinely new kind of speaker system for the '90s, available only factory direct from Cambridge SoundWorks.

Cambridge SoundWorks has created Ensemble™ a speaker system that provides the sound once reserved for large, costly speakers. It virtually disappears in your room. And because we market it directly, Ensemble costs hundreds less than it would in stores.

Your living room works *with* Ensemble, not against it.

No matter how well a speaker performs, at home your room takes over. Putting other speakers where the room helps the bass may hinder the upper ranges, or vice-versa. Ensemble consists of four units: *two* bass units and two high frequency satellites. The compact woofer units produce the bass that normally requires large speakers. Place them behind furniture, on bookshelves or under a couch. The small satellites blend into *any* decor. The result—a full range, musically accurate speaker system without big boxes.



Unlike seemingly similar satellite systems which use a single large subwoofer, Ensemble uses two separate compact bass units. They fit more gracefully into your living environment and help minimize the effects of the listening room's standing waves.

Try Ensemble in your home risk-free for 30 days

Ensemble is sold factory direct by helpful experienced audio experts. So you can audition Ensemble the *right* way—in your home for 30 days with no risk, no salesman hovering nearby. At $499* it is *the* value on today's speaker market. For literature, expert advice or to order, call 1-800-252-4434 9 AM to Midnight (ET), seven days a week.

Canada 1-800-525-4434 Fax 617-332-9229



You can put Ensemble's low-frequency units exactly where they should go for superb bass. You can't do this with conventional speakers because you have to be concerned about the upper frequencies coming from the same enclosures as the low ones.

CAMBRIDGE SOUNDWORKS

Suite 113 M, 154 California St., Newton, MA 02158

☐ Send more information and test reports

☐ Send Ensemble risk free for 30 days, for $499*

☐ Send an Ensemble Gift Certificate for $499*

I'm paying by ☐ Check ☐ MC ☐ Visa ☐ AmEx

Acct. Number _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (Area Code) _____ Number _____

FOR IMMEDIATE SERVICE 1-800-AKA-HIFI

We ship worldwide, including APO & FPO

MA residents add 5% sales tax

*Plus freight ($7–$24). Delivery time usually 2–7 days



LITTLE DAVID, HAPPY AT LAST

Susan Sontag's bad boy becomes a man of letters

BY MICHAEL D'ANTONIO

DAVID SONTAG RIEFF IS OUT among the heathen. As his car speeds away from the airport in Pensacola, Florida, he spots a giant billboard that features buxom waitresses in crop-tops—it's for a local bar called Hooters. Rieff feigns horror. "Quick, driver!" he cries with a flutter of mania in his voice. "Get me to the Manhattan consulate!" • Rieff is deposited at West Florida University, where he finds the largest theater on campus overflowing with men in tweedy jackets and women in sensible dresses, all eager to hear the wisdom of Rieff and novelist Carlos Fuentes. It is hard to believe that there are so many intellectuals in Pensacola. But here they are by the hundreds, jamming the aisles and spilling into the lobby, where they reverently gather around loudspeakers. • Fuentes is the headliner. But it is the tall, stylish Rieff, with his wild bush of prematurely gray hair, his impeccable custom-made gray suit, his gleaming boa-skin boots, and his turquoise bracelet the size of a saucer, who transfixes the young women in the crowd. • "Of course, in a polycentric world, the novels that make sense are themselves polycentric and roomy," Rieff says in a taut, prep-school accent. He sounds like George Plimpton with a run-down battery. "A British historian I know says that in the last twenty years we've moved into another cultural age, another moment in civilization." The audience is spellbound. This is the kind of pretension they are paying for. • After the lecture a clutch of brain groupies gathers around Rieff, overwhelming him with praise and queuing up for his autograph. One, a blond English major, is most insistent. • "You look fabulous," she says, gazing up at him. • Rieff nods absentmindedly as he signs his name. • "No, I mean it. Do you know you look fabulous?" She shows him

Loud, cutting, and egotistic, Rieff quickly established a persona as big-time publishing's preeminent bad boy. His early success only made rivals dislike him even more.



Copyright © 1964 Estate of Diane Arbus, used courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery

the notes she has made for a college paper she must write on the lecture. One sentence reads, "I am so distracted by the persona of David Rieff that I'm not going to even try to listen to the next speaker." Rieff smiles uncomfortably and makes a quick escape. His admirer slumps against the wall.

"He's wonderful," she says.

"Do you know his mother is Susan Sontag?" I ask.

"Oh really?" she says. "Who cares?"

UNTIL RECENTLY, just about everyone. For most of his thirty-seven years David Rieff has been known—and often dismissed—as the bratty son of America's best known philosopher and literary critic. Raised as a mascot of the trendy left wing, Rieff was hobnobbing with Warren Beatty, Jasper Johns, Tom Hayden, and Jane Fonda while most kids were still playing with toy trains. He was, he says, "a child born in Harvard Yard and brought up in Andy Warhol's Factory."

At twenty-five, he became an editor at the tony Farrar, Straus & Giroux publishing house, which not so coincidentally handles his mother's work, and was soon assigned some of the world's most important writers—Philip Roth, Mario Vargas Llosa, Joseph Brodsky, and Fuentes, among others. It was a dream job for an editor, but it didn't satisfy Rieff, who was in fact a frustrated writer.

Loud, cutting, egotistic, and dogmatically left-wing, Rieff quickly established a persona as the preeminent bad boy of big-time New York publishing. And if his personality wasn't enough, his early success (Rieff became a senior editor after only two years on the job) made many colleagues and rivals dislike him all the more.

"People who didn't even know David got in a tizzy talking about him," says Gary Fisketjon, the editor in chief of Atlantic Monthly Press. "It didn't matter what he was really like, everyone just poured their fears and envy into him."

The gossip mill of publishing requires such dramatic, bitchy, self-destructive characters, and Rieff contributed to his notoriety with some well-publicized contretemps with literary rivals. In the eyes of his critics, Rieff was a parody of the tortured literary figure, spewing forth contentious opinions on any number of topics and dropping obscure literary references.

"All of today's writers are too specialized," he says over lunch one day. "They are like fetishists, limited in their scope. Tama Janowitz is the Jackie Mason of the Andy Warhol crowd. She'll end up in the Catskills doing shtick for the aged. And if I asked Jay McInerney about the influence of Cyprian Norwid on poetry, I doubt he would even know who Norwid is. I doubt any of them do, and that's the problem."

Cyprian Norwid?



ABOVE: Rieff and Sontag recently. AT LEFT: A 1965 Diane Arbus portrait, originally commissioned by Esquire.

"DAVID CAN MAKE anyone feel stupid, and he seems to enjoy doing it. But don't worry. He does it to almost everyone," a mutual friend explained to me back in 1987, when I learned that Rieff would be editing my first book. I found him at once charming, tormenting, and brilliant. He spoke at times like an old British don, always referring to "one" rather than "I" and repeating phrases such as, "Ah, just the thing we are looking for." At other times he would suddenly begin speaking French, or Spanish, or try to make a point with an obscure reference to Greek mythology. Between flashes of insight he criticized my agent, my clothes, even my driving. Working with him had been a harrowing experience. His co-workers at Farrar, Straus kept telling me, "There's only one David Rieff. We're not all like that."

If Norman Mailer is notorious for his fisticuffs, David Rieff is infamous for his way with spit. Technically, Rieff spat on only one person, conservative writer David Horowitz, three years ago, but that's how legends are made. (He had a similar altercation in 1983 with another right-winger, *Commentary*'s Richard Grenier, but that involved a glass of wine.) Horowitz, a '60s radical who embraced the Right when conservatism became chic, had attacked both Rieff and Sontag in his book *Destructive Generation* as outre lefties. What wounded Rieff most was a scene that showed him haughtily discussing "my writers."

After his book was published, Horowitz ran into Rieff at a Manhattan TV studio. Horowitz was to appear on a talk show, and Rieff, a friend of another guest on the show, had arrived in the hope of provoking a confrontation.

"He was huffing and puffing, like he was furious," Horowitz recalls. "Now, he's about six three and he's got those ridiculous cowboy boots on, as usual. I'm five seven."

According to both Rieff and Horowitz, who agree on most of the details of the encounter, Horowitz greeted Rieff with a cheery "Hiya, David."

"I thought that all editors referred to 'my writers,'" Rieff snapped.

"Well, David, I guess we set you up," Horowitz shot back.

Rieff: "The difference between us is that I care about art and you don't."

Horowitz: "My problem with you, David, is that you don't oppose the Communists in Nicaragua and Peru."

Then came what Rieff's friends would later call "The Great Gob." Most of the spittle flew over Horowitz's head, but some caught him on the shoulder. "I used this lame excuse of my expensive new jacket for not hitting him," says Horowitz. "The fact is, he had a huge advantage in size, and is about fifteen years younger than me. And I was shocked."

Horowitz got his revenge, however. In a

He first read War and Peace at age eleven, and wept because he knew he would never write so well.

Michael D'Antonio *is the author of* Fall from Grace: The Failed Crusade of the Christian Right, *recently published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

statement to reporters, he described Rieff as being so dependent on Sontag that he resembled an infant at his mother's breast (Sontag had nearly died after a protracted struggle with breast cancer). A friend of Horowitz's anonymously sent a clipping of the article to Rieff.

ONE OF SUSAN SONTAG'S earliest memories of her son is a breakfast scene. She describes it as we sit over coffee and eggs in a small restaurant near her Greenwich Village apartment. Sontag, fifty-seven, is dressed in a black cardigan, a silky orange blouse, black pants, and white sneakers. A small diamond pendant hangs from a gold chain around her neck. She still has the trademark gash of white in her otherwise black hair. Like her son, Sontag has a reputation as an imposing, even intimidating figure, but she insists that she has always preferred the personal to the abstract. And it is a personal remembrance she offers to show that David was a regular kid who just happened to grow up in a rarefied atmosphere.

"It was a long time ago, in Cambridge," she recalls. "We had Herbert Marcuse staying with us. His wife had just died. We used to talk constantly about philosophy, sometimes late into the night and continuing into the morning. I guess David heard us talking about Hegel because when he came down for breakfast he just sort of marched around the table saying, 'Hegel, bagel, Hegel, bagel.' He must have been two or three."

Sontag and writer/academic Philip Rieff were separated and then messily divorced when their son was four. Sontag and her son moved into a two-room New York apartment. Philip Rieff moved to California to take a teaching post at Stanford University, where his son began, at age six, to visit him every summer, traveling cross-country alone. Back east, Sontag, who was just twenty-three years old, had few of the skills to make a household. "I didn't cook for David," she jokes, "I warmed for him."

While little David may have eaten too many take-out dinners (at least by 1950s standards), his mind was nourished by the leading artists, writers, and political activists of the time, all of whom seemed to make their way to Sontag's apartment. Sontag recalls writing *The Benefactor* with David on her lap; sometimes David would wake up in the morning to find his mother asleep over her typewriter.

Amid all the sophistication and excitement, Rieff has often said, he was a rather unhappy child. He felt so pressured to excel intellectually that when he first read *War and Peace*, at age eleven, he wept because he knew he would never write so well. He felt torn between his parents, especially when he was forced to make the summer treks to California. He would get physically ill when he had to board the plane to go from one parent to the other.

Even more damaging, Rieff said, were his father's efforts to turn him against his mother. "My father put me in the middle," he said. "I felt there were demands made for my allegiance, and I had to make a choice, which I couldn't do. It was a terrible position to put a child in."

Rieff said he was especially wounded when, six years after the divorce, his father sued for custody, charging that Sontag was an unfit mother. The case was thrown out of court, but it began a period of animosity between father and son that would last more than twenty years. Altogether, Rieff said, his childhood was "something to get through as fast as possible." By age fourteen he was spending most of his time alone. By age fifteen he was traveling on his own through Europe and the Middle East.

When I tell Sontag that her son claims to have had a difficult childhood, full of Dostoyevsky but practically devoid of childish diversions, she laughs. "I recall his room being filled with toys. And I don't know if you should tell him this, but I still have his teddy bear."

Turning serious, Sontag admits that her son's childhood wasn't easy. "Sometimes it seemed he was more like my brother," she recalls. "In many ways we grew up together. He was my only family, really. And my need for family connection was channeled toward him. There is a price to be paid for that, as there is for everything." A moment later, she adds, "David is, as I was, one of those people who is precocious as a child and then takes a long time to grow up, has a very extended adolescence. Sometimes I think I'm still going through mine. It does keep you young, though."

RIEFF IS LOPING through New York's Chinatown, inspecting the teahouses like a giraffe sniffing out the best leaf for dinner. At six three, and made even taller by his cowboy boots (he has more than fifty pairs), he towers over the Chinese street vendors. As we stroll, he puts on a perfect cockney accent and recites a poem, "This Be the Verse," by Philip Larkin:

They fuck you up, your mum and dad
They may not mean to, but they do
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you

But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old style hats and coats
Who half the time were sloppy-stern
And half at one another's throats

Man hands on misery to man
It deepens like a coastal shelf
Get out as early as you can
*And don't have any kids yourself.**

RIEFF SAYS HIS CHILDHOOD explains the temper tantrums, the insecurities, his inability to write. "I can see how all sorts of elements of me have been influenced by this not particularly happy childhood," he says. He also admits that much of his worst behavior occurred during a time when he was a heavy cocaine user.

He prefers to say he was "overinvolved" with cocaine, not addicted, but the fact is that he relied on coke with increasing regularity through the early '80s to fuel intense periods of work and to lubricate a glamorous social life that found him at the more exclusive New York clubs and publishing parties. Gradually, cocaine became something more than an accelerant.

"Look, I'm not going to be one of these people who tell you, 'Oh, it was a terrible time, I hated doing it,'" he says. "The truth is, I loved it. I loved the feeling of power, the sense of clarity. And that was the problem. I loved it too much."

The drug exacted its price from his work and his personal life. "My opinions were everywhere. I hurt friends and lovers with them. I was a ruthless son of a bitch who was constantly hysterical with my own opinions. I was overgrown, encrusted with opinions. My opinions were more important than my life."

During this period Rieff stopped talking with colleagues he didn't like, he refused even to acknowledge the copy-editing department at Farrar, Straus. And too many books were delayed. One manuscript, called *7,000 Days in Siberia*, became known around the office as *7,000 Days on David's Desk*. At the same time, social acquaintances maneuvered to avoid his acerbic pronouncements. "He was snobbish, narcissistic, bitchy," says one former friend from those days. "By the end of it, though, he wasn't laughing that much anymore."

The denouement came with the end of an affair with Sara Matthiessen, the daughter of novelist and travel writer Peter Matthiessen. "We had seemed to be really in love, but we did our best to destroy what we had, and finally succeeded," says Rieff. "I was primarily responsible. I behaved terribly and when I realized what I had done, it was too late. I became deeply depressed."

Rieff even thought of suicide. In 1985 he was briefly hospitalized at the fashionable

*From *High Windows*, by Philip Larkin. Copyright © 1974 by Philip Larkin, reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux Inc.



Payne-Whitney clinic for what he now calls "my slight nervous breakdown." During the hospital stay and many months of recovery spent in the Vermont home of writer Jamaica Kincaid, Rieff stopped using cocaine and began to examine his relationship with his mother and father and the way he had conducted his life.

"I had been inhumane up until then. I didn't understand feelings. I don't think I felt very much at all, and I was very unhappy with the way I had lived my life. I thought I had been living life well, but I was actually doing it quite badly.

"I had a serious case of self-loathing, and it was quite justified," Rieff adds. "I was culpably superficial while thinking I was quite deep."

ON A BLUSTERY DECEMBER afternoon, Rieff has hired a private car to meet his father at New York's Kennedy Airport while Rieff senior makes his connection on a trip from Philadelphia to Madrid. Philip Rieff, now sixty-seven, is a sociology professor at Penn and author of numerous academic books. Hobbled by degenerative arthritis, the somber-looking professor appears in the baggage-claim area in a wheelchair that is pushed by a skycap. He's wearing a heavy wool coat, a pinstripe jacket, and a wide-brimmed fedora that covers his white hair. He is carrying a pair of metal crutches across his lap. Serious, almost severe, he looks like Hollywood's version of an intimidating teacher.

His son, dressed in a tight gray suit, a purple shirt, a purple tie, and purple cowboy boots, forces a smile and exchanges a faint greeting with the professor, a father he has seen just a few times in the past decade. There is no physical contact. Standing beside the wheelchair, David Rieff looks like a teenager, small and lost.

"Now, let's get you to the international terminal," the son says.

"We could walk, it's not too far," answers the father.

"I have a car waiting right outside."

"I hope it's not too much bother."

"Of course not. That's why I'm here."

When David goes off in search of coffee, I join his father amid the plastic chairs in the gate area. There are hundreds of restless travelers around us, including a small boy who makes a brief game of jumping over the professor's crutches. Lost in his own recollections, the professor ignores the child. He admits to me that he was a domineering, demanding father, he tells me he regrets suing Sontag for custody, he tells me he's sorry about the effect the divorce had on his son.

"And I'll tell you something I've never said publicly before," the elder Rieff says, lowering his voice. "When I proposed to Susan, it was in the name of our children. I was a very traditional man. I thought marriage was for having children, a traditional family. I just couldn't adjust to the kind of life she wanted. You see, there are families and anti-families. Ours was the latter, I suppose."

David returns with the coffee just as the plane to Madrid is being boarded. Without a hug, a kiss, or even a handshake, his father is gone. I apologize to David Rieff for intruding at a difficult moment. "Oh no, not at all," he says, brushing aside the apology. "After all, I invited you to come along. Actually, it was easier for me that you were here." Rieff looks around the empty gate area, heaves a huge sigh, and then turns to me to issue a command.

"You are going to buy me a drink."

LAST YEAR Rieff quit Farrar, Straus, walking away from one of the best jobs in publishing to commence a full-time writing career. "It was like leaving the only home I'd ever had," he said. His departure was helped by the success of his first book, *Going to Miami*, an artful assessment of local politics and culture in that city. The book, which received uniformly favorable notices and was called one of the year's best by *The New York Times*, was interesting for, among other things, its sympathetic treatment of Miami's conservative Cuban exiles. For a fellow who had willingly joined his mother in Havana for Castro's celebration of the tenth anniversary of Cuba's revolution, Rieff's empathy for the anti-Fidelistas suggested a newfound maturity in his thinking.

In fact, the Miami book and forthcoming books on Los Angeles (another city book) and on international terrorism (a novel) may well establish Rieff as one of a new generation of humane, pragmatically liberal American social critics. More important even, as far as Rieff is concerned, *Going to Miami* has finally silenced critics who for so long insisted that he was a success solely because of his famous mother.

Today, David Rieff talks about writing as if it were a genetic imperative. It seems absurd that the urge was squelched for so many years. But his agent, Andrew Wylie, says that Rieff's struggle to find the confidence to write may have been worth it. "A little suffering is good for a boy," he jokes.

Says Rieff, "It is a strangely self-elected occupation. But one day you must decide to just do it. It is frightening, but very simple."

Simple for some, perhaps. When I ask one of Rieff's former charges, writer Philip Roth, he says it may be much easier for someone who never saw the inside of the catty world of publishing to declare himself a writer and simply begin.

"Most of the writers I know come from a social and geographical somewhere, but an intellectual nowhere, like me," he says. "It's not really characteristic of American writers to come from a high cultural background as intense and thoroughgoing as David's." In the end, Roth suggests, too much exposure to great writers can leave a beginner paralyzed. "I don't envy him that burden," he says.

Says Sontag, "It's been hard for him to become the person he wants to be, because his standards are so high. And his standards are, in part, my standards."

During the Pensacola trip I ask Carlos Fuentes about Rieff's potential.

"I met David in Venice when he was just fourteen years old," Fuentes says as we ride out to the airport after the performance at West Florida University. "Susan and I were there to be judges at a film festival. I taught him how to tie a bow tie. Even then he was very cultured, very refined, very well read. That's Susan's influence."

"He's going to succeed," Fuentes says. "I read the Miami book. It was the best of those books done on the city. The L.A. book is going to be a smash."

I can't resist asking Fuentes if he knows the work of Cyprian Norwid.

"Who the hell is he?" he says.

I explain that Rieff had mentioned Norwid, but that I had been unable to find him in any reference book. I tell him that I had asked Roth, but he didn't know Norwid, either. I had even asked some literature professors at West Florida University. They had said there was no Cyprian Norwid, and suggested that Rieff was pulling a little intellectual flimflam.

"Knowing David," says Fuentes, "I would bet he isn't."

A FEW WEEKS after Pensacola, Rieff telephones. He has just returned from Rome, where he interviewed Gore Vidal. It is 4:00 in the afternoon, and I can hear the *Geraldo* show in the background. "I love it," he says. "He's doing lesbians who kill." Rieff says he spent the day happily writing, with the TV blaring away. He says that his L.A. book is well under way, but that he interrupted his work to tell me something important.

"When I was in Rome, I was walking down the Via Sistina, and I suddenly thought of you, Michael," he says, almost giggling. "I looked up at this house and there was this plaque. It said: HERE FROM 1842 TO 1849 LIVED THE FAMOUS POLISH POET CYPRIAN NORWID. You see, he's real." ◻

BRITTANY HAIFA LAHAINA WATERFORD BALI NICE SYDNEY TANGIER JUNEAU LENINGRAD NAWILIWILI LISBON VANCOUVER LIVORNO PERTH MYKONOKUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG NOVA SCOTIA COZUMEL BANGKOK QUEBEC

CORFU STOCKHOLM AUCKLAND SYDNEY DUBLIN VENICE VILLEFRANCHE HALIFAX

ST THOMAS VICTORIA WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR ST MAARTEN CONSTANTA MACAO

PLAYA DEL CARMEN NAPLES MANILA KETCHIKAN LAS PALMAS OCHO RIOS MELBOURNE PUERTO VALLARTA SHANGHAI CARTAGENA BRISBANE ST. LUCIA CALDERA SOUTHAMPTON MAUI TICTON FORT-DE-FRANCE SANTAREM CAPRI SAN BLAS ISLANDS BORA BORA ST THOMAS BOMBAY SINGAPORE ROME

Halfway Between Manhattan And Bermuda,
An Enchanted Island That Boasts The Best Of Both.



Every Saturday night from April to October, the Royal Viking Star departs from New York Harbor for the warm – and curiously pink – beaches of Bermuda.

En route to the fabled island, she carries the five-star-plus crew for which she is renowned: the Scandinavian stewardesses, the concierge, the 33 European chefs – in short, the priceless many who make Royal Viking Line the most lauded fleet of cruise vessels on earth.



For more regarding these seven-day flights of fancy, contact your courteous travel agent or call for a complimentary brochure at (800) 426-0821. As ever, we look forward to seeing your most happy countenance on board.

ROYAL VIKING STAR

Bahamian Registry

© Royal Viking Line 1989

WOMEN WE LOVE

DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN

HOT She makes Grace Jones look like Marilyn Quayle. Sweet? Well, sure, but it's the sweetness of a little motorcycle, a *bap-bap-bap* marathon talker/dancer/*personnage* high on hubris, stoked on strictly legal substances (Pharmaton, say, the supervitamin popped by people like Schwarzenegger), exploding out of her twenty-one-inch frame of reference into forty-nine million MTV households five days a week at 4:30 PM. Downtown Julie Brown—as opposed to California Julie Brown, another MTV *personnage*—has reinvented the music host persona. First in England, where she was a featured dancer on *Top of the Pops*, then host of *Music Box*, a cable pop show there, and finally on *Club MTV*—the American music channel's dance show—she brought the streets back into the studios after thirty years of Dick Clark hologrammism. She's a genuine urchin, whose raunchy English mom, Doreen, met her funky Jamaican dad, Valentine, while he was on pass from flight-sergeant duties with the Royal Air Force. Julie grew up "all over the world (and I'm still not pregnant!)" eventually embodying the kind of unselfconscious integration that people born in the '70s don't even notice.

Downtown Julie Brown is twenty-nine now, but you'd never know it watching her rag at the hem of her skintight, black Betsey Johnson mini (the better to draw attention to her spectacular, um, thighs), her shoe-gun eyes sparking at some hunk with his shirt open to *there* ("What's next, luv?" "Um gonna tour with Debbie Gibson." "Debbie *Gibson*? Like, all of us at MTV are *total* Debbie Gibson fans!"), skittering around in tiny steps like a fifteen-year-old who's just glimpsed Michael Jackson and badly needs to find the loo. . . Julie's secret is enthusiasm, somehow, she's still really excited by all of this; not for her the medium cool of MTV veejay Adam Curry, or Kurt Loder's "journalistic" nullity, or California Julie's Diane Keatonish camp—Downtown Julie Brown's energy wants to burst her dress, bite the mike, rake her rocker hair. Her Juggeresque East End slurrings are born again with benign humor, Trudy from *Miami Vice* without the .38 Smith & Wesson: "Yes, I useta work inna Sony factory—wouldn't lie to you, darlin'! What did I do? I put the little resistors and capacitors in the little thingamabobs—*you* know? Broke me nails, but it was all right. Paid the rent, dinnit? What's next? I'd like my own chat show—sort of *Tracey Ullman Meets the Wolfman*—lots of madmen farkin' about, fireworks, dancing bears. . ." Julie gazes at the floor.

"Seen my picture? It's quite good, I think. Sort of Marilyn Monroe for the '90s! We took it in Times Square, you know. Real Puerto Rican farkin' in the background. But that's all right. Say Downtown Julie Brown's somewhere!"

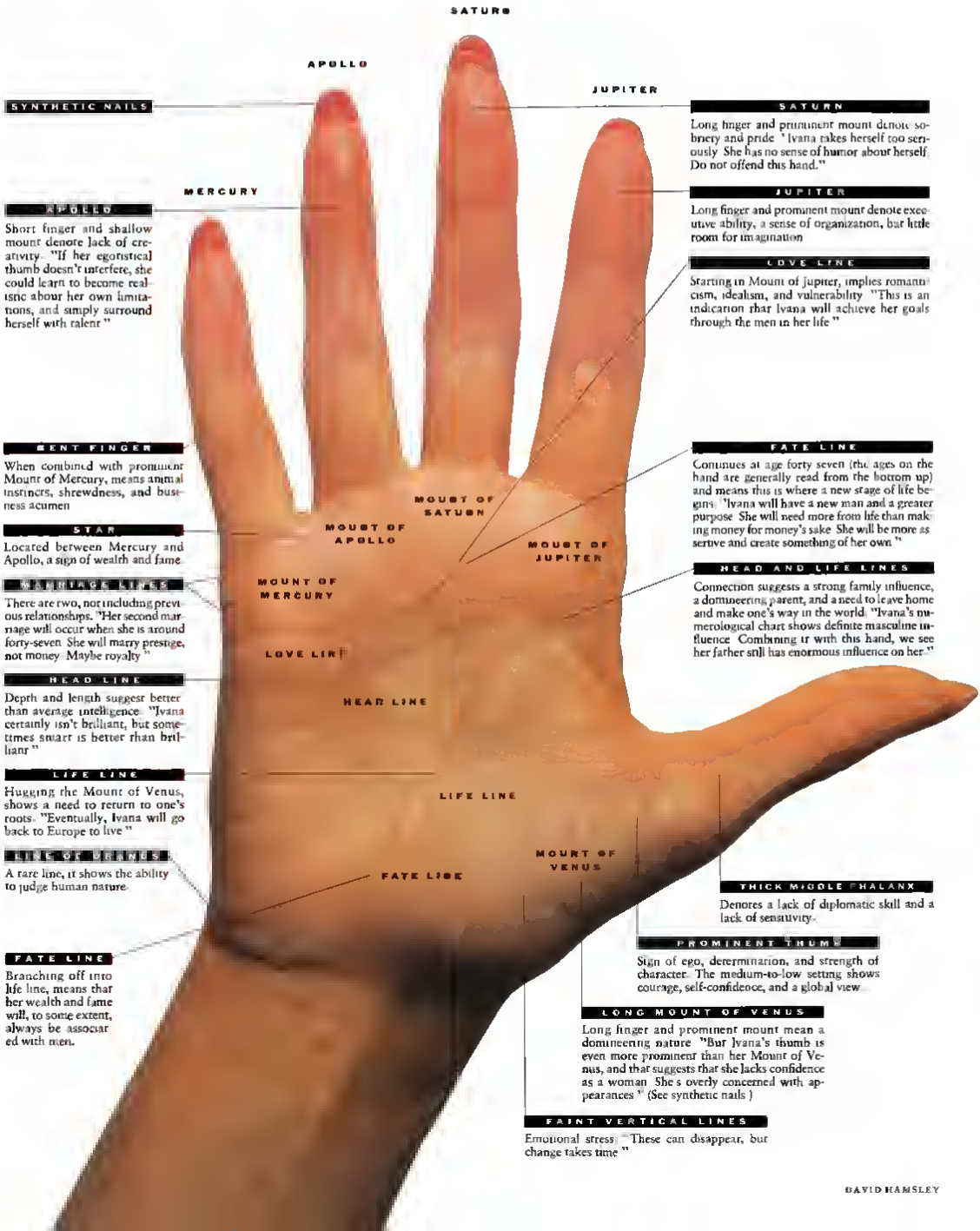
BY JOHN LOMBARDI

HEY DONALD, ARE YOU SITTING DOWN?

YOUR FUTURE IS IN IVANA'S HANDS

NOW, THIS ISN'T going to be pretty, but it's better for you to read it here than to hear it in the streets. According to Cheryl Lee Terry, a palm reader and numerologist to whom we sent this picture of Ivana's hand, your wife is a strong, smart, shrewd, determined character with a lot of animal instincts, business acumen, and romanticism. All of that you know. But here's the bad part. Enjoy her while you can. Because—hey, can we get you a drink?—by the time Ivana is forty-seven (that's six years from now, Donald, in case you lost track) she will have left you and married another man. Terry says even more—that, all other rumors aside, Ivana may already be flirting with the idea right now. Though she has been and will continue to be dependent on men, she's starting to suspect that there might be more to life than you. Stunning concept. Eventually, Terry says, Ivana will return to Europe and become involved in some sort of global endeavor that will win her more praise and respect than even you, old chum, possess.

Here are the sorry details, if you want to read between the lines for yourself.



SATURN
Long finger and prominent mount denote sobriety and pride. "Ivana takes herself too seriously. She has no sense of humor about herself. Do not offend this hand."

APOLLO
Short finger and shallow mount denote lack of creativity. "If her egotistical thumb doesn't interfere, she could learn to become realistic about her own limitations, and simply surround herself with talent."

JUPITER
Long finger and prominent mount denote executive ability, a sense of organization, but little room for imagination.

LOVE LINE
Starting in Mount of Jupiter, implies romanticism, idealism, and vulnerability. "This is an indication that Ivana will achieve her goals through the men in her life."

FATE LINE
Continues at age forty-seven (the ages on the hand are generally read from the bottom up) and means this is where a new stage of life begins. "Ivana will have a new man and a greater purpose. She will need more from life than making money for money's sake. She will be more assertive and create something of her own."

HEAD AND LIFE LINES
Connection suggests a strong family influence, a domineering parent, and a need to leave home and make one's way in the world. "Ivana's numerological chart shows definite masculine influence. Combining it with this hand, we see her father still has enormous influence on her."

THICK MIDDLE PHALANX
Denotes a lack of diplomatic skill and a lack of sensitivity.

PROMINENT THUMB
Sign of ego, determination, and strength of character. The medium-to-low setting shows courage, self-confidence, and a global view.

LONG MOUNT OF VENUS
Long finger and prominent mount mean a domineering nature. "But Ivana's thumb is even more prominent than her Mount of Venus, and that suggests that she lacks confidence as a woman. She's overly concerned with appearances." (See synthetic nails.)

FAINT VERTICAL LINES
Emotional stress. "These can disappear, but change takes time."

RENT FINGER
When combined with prominent Mount of Mercury, means animal instincts, shrewdness, and business acumen.

STAR
Located between Mercury and Apollo, a sign of wealth and fame.

MARRIAGE LINES
There are two, not including previous relationships. "Her second marriage will occur when she is around forty-seven. She will marry prestige, not money. Maybe royalty."

HEAD LINE
Depth and length suggest better than average intelligence. "Ivana certainly isn't brilliant, but sometimes smart is better than brilliant."

LIFE LINE
Hugging the Mount of Venus, shows a need to return to one's roots. "Eventually, Ivana will go back to Europe to live."

LIE DETECTOR LINES
A rare line, it shows the ability to judge human nature.

FATE LINE
Branching off into life line, means that her wealth and fame will, to some extent, always be associated with men.

DAVID HAMSLEY



You always come back to the basics.

The American Man's Wardrobe, 1990

START SIMPLE MEN COULD SOLVE THIS whole matter of choosing suitable, stylish clothing by agreeing to wear nothing but navy-blue jumpsuits, white socks, and sneakers—a sensible idea *and* a very crisp look. But in about ten minutes somebody would turn his collar up, prompting somebody else to roll his cuffs, and before you know it we'd be right back where we started—wrestling with fashion, a sport at which not all men excel.

DON'T WAVER Take, for instance, the philosopher and noted haberdasher-basher George Santayana, who called fashion "something barbarous, for it produces innovation without reason and imitation without benefit." Lighten up, George. Your problem is that no one ever bothered to tell you how philosophically sound a wardrobe can be: shirts that are sincere, shoes that are graceful but solidly grounded, accessories that speak in declarative sentences. That (and more) is what you'll find on the pages that follow. There's also a look at the dozen designers who have defined in the eyes of the world what the American way is all about. So shape up, George.

BE BRAVE

Here's a guide to dressing for the decade, in twenty-two easy pages



Photographs by Guzman

BAN THE BRIEFS



Boxer shorts by (from left) Brooks Brothers, Paul Stuart; Perry Ellis for Jockey, Calvin Klein Men's Underwear, J. Crew; Joe Boxer.



STICK WITH STRAIGHT LINES





Left: Striped cotton dress shirt by Arrow. Silk tie by Gitman Bros. Gold cuff links by Anne Klein Men. This page: Silk ties by XMI. Striped cotton dress shirts by (from top): Ike Behar; Gitman Bros.; Brian; Colours by Alexander Julian; Henry Grethel.



SPREAD YOUR WING TIPS

Left: Leather wing tips (top row from left) by Dexter; Sebago; Allen-Edmonds; Rockport. Center row, from left: Cole-Haan, Walk-Over; Florsheim. Bottom row, from left: E. T. Wright; Polo/Ralph Lauren Footwear; Allen-Edmonds. This page: Johnston & Murphy



Caravelle by Bulova pocket watch. Right: Watch by Hamilton. Tank watch by Guess?. Tie clip and round cuff links by Lisa Jenks. Triangle cuff links and tiepin and cube cuff links by Robert Lee Morris. Button cuff links and ball cuff links by Angela Cummings. Tie bar by Anne Klein Men. Square cuff links by Bradford.

DITCH THE PINKY RING





Top row, from left: Hats by Makins and Country Gentleman. Suits by Briar; Hickey Freeman. Bottom row, from left: Hats by Bollman, Makins, Makins. Suits by Society Brands; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; Briar. White cotton shirts by Brisr. Silk ties by Alexander Julian. Right: Hat by Country Gentleman.



AND DON'T FORGET YOUR HAT

Dressing American

Tweive homegrown designers show how to improvise on red, white, and blue

CALVIN KLEIN



BASCO



Left: Nylon jacket, cotton sweater, chambray shirt, and jeans by Calvin Klein Sport for Men. Sneakers by Sperry Top-Sider. Watch by Timex. This page: Rayon sport jacket, Bermuda shorts, and T-shirt by Basco by Lance Karesh. Belt by Trafalgar.



Linen sport jacket, rayon-and-wool shirt, and linen-blend trousers by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Right: Linen shirt and linen trousers by Perry Ellis. Shoes by Kenneth Cole.



JEFFREY BANKS



Linen suit and linen shirt by Jeffrey Banks. Shoes by Allen-Edmonds. Socks by Trimfit. Right Linen sport jacket, suede vest, and cotton trousers by Shamask. Shoes by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards.

SHAMASK



BILL ROBINSON



Silk-and-linen trench coat and cotton turtleneck by Bill Robinson. Right. Suede jacket, denim shirt, and silk trousers by Joseph Abboud. T-shirt by The Gap.

JOSEPH ABBOUD



JHANE BARNES



Linen jacket and linen trousers by Jhane Barnes. Right: Cotton terry-cloth robe and nylon swim briefs by Cecilia Metheny.

CECILIA METHENY



ALEXANDER JULIAN

ANDREW FEZZA



Left: Cotton sweater, silk polo, and linen trousers by Alexander Julian. Hat by Makins. This page. Viscose suit and cotton shirt by Andrew Fezza. Shoes by Kenneth Cole. For store information see page 212.

GARRY MARSHALL IS ASKING FOR IT

HE MAY NEVER BE AS FAMOUS as the people he helped make famous: The Fonz, Mork, Laverne And Shirley, surely. But if there is such a thing as the Mahatma of Comedy, it must be this man, whose first impression of the Dalai Lama was "He doesn't do shtick." What do we really know about Garry Marshall? He would say, "What for do you want to know?" Well, this is the man who first dressed Henry Winkler in a leather jacket—a network breakthrough! After a lifetime of listening to sister Penny's nasal monotone, he knew we'd want to hear it, too! He made Chachi love Joanie—or was it the other way around? • Yet this is only the smallest part of the Marshall arts. It is just becoming apparent what he has really been doing all these years: assembling a large and devoted clan that marches into the future of entertainment dancing to the tune he taught them. Ron Howard teamed up with another *Happy Days* alum, writer Lowell Ganz, to make *Splash* and *Parenthood*. Penny Marshall's first director was her brother—now she's a top-billed director herself. Robin Williams is still

He won't make left turns.

He mashes up his food.

He puts them at the end of sentences, his nouns.

But he's worked with the funniest people in show biz, and now they've got a few things to say

BY FRED GRAVER AND TERRI MINSKY



MARK ADAMS

Q

Why is this man posing like a stuffed cabbage with every Tom, Dick, and Henny in Hollywood?

A

"I don't have any candids. Most of the time I'm standing there and somebody says, 'I'm gonna take a picture.' So I stand there like somebody's gonna take a picture."



From left: Jerry Belson and Joey Bishop with Garry on The Joey Bishop Show *(1962)*



With Uncle Milton (1962)





Above: On The Dick Van Dyke Show *(1966)*
Left: With Jack Benny (1964)



With Julia Roberts on the set of Pretty Woman *(1989)*



Thirteen years later, the reunion of The Odd Couple*: Marshall with Jack Klugman and Tony Randall*



With sister Penny and periodontal devices



With Barbara Hershey on the set of Beaches *(1988)*



With Bette Midler and defenseless food at a cast party

doing Mork, even in the midst of war-torn Saigon.

"If TV is a meal," Garry Marshall once said, "then I'm dessert." Nonsense—he's the whole cart!

But don't listen to us. Listen, instead, to those who know him—who grew up with him, who worked with him, who learned from him... and who, when they couldn't avoid it, ate *with* him.

Let them tell you about Garry Marshall. But first, a word from their sponsor.

GARRY MARSHALL I started out, I wanted to be a drummer, but I was not a magical drummer. I was a copyboy in the New York *Daily News* sports department, but I realized there wasn't much there.

I tried to be a stand up comic, and was not very successful, except in the Army, where I was All World in 1957. It didn't get me a job, but it got me a plaque, and a trip to Washington.

The thing is, when I would do my act, people would come up to me and say, "Can I buy that contact-lens routine from you?" Everyone thought they could do it better than me, but they liked my material.

So, I was writing and performing in New York, and Phil Foster saw something I did in one of those chichi revues off-Broadway. He said to me, "You know, some of those jokes were very good, but only the two waiters understood those jokes." He says, "You could do that. That's a job—writing for a few people. You could also write for a mass audience, but you gotta figure out how. It's a different field."

Foster taught me how to write commercial. He got me cashed them in and got bus tickets. The act worked out pretty well, and a couple of years later, when Joey had his own show, he called and said, "You want to come to Hollywood? Don't cash the plane tickets in, I need you here by Thursday." I got out here on my twenty-fourth birthday.

This was in the early Sixties. They did *The Joey Bishop Show* on the Desilu lot on Cahuenga Boulevard in Los Angeles, where they also did *Danny Thomas, Dick Van Dyke, Gomer Pyle, Andy Griffith,* and *I Love Lucy,* among others. I did a lot of work there. That's where I started working with Jerry Belson.

JERRY BELSON *Garry's writing partner for thirteen years, cocreator,* The Tracey Ullman Show. Garry was the Willy Loman of comedy. He'd walk around the Desilu lot from show to show with a big bag of scripts. Do you know that he did thirty-one scripts one year?

The first script we ever wrote, a Danny Thomas show, won a Writer's Guild Award. We were never out of work after that.

Early on, we both wanted to write for *The Dick Van Dyke Show.* Sheldon Leonard liked a spec script I did and called and said that he wanted me to meet this guy Garry Marshall.

Garry and I pretended like we didn't know each other, so that Sheldon could play the godfather, put this team together.

We did *Dick Van Dyke, Lucy* specials, pilots. We were awfully ambitious. In all the years we worked together, it was always our dream to one day just take a

PROFILE

Penny Marshall: "Garry will be walking, and he'll jump up like he's dunking a ball. He looks crazy."

away from all the Nietzsche jokes, and stuff like that.

At one time, I was working for Jack Paar at night, going to work at the paper at three in the afternoon, and playing drums on the weekend. I was making $45 a week from the *Daily News* and $450 from Paar. When I finally got something in the paper with my by-line on it, I went to my mom and dad to show them that they hadn't paid for my degree in journalism from Northwestern for nothing. I said, "Can I quit now? I'm not very good at it."

I was writing with a guy named Fred Freeman. Joey Bishop told us to come out to Chicago and help work on a nightclub act. So he sent us two plane tickets. We break and see a movie. And we went once, to see a movie called *Flight of the Phoenix.*

GARRY REMEMBERS We lived in the Bronx, on the Grand Concourse, and my mother ran a dancing school in the basement, called The Cellar. She always used to take me to Broadway shows. My sister and I went to Broadway shows since we were five, six.

We would watch TV and my mother would say, "This is a bad show, but you gotta see Ray Bolger." Or, "This is not a good show, but so-and-so's on tonight and you'll laugh!" So I got it somehow in my head that if you had a good piece of talent out there, even if things weren't going so well, they could carry it.

She was trying to tell me that, for reasons nobody knows, some people have Magic, and if you see it, use it.

Some people are Magic from the beginning, and some people learn it from years and years of learning their craft. Immediate Magic was Robin Williams.

My son once said to me, "How come there are no Martians on *Happy Days*?" He liked space people. I explained that there were no space people in the 1950s, and he—being a student of show business—said, "There could be space people in a dream."

So I wrote this episode where Richie has a dream about a spaceman, and I told my sister Ronnie, you know, "Round up the usual suspects, Jonathan Winters or John Byner." But she said, "You got to see this guy Robin Williams, you've never seen anything like him."

He came in, and he auditioned standing on his head. When he did *Happy Days,* three hundred people at the end of the show stood up and applauded. That was Magic you couldn't take away. The gate guard at Paramount could see it.

My sister Penny started out, no Magic whatsoever. She would walk into a room and nobody would notice her. She was all right in class, and she got a couple of bit parts, but nothing happened. After she did *The Odd Couple,* there was the Magical Thing.

PENNY MARSHALL *Garry's sister, actress, played Myrna Turner in* The Odd Couple *and Laverne in* Laverne and Shirley, *director,* Big. At the end of every year, my mother would have a recital for the dancing school in the basement. Garry played the drums. He wasn't too good. I remember one dance I did, I spelled out MOTH, making the letters with my body while Garry commented on it.

He speaks in half sentences, he turns his sentences around backwards, you can't understand what he's saying. You say to yourself, Those aren't words!

Did you see *The Flamingo Kid?* Where the kid's at the dinner table and he's humming to himself, driving everyone crazy? Garry did that. He also played drums at the table, he does that now. He's always carrying some tune in his head. Or else he's playing basketball in his head. You'll be walking with him, or he'll be walking by himself, and he'll jump up like he's dunking.

Fred Graver *and* **Terri Minsky** *are journalists and television writers living in New York.*

the ball. He looks like he's crazy.

He's got this thing, when he's eating. He mushes his food together. Don't ever eat with him, you should try to avoid it at all costs. He doesn't like to chew. When I was a kid, my food couldn't touch each other. When I eat with Garry, I feel like I want to cover my eyes.

Garry is nine years older than me. When he left for the Army, I was nine years old, left at home with my sister, Ronnie. We didn't really get to know each other until I moved to L.A. in 1967. He took care of me. Told me how to look for a job, how to get unemployment.

I was acting at night, had a job during the day. He told me not to expect much, to wait until I was thirty. I was twenty-three at the time, a real downer. I definitely wasn't perky in any sense.

Myrna Turner in *The Odd Couple* was my first recurring role. I thought Garry was just being nice. He told me, "No one's that nice. I'm not risking myself on the set."

GARRY REMEMBERS This first show I produced, I did for Sheldon Leonard, which was *Hey Landlord*. I created it, produced it, and it gave me some hopes of running a show.

This was 1965. *Hey Landlord* was a forerunner of *Happy Days*, it was about two guys growing up. Only this time the guys were growing up in modern times, the Sixties.

On *The Odd Couple*, I really did everything—wrote, produced, directed. And I remember saying to my wife then, "I can't do any better than this, and I'm thirty-eight. This must be my plight in life."

The history of *The Odd Couple* was that we'd hang in there season after season, and we'd win some prizes but not ratings, we're just getting by. Then eventually we get in the top forty.

Because we weren't getting the big, big ratings, ABC didn't like us, nobody paid much attention. Some new guy sent us a note once that said, "The rating is not high because people think this is a show about homosexuals."

So, on purpose, in the dailies, we would film scenes where Jack [Klugman] and Tony [Randall] would hug, and they would kiss, and we would send the dailies to ABC and we'd say, "What do you think of this scene, guys?" Just to piss 'em off, we'd say this. Then they let us alone.

TONY RANDALL *Actor, played fussbudget Felix Unger in* The Odd Couple, *reprises role in current series of snack-food endorsements.* Garry talks funny. "There's strangeness all around me and in my body!" That's the way he talks.

Everything he does has humor in it. Even his contract was funny. On *The Odd Couple*, he directed, he produced, he rewrote many of the scripts—he was the show. And for all this, he paid himself $100 a week. For *turning* with the audience, he paid himself $25,000.

AL MOLINARO *Actor, played Murray the Cop in* The Odd Couple *and Al, the proprietor of Arnold's Diner, in* Happy Days. Jack and Tony were rehearsing one day, and I had to make my entrance. They were having problems, and I pushed the little peephole in the door open and I stuck my nose in and said, "C'mon, I've got stuff to do," and Garry went nuts. He just loved it. He came backstage and asked me, "Would it embarrass you to do that on camera?" He was always like that, considerate. I said, "What the hell, I don't care."

So he goes back and says to Jack and Tony, "Play the scene to Al's nose." It took forever to do it, because Tony just couldn't stop laughing.

One of the things Garry did on *The Odd Couple*, he brought the camera out onto the street and shot it there. We came to New York one time to do a thing where Oscar was running for office, for city council, and Murray the Cop was supposed to direct traffic.

Well, I don't think Garry got the right permits. So he told me, "Just go out there and direct traffic and we'll shoot for as long as we can get away with it." This is in Times Square, I'm in a police uniform and I'm stopping traffic, this parade is going down the street.

People start recognizing me, they yell, "Hey Murray," they're blowing their horns. Then the cops come. They said, "Get over here, get off the street. What the hell are you doing?"

You can't imagine how badly we'd snarled up traffic. It was four, five in the afternoon. The cops got everyone's autograph.

FRED ROOS *Producer,* Godfather II, Apocalypse Now, The Black Stallion, Cotton Club, Barfly, *operated Compass Management with Marshall in the early Seventies.* I first met Garry in 1958—in Seoul, Korea, in the Army. I had been assigned to the Armed Forces Radio and TV Network, and when I arrived they sent me to his department. He was the typical New Yorker, I was Californian—we hit it off immediately.

There was this Army talent contest. Garry was competing in the comedy stand-up, but he wrote another guy's act and that guy won. Garry wrote him a great act—I think that's when he first realized that's where his true talent lay, writing stuff for other people. The guy who won hasn't gone on to fame and fortune, but Garry still gives him jobs from time to time.

He played drums at the Army post, too. I used Garry as a drummer in a movie of mine, *The Escape Artist*. There's a scene that takes place in a tiny little club, and there's a drummer doing rim shots for a magic act, and that's Garry. He really loves playing the drums—he's even got this little group, they play at weddings and bar mitzvahs for, like, twenty-five dollars an hour. It's amazing. I mean, you have this guy making hundreds of thousands of dollars a week, and you ask him if he wants to do something Saturday night, and he says, "I can't, I have to play at this wedding."

After the Army, we hooked up again in California. We had a personal-management company. We didn't make much. We just wanted to give a home to people we thought had something but for one reason or another had fallen through the cracks. We got a lot of these people their first jobs, but their careers didn't blossom until much later, after we'd given up the company.

They were, like, Harrison Ford, Richard Dreyfuss, Cindy Williams, Talia Shire, Martin Sheen, Ben Vereen, Teri Garr.

I remember I signed Candy Clark. She was a girl from Texas who had gotten herself to New York and was working as a model for Zoli. Jack Nicholson told me about her, and I agreed she had something.

We thought she would be perfect for this part in a John Huston picture, *Fat City*. But she'd never done any acting before in her life. This would be her first audition. So I put her with Garry for a few hours, to get her ready. He programmed her every move. He told her when to laugh, when to cry,

Lowell Ganz: "You have to see what he does to food. You have to wear a poncho to eat with him."



Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl. *Cold Hearted; Straight Up,* more. (Virgin) **374-637**

Rolling Stones—Steel Wheels. *Mixed Emotions, Sad Sad Sad,* etc. (Rolling Stones Rec.) **387738**

Tracy Chapman—Crossroads. Title cut plus *Bridges; Subcity; This Time,* etc. (Elektra) **387951**

Tom Petty—Full Moon Fever. *Free Fallin'; I Won't Back Down,* etc. (MCA) **382484**

Cher—Heart Of Stone. *If I Could Turn Back Time,* plus more. (Geffen) **383-833**

Motley Crue—Dr. Feelgood. Title cut plus *Without You; Time,* etc. (Elektra) **387944**

Belinda Carlisle—Runaway Horses. (RCA) 400 788

Faster Pussycat—Wake Me When It's Over. (Elektra) 401 786

Dionne Warwick—Greatest Hits (1979-1990). (Arista) 401 679

Loverboy—Big Ones. (Columbia) 401 661

Pat Benatar—Best Shots. (Chrysalis) 401 646

Yo-Yo Ma—Great Cello Concertos. (CBS Masterworks) 401 804

Best Of The Canadian Brass. (CBS Masterworks) 401 596

Ars—Truth In A Structured Form. (Imagine) 401 539

Survivor—Greatest Hits. (Scott Brothers) 401 521

Art Freehey—Trouble Walkin. (A&M/Megalence Worldwi) 401-899

Barbra Streisand—A Collection: Greatest Hits ... And More. (Columbia) 401 141



Melissa Etheridge—Brave And Crazy. (Island) 366 380

The Cars—Greatest Hits. (Elektra) 339 903

Foreigner—Records. (Atlantic) 319 055

Don McLean—For The Memories Volume 1 & 2. (Gold Castle) 401 224

Joan Baez—Speaking Of Dreams. (Gold Castle) 401 218

Bruce Willis—It Don't Kill You. It Just Makes You Stronger. (Motown) 401 169

Robert Palmer—Addictions, Volume One. (Island) 400 937

The Front. (Columbia) 400 903

Paul Simon—Negotiations And Love Songs. (Warner Bros.) 400 721/380 724

The Best Of Luther Vandross—The Best Of Love. (Epic) 400 473/390-478

BJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince—And In This Corner. (Jive/RCA) 400 836

Eagles—Live. (Elektra) 400 713

Joe Cocker—Mad Dogs And Englishmen. (A&M) 389 783

Tommy Bolin—The Ultimate. (Geffen) 369 480/389 488

The Band—To Kingdom Come. (Capitol) 388 181

The Best Of The Drage—Dis'ded We Stand. (Arista) 386 879

The Coasters Greatest Hits. (Atco)

Best Of Cher. (EMI) 381 509

The Best Of Canned Heat. (EMI) 380 832

Bo Diddley is a Gunslinger. (Chess) 379 577

Crosby Stills, Nash and Young—So Fill. (Atlantic) 378 745

Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet. (Warner Bros.) 378 406

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia Special Prod.) 377 945

The Who—What's Better What's Best. (MCA) 376 657

Pretenders—The Singles. (Sire) 362 541

Billy Ocean—Greatest Hits. (Jive/RCA) 400 278

Bros—The Time. (Epic) 400 855



Brahms: Violin Concerto; Bruch: Concerto No 1. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, Edo De Waart and Minnesota Orch. (Angel) 400 135

Michel Camilo—On Fire. (Epic) 389-990

Bob Dylan—Oh Mercy. (Columbia) 389 262

Reba McEntire—Live. (MCA) 400 799

Living Colour—Vivid. (Epic) 370 833

Jerry Lee Lewis—18 Original Sun Greatest Hits. (Rhino) 389 186

The Very Best of Poco. (Epic) 367 623

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits. (Motown) 367 565

Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark. (Asylum) 367 192

Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die. (Island) 364 935

Van Morrison—Saint Dominic's Preview. (Warner Bros.) 364 927

Alice Cooper—Billion Dollar Babies. (Warner Bros.) 363 531

Little Feat—Dixie Chicken. (Warner Bros.) 363 518

Bob Dylan—Highway 61 Revisited. (Columbia)

Gold & Platinum Volume Six. (Realm) 388 398

Rickie Lee Jones—Flying Cowboys. (Geffen) 386 199

Joe Satriani—Flying In A Blue Dream. (Relativity) 386-855

Best Of The Doors. (Elektra) 357 616/387 812

Yes—Close To The Edge. (Atlantic) 351 966

Traffic—The Low Spark Of High Heeled Boys. (Island) 351 924

Aretha Franklin—30 Greatest Hits. (Atlantic) 350 793/390 799

Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street. (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350 852

Rolling Stones—Sticky Fingers. (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350 845

Buddy Holly—From The Original Master Tapes. (MCA) 348 110

Jethro Tull—Aqualung. (Chrysalis) 345 157

Yellowjackets—The Spin. (MCA) 368 173

Taylor Dayne—Can't Fight Fate. (Arista) 386 317

Charlie Daniels Band—Simple Man. (Epic) 400 323

Best Of Procol Harum. (A&M) 344 457

The Byrds—Greatest Hits. (Columbia) 342 501

Bad Company—10 From 6. (Atlantic) 341 313

6 Decade Of Steely Dan. (MCA) 341 073

Best Of Kansas. (CBS Assoc.) 327 742

The Jackson 5—Greatest Hits. (Motown) 327 148

Joe Cocker—Greatest Hits. (A&M) 320 911

Elton John—Greatest Hits. (MCA) 319 541

The Babys—The Babys Anthology. (Chrysalis) 312 256

Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits. (Fantasy) 368 649

Elton John—Sleeping With The Past. (MCA) 387 999

Placido Domingo—The Unknown Puccini. (CBS Maste) 387 829

Georgia Satellites—In The Land Of Salvation And Sin. (Elektra) 400 386

The Best Of Emerson Lake & Palmer. (Atlantic) 306 998

James Taylor—Sweet Baby James. (Warner Bros.) 291 264

Best Of The Grateful Dead. (Warner Bros.) 291 533

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291 278

Jim Croce—Photographs & Memories: His Greatest Hits. (Saja) 246 958

Young Mc—Stone Cold Rhymin'. (Delicious Vinyl) 400 085

Lee Ritenour—Color Rit. (GRP) 400 161

Dave Grusin—Migration. (GRP) 400 044

Joe Cocker—One Night Of Sin. (Capitol) 387 084

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 660 TERRE HAUTE, IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

CBS/Columbia House
1400 NORTH FRUITRIDGE AVENUE
TERRE HAUTE, IN 47812-9202



Linda Ronstadt—Cry Like A Rainstorm Howl Like The Wind. (Elektra) 389-874

Janet Jackson—Rhythm Nation 1814 *Miss You Much, more.* (A&M) 388-813

Aerosmith—Pump. *Love In An Elevator, more* (Geffen) 388-009

Squeeze—Frank. *Dr Jazz, Rose Of Sand Peyton Place, more* (A&M) 388-058

ANY 8 CDs FOR A PENNY

AND A CHANCE TO GET ONE MORE CD—FREE!

plus shipping/handling

Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—One Bright Day (Virgin) 386 987

Living Colour—Vivid (Epic) 370 833

The Police—Every Breath You Take The Singles (A&M) 348 312



Terence Trent D'Arby—Neither Fish Nor Flesh (Columbia) 389 726

Biz Markie—The Biz Never Sleeps (Cold Chillin') 386 585

k.d. lang And The Reclines—Absolute Torch & Twang (Sire) 381 624



Grateful Dead—Built To Last (Arista) 386 925

Big Daddy Kane—It's A Big Daddy Thing (Cold Chillin') 389 360

Molly Hatchet—Lightning Strikes Twice (Capitol) 389 246

Jack Bruce—A Question Of Time (Epic) 388 981

808 Band—Diamonds In The Raw (Tabu) 389 973

N.W.A & Q—Wild Wild West (Virgin) 388 562

Harry Belafonte Live (EMI America) 388 775

Soul II Soul—Keep On Movin' (Virgin) 388 037

Pat Metheny Group—Letter From Home (Geffen) 383 364

Jermaine Jackson—Don't Take It Personal (Arista) 389 171

The Isley Brothers—Spend The Night (Warner Bros.) 389 148

Maze Featuring Frankie Beverly—Silky Soul (Warner Bros.) 388 098

The Best Of Tim Curry (A&M) 388 926

Simply Red—A New Flame (Elektra) 378 943

Barry White—The Man Is Back! (A&M) 388 943

Britny Fox—Boys In Heat (Columbia) 388 421

Jethro Tull—Rock Island (Chrysalis) 388 167

10 Years After—About Time (Chrysalis) 386 140

Neil Young—Freedom (Reprise) 388 132

Lou Gramm—Long Hard Look (Atlantic) 388 108

Loudness—Soldier Of Fortune (Atco) 388 052

George Clinton—The Cinderella Theory (Paisley Park) 387 134

Dave Edmunds—Closer To The Flame (Capitol) 387 128

The Beach Boys—Still Cruising (Capitol) 387 092

Whitesnake—Slip Of The Tongue (Geffen) 387 027

Paul Shaffer—Coast To Coast (Capitol) 388 276

Boogie Down Productions—Ghetto Music: Blue Print Of Hip Hop (Jive/RCA) 386 193

Babyface—Tender Love (Epic) 388 177

Marshall Crenshaw—Good Evening (Warner Bros.) 386 118

Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383 902

On The Cutting Edge

Paul Carrack—Groove Approved (Chrysalis) 401 257

Kate Bush—The Sensual World (Columbia) 401 232

Camouflage—Methods Of Silence (Atlantic) 400 929

Jonathan Richman (Rounder) 400-881

Erasure—Wild! (Reprise/Sire) 400 820

Jane Siberry—Bound By The Beauty (Reprise) 400-804

The Psychedelic Furs—Book Of Days (Columbia) 400 309

Exene Cervenka—Old Wives Tales (Rhino) 398 602

The Alarm—Change (I.R.S.) 400 366

Indigo Girls—Strange Fire (Epic) 400 333

Mass Q (Atlantic) 400 077

The Residents—The King And Eye (Enigma) 400 036

Joe Strummer—Earthquake Weather (Epic) 400-313

Nick Lowe—Basher: The Best Of Nick Lowe (Columbia) 400-902

Vitamin Z—Sharp Stone Rain (Geffen) 389 601

Ian McCulloch—Candleland (Sire/Reprise) 389 583

David Byrne—Rei Momo (Sire) 389 494

Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI) 389 205

Thompson Twins—Big Trash (Warner Bros.) 386 114

Sugarcubes—Here Today Tomorrow, Next Week (Elektra) 388 300

Big Audio Dynamite—Megatop Phoenix (Columbia) 388 215

Chris Isaak—Heart Shaped World (Reprise) 388 144

Bryan Ferry / Roxy Music—Street Life (Reprise) 384 230

Bodeans—Home (Reprise/Slash) 384 308

The Call—Let The Day Begin (MCA) 384 158

The B-52's—Cosmic Thing (Reprise) 383 877

Peter Gabriel—Passion (Geffen) 383 818

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions—1984-1989 (Capitol) 383 775

Pixies—Doolittle (Elektra) 380 887

The The—Mind Bomb (Epic) 380 362

The Cure—Disintegration (Elektra) 382 093

10,000 Maniacs—Blind Man's Zoo (Elektra) 382 077

Chris Cross—The Diary Of A Hollow Horse (A&M) 381 897

R.E.M.—Green (Warner Bros.) 375 162

Gloria Estefan—Cuts Both Ways (Epic) 382-341

Stephen Bishop—Bowling In Paris (Atlantic) 400 754

Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys (Warner Bros.) 386 052

Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (EMI) 380 915

Milli Vanilli—Girl You Know It's True (Arista) 379 610

Jefferson Airplane (Epic) 386 706

Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (Atlantic) 386 724

Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379 214

REO Speedwagon—Greatest Hits (Epic) 367 672

Anderson, Bruford Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384 115

Diana Ross—Working Overtime (Motown) 383 984

Tin Machine (EMI) 383 976

Batman—Original Soundtrack (Warner Bros.) 383 398

Beastie Boys—Paul's Boutique (Capitol) 383 788

Billy Squier—Hear And Now (Capitol) 383 786

Jackson Browne—World In Motion (Elektra) 383 752

Spyro Gyra—Point Of View (MCA) 383 737

Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383 547

Bonham—The Disregard Of Timekeeping (WTG) 383 497

Michael Bolton—Soul Provider (Columbia) 383 083

Clarence Clemons—A Night With Mr. C (Columbia) 383 067

Liza Minnelli—Results (Epic) 382-333

L.L. Cool J—Walking With A Panther (Def Jam / Columbia) 381 388

The Neville Brothers—Yellow Moon (A&M) 381 366

Branford Marsalis—Trio Jeepy (Columbia) 381 630

Todd Rundgren—Nearly Human (Warner Bros.) 381 760

Stevie Nicks—The Other Side Of The Mirror (Modern) 381 103

Jody Watley—Larger Than Life (MCA) 381 061

Jeff Beck (Epic) 380 378

Steve Reich / Different Trains / Kronos Quartet / Electric Counterpoint / Pat Metheny (Nonesuch) 380 071



Harry Connick, Jr. When Harry Met Sally—Original Soundtrack (Columbia) 388 821

Madonna—Like A Prayer (Sire) 373 514

Hooters—Zig Zag (Columbia) 379 396

Portrait Of Vladimir Horowitz—Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, etc. (CBS Masterworks) 378 604



Billy Joel—Storm Front (Columbia) 387 902

Cyndi Lauper—A Night To Remember (Epic) 377 627

Debbie Gibson—Electric Youth (Atlantic) 377 275

Gnn R Roses—Gn R Lies (Geffen) 378 687

Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375 279

38 Special—Rock & Roll Strategy (A&M) 375 138

U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374 017

Luciano Pavarotti—Pavarotti In Concert (CBS Masterworks) 375 548

© 1990 CBS Records Inc.

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL POSTPAID CARD

CBS/Columbia House, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave.
P.O. Box 1129, Terre Haute, IN 47811-1129

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send my 8 Compact Discs and bill me only 1¢ plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy six selections at regular Club prices in the coming three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

My main musical interest is (check one): *(But I may always choose from any category)*

☐ Hard Rock *Rolling Stones, Aerosmith*
☐ Soft Rock *Tina Turner, Gloria Estefan*
☐ Modern Rock *Sugarcubes, Big Audio Dynamite*
☐ Pop *Barbra Streisand, Barry Manilow*
☐ Heavy Metal *Motley Crue, Skid Row*
☐ Black Music *Babyface, Soul II Soul*
☐ Easy Listening *Johnny Mathis, Ray Conniff*
☐ Country
☐ Jazz
☐ Classical*

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (First Name, Initial, Last Name)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you have a VCR? (04) ☐ Yes ☐ No
Do you have a credit card? (03) ☐ Yes ☐ No

173/156

Send these 8 CDs for 1¢

Extra Bonus Offer: ☐ also send one more CD right now, for which I will be billed only $8.95

and I'm entitled to get this extra CD FREE!

XT1/F6 XT2/S9

Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and for orders of alternative offer Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. *Classical members serviced by the CBS Classical Club.

Anytime you can get 8 CDs for a penny—that's a sound investment! That's right—as your introduction to the Club, you can choose any 8 CDs listed in this ad—all 8 are yours for only 1¢ plus shipping and handling. And in exchange, you simply agree to buy 6 more CDs (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years—and you may cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

How the Club works: About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month—plus many exciting alternates, new hits and old favorites from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices (which currently are $12.98 to $15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

10-Day Free Trial: We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation.

Extra Bonus Offer: As a special offer to new members, take one additional CD right now for only $8.95. This discount purchase entitles you to choose an extra CD as a bonus FREE. And you'll receive your discount for CD and your bonus CD with your 8 introductory selections—that's 10 CDs in all. Send no money now—just mail the postpaid card.

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2 selections in both numbers.

CBS/COLUMBIA HOUSE/Terre Haute, IN 47811

British Columbia offers a new perspective on beauty. As wave after wave of coastal mountains reveal themselves, you may be moved to get out your camera. Or like artist Toni Onley, open a paint box. The soft pinks of sunset. Vancouver and Victoria's deep forest greens. The line between city and country here is very fine indeed. For more colourful words and pictures on travelling our province, call 1-800-663-6000 Tourism British Columbia, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8V 1X4. You'll be inspired.

Super, Natural British Columbia CANADA





how to cry, when to move, how to move. He did it perfectly. It was Acting Lite.

She got the part. It shows you how good he is with people.

CARL REINER *Creator, producer,* The Dick Van Dyke Show; *director,* Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid, The Jerk, Bert Rigby You're a Fool. Gatry gave me one of the best *Dick Van Dyke Shows* I ever got. He said to me one time, "I like 'stuckinna.' You know what stuckinna is? Your finger's stuckinna bowling ball, you're stuckinna elevator, stuckinna something." He once had his toe stuckinna faucet. He just said "stuckinna" and left the room. I wrote the episode where Laura got her toe stuckinna faucet. You see that kind of stuff on *Laverne and Shirley*.

TERI GARR *Actress, former client, Compass Management.* They were in this crummy apartment building on the Sunset Strip. It was a pink building, right across from The Body Shop. There was a pool right in the middle of the building.

I don't think they ever got me a real job. Roos had work casting shows, and he would put me in some of those. I'd ask them if there wasn't some kind of conflict-of-interest thing, or whatever you'd call it. They would just say, "Don't worry about it. This is different." I think the biggest part they got me was something where I had my thumb stuck in a bowling ball.

ROB REINER *Director, writer, actor, former client, Compass Management.* Garry and Fred Roos got me my first acting job, a five-line part on *Hey Landlord*. Fred Roos had been casting that show, and Jerry Paris, who had played the dentist on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, was directing it.

My father directed a play Garry and Jerry Belson did on Broadway called *The Roast*. When we were doing it, Garry could never figure out when he was supposed to eat. In the theater, you work different hours, and he has this thing about eating. He'd walk around saying, "I don't know.... In the theater, when do you eat? Do I eat before the show? Do I eat after?"

He always has people around him who say, "Garry, it's time to eat now." And then somebody will hand him a tuna sandwich or an egg salad. He's got a great mind, but Garry basically needs people to help him manage his life.

One night we had dinner at his house, and he had mashed everything up on his plate and he had to get up to answer a phone call or something. While he was gone, Dad separated all the food back to its original place. Garry came back, kind of looked at it, and just started mashing it all up again.

After *The Odd Couple* went off the air, I think Jerry Belson asked him, "What are you gonna do now?" And he said, "I think I'll flounder for a little bit." Jerry said to him, "Garry, there's no such thing as 'planned floundering', either you floundet or you don't flounder. You don t *plan* to flounder."

GARRY REMEMBERS We had a unique situation at Paramount in the early Seventies. I realized that, as the "boss of a sitcom," it was just too hard to turn out one show every week, and that to turn out another sitcom was just suicide. So I started developing writers.

I went back to the old system they used on variety shows. I had fifty writers on the staff at one time, on six shows: *Happy Days, Mork, Laverne and Shirley, Angie, Blansky's Beauties*. I had five shows and a pilot going.

I always took a couple of solid writers who were ready to run a show, and a couple of beginners. And then on every show I always had an older writer, somebody from the old days, who had written for Jack Benny and Bob Hope. The kids would say, "Here's a new idea," and the old-timers would say, "We did that. On Eddie Cantor, we did that."

I took writers who had no phones, they lived in vans. I said, "Who cares how they live, as long as they write." I had a lot of writers who went through that period with me. They became very powerful, you had to give them producer work, then you had to give them shows, they were too good to all be on the same show. They had trained well enough to go out on their own. So we started making up shows.

Paramount called me up and said, "*Saturday Night Fever*." I said, "What a hit picture! We'll make that in a minute." And then there was a song called "Staying Alive," and I thought the show was supposed to be called that. I was doing it with [Robert] Stigwood and the Bee Gees, and it was a big deal. And then Paramount and Stigwood had a big fight and Stigwood pulled out. And Paramount said, "Well, we're not calling it *Staying Alive*, it has nothing to do with *Saturday Night Fever*." It was Italian, then it wasn't Italian.... This is how some very bad shows get made.

So I said to them, "Well, why are we doing it?" And they said to me, "Well, it will still be something. We'll have a song. And it'll be about guys."

It was one of the great confusions, this show. A number of times I said, "I don't understand this show, you're the studio, it's your money, you have commitments to networks, go ahead."

Lowell Ganz and Mark Rothman, who had worked with me on *The Odd Couple, Happy Days, Laverne and Shirley*, said, "We don't understand this, but we'll make something from it." I said go do it. What came out of it was *Makin' It*, their next show.

LOWELL GANZ *Writer,* The Odd Couple, Happy Days, Laverne and Shirley, Makin' It; *screenwriter,* Splash, Parenthood. Have you ever seen him eat? God, you have to see what he does to food—mushes it and mixes it. Some people have to turn away. You have to wear a poncho to eat with him.

There was a way he liked to work—You had to get it in one line or else he didn't want to do it. I remember how he first came up with the characters Laverne and Shirley. He just said, "I picture Richie and Fonzie with two loud, dirty girls." And the minute he said it, you could picture it exactly.

Garry's not a good driver. When I first started to work with him, I couldn't pack on the Paramount lot. I didn't have that kind of status, I was just a kid. So on my third day, he sees me walking to my car and he says, "You need a ride?" I barely knew him. I was only about two blocks away, but I figured, He's my boss, take the ride. So we pull up to the gate and I say, "It's to the left."

He just sits there. I thought, Maybe I didn't realize this before, but he could be hard of hearing.

So I said it louder. "It's to the left."

And he turns to me and says, "I don't do left."

There's a pause, and I say, "Would you like me to get out?" And he says, "Yeah, I guess so."

Albert Brooks: "The way he walks, the way he schmoozes; he's the pit boss of the world."

Tom Hanks: "He'll say, 'Does it hurt, your arm?' Penny talks that way, too—it's Marshallese."

JERRY BELSON The biggest mistake I ever made with Garry was when he said to me, "I'd like to do a show . . . a nice show about the Fifties. . . ." I said, "That's a stupid idea."

We parted very friendly. I did *Smile* and *The End*. Garry did his nice show about the Fifties, *Happy Days*.

GARRY MEMEMOEOS I remember when Ron Howard was a little kid, he was on *The Andy Griffith Show*, on the Desilu lot. He used to always have this baseball, used to bug people to throw the ball with him, always polite, but bugging you. I used to play catch with him.

He set the tone on the set of *Happy Days*: Act professionally, no prima donnas, no temperaments.

Sports analogies always work for Ron Howard. He was one of those players, like Bob Cousy, who could support the other players, but then whenever you needed him, you knew he could score.

I gave out buttons, on all my shows, that said LIFE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SHOW BUSINESS. Ron totally believed that, too.

I asked him if he ever had a weird year. He said that when he was seventeen he was quite an asshole. He got through that and figured it all out.

RON HOWARD *Director, Night Shift, Splash, Cocoon, Parenthood, played Richie in* Happy Days. Garry told me once that when you're in a pitch meeting with a studio, if you get to a part in the story that you haven't entirely worked out yet, start swearing a lot. He said it just sounds funnier. Instead of saying "Then the guy walks through a door," say "So then the guy walks through this fucking door——"

I don't know if I've ever used it in a pitch meeting, but I know I have with actors, to convince someone that a moment could be funny. It really does work.

The first day of shooting *Happy Days*, I pulled him aside and told him very quietly, "I'm really glad to be doing this show, but I'm not very funny."

And he said, "Thank you for telling me that."

He gave me a better ear, a better appreciation of people who are funny, which I don't think I would have had if it weren't for him. But I still don't think of myself as funny.

HENRY WINKLER *Actor, played Arthur "The Fonz" Fonzarelli on* Happy Days, *president, Winkler-Daniels Productions*. Originally, ABC would not allow me to wear a leather jacket. I wore a MacGregor Windbreaker. You talk about having to act—you try being tough in a Windbreaker. Their fear was that in the leather I would be associated with crime. So after six or seven shows, I'd wear leather in one scene. Then I'd wear it in two scenes. Now, of course, it's hanging in the Smithsonian.

TONY RANDALL I never saw him angry. If he was annoyed, he'd laugh. That kind of low *heh heh-heh*. That was how you knew he was angry. It's an Italian characteristic. He never lost his temper.

HENRY WINKLER The only time since 1973 that he ever got angry with me was when I talked to him while he was introducing the guest cast. I had to leave for a trip and I had to make a plane, and I wanted to ask him if he could shoot all my scenes first, and I interrupted him. And he said to me, "Don't you ever do that again, ever." Even then, he didn't yell.

GARRY REMEMBERS My theory of television is that there are three things that make a hit show. One is the show itself, the premise. Two is the time slot. Third is the most important of all: the time in history. Certain shows have it, certain shows don't. I've never seen anyone get away without having the time in history. *Laverne and Shirley* is the time in history. The most perfect of any time ever. People were so desperate for blue-collar girls after Mary and Rhoda.

The day after *Laverne and Shirley* opened, we asked for the ratings, and they said, "We don't know, we can't find them." The problem was, when the rating sheet came in, the first ten shows were on the first page, and they just flipped that page over and told me they couldn't find it. Then they called back and said, "My God, it's on the first page! It's number one!"

I see the show in Milwaukee, because I have some family there, and I know I can get something to eat. All my shows are located in places where I can eat. *Mork & Mindy* I put in Boulder, where my niece could give me a meal. People from the Bronx learn how to cover themselves for lunch.

I'm sounding now like I was so confident, but at the start, no one thought *Laverne and Shirley* was going to work at all. We were looking for writers, and Penny brought me Harry Shearer, Michael McKean, and David Lander. She said, "They're an improv group, they're starving to death."

So I made them writers on the show. The show hits, we've got no cast other than Laverne and Shirley, and these two kids [McKean and Lander] had done these two characters, Lenny and Squiggy. They were so good they stayed, and then they both got cocky and started yelling at the other writers for the show.

MICHAEL McKEAN *Actor, played Lenny in* Laverne and Shirley, *starred in* Young Doctors in Love, This Is Spinal Tap. He's a superstitious guy.

We got hired very quickly for *Laverne and Shirley*, and right when the series was starting, they took us out to shoot some exteriors, just to have them through the year. I had long hair then, I hadn't cut it yet, and they gave me a navy skullcap to wear. I took it home. I remember thinking, I haven't signed a contract for this yet, if they fire me I'll at least have some kind of souvenir or something.

That evening Garry's secretary calls me, and there's this dread in her voice. And she says—"Michael?" I thought, Great, we've been canceled already.

She asked me, "Did you walk off with the navy skullcap? If you did, could you bring it over right away? It's Garry's lucky cap for watching the Rams play. He thinks that if he doesn't wear it, the Rams will lose."

Have you ever eaten with him? I was with him one time at a restaurant, and he was served spaghetti with meat sauce, and he scraped all the meat sauce off and just poured ketchup on it. He's got a very emotional connection with food.

TONY RANDALL I think I got mad at him once in five years. It was a show in which Felix has an assignment to take a picture of a retired baseball umpire and his family. It wasn't working, it wasn't funny. It played as if it were pathetic. In a moment of frustration, I said, "Why don't you make it a bunch of midgets?"

And that's what he did. He did it overnight.

Introducing the 1990 Chrysler LeBaron.
We've given it a luxurious new interior,
a smooth V-6 engine, and Ultradrive, the world's most
advanced automatic transmission,
all under one roof...



GARRY REMEMBERS I was directing my first film, *Young Doctors in Love*, and I was losing the crew. They were waiting for me to be a *filmmaker*, and I strained to think of some great shot I could make. How can I show them I'm a filmmaker? It finally occurred to me. . . . I'm not.

So I went back to them and said, "Okay, give me the widest lens you've got. Shoot those people, don't move the camera." And I put a phone on the wall, and I got a midget, the littlest doctor, and did a whole scene in the background of him getting a phone call and trying to hang up the phone. At the end of which the crew screamed. . . . They applauded, and without a word being said, it was "Oh, this is what he does. There was nothing there, and then he did this thing, and there was a whole scene there. So this is what he does, 'cause he sure as hell doesn't know how to move the camera."

I used Albert Brooks in *The Odd Couple*. Years later, he called and said I had to be in his movie *Lost in America*. He was very insistent. It was supposed to be one day's work, it was five days, in shoes that did not fit me so well. I'm of the school of five or six takes, he's of the school of fifteen takes. There's this scene where he's asking me, the casino director, to return the money his wife lost, and I'm supposed to be annoyed. He knew I wasn't an actor, I had no technique, so we kept doing it over and over again so I would get more and more annoyed. I wanted to go home.

Finally, I said, "Albert, we've done this a couple of times, we've got the front, let's just go for the back. So he said, "Fine, we'll start from the middle, just go to the end." I said, "Great." Suddenly he says the line that brings us all the way back to the front. That's how he got my annoyance.

Now it's probably the single most visible thing I've done in my career. Albert says to me, "See, I brought you to the public's attention. *Hollywood Squares* didn't do that as well as I did."

ALBERT BROOKS *Actor, played "Happenin'" Adman in* The Odd Couple, *directed Garry in* Lost in America. Garry is the pit boss of the world. The way he thinks, the way he walks, the way he talks. The way he could schmooze whenever he wanted.

I'll tell you when I knew I had done the right thing by casting him. We're in Las Vegas to shoot the scene. Everyone is running around, everyone is setting up the lights or whatever, Garry's just standing around—and people start coming up to him with questions. "Where do I get change? Where do I get chips? How do I get change for my chips?"

And what does Garry do? He helps. "Let me see. What you do, you go over to that window, you tell them I sent you."

NECTOO ELIZONOO *Actor,* The Flamingo Kid, Nothing in Common, Pretty Woman. He treated Gleason, on *Nothing in Common*, so tenderly, so gently. I asked him, "How did you get Gleason?" Gleason had said he was retired, he wasn't well, he said he wasn't going to do any more films. And Garry said, "I just asked him. . . 'Do you want to be remembered for *Smokey and the Bandit*?'"

TOM HANKS *Actor, star of* Nothing in Common *and* Big. He hugged me, hugged me all the time. Both Marshalls are very big huggers, Penny and Garry. With Garry, the first thing every day, it's "How are you? How are you feeling? Everything okay? Anything I can do? Anything you need? A hat? That we can do! You can wear it—the hat."

He always ends every sentence with a noun. "Does it hurt—your arm? How was it—the game? It's good—this scene. Did you eat well—the lunch?" Penny talks that way, too—it's Marshallese.

He can get kind of old-school. This is, after all, a guy who wrote for Joey Bishop. We had this thing, the Garry Marshall Cro-

ny Count. He puts a lot of his friends in his movies, gives them little bits to do. We had a tote board: "That's the dentist—number 957." He had one guy come in, I had to play a scene with him, and he had to have dialogue, timing, and he just couldn't do it. Afterward, Garry and I were talking, and he said, "I just should have given him a silent thing."

And I said, "Right, Garry! Acting requires a certain amount of training and professionalism. You can't bring in *your dentist* and expect the man to be able to play a scene."

He knows that, but he still puts in a lot of pals and family.

JIM BROOKS *Staff writer, Hey Landlord, screenwriter, producer, director, writer, Terms of Endearment, Broadcast News, coproducer, Big.* I have a letter that Garry sent me in 1983 that's framed in my office. Let me read it to you.

Jim Brooks
Paramount Pictures
April 15, 1983

Dear Jim,

As I recall from my brief experience as a film director, it's time for you to be going crazy. Thus, I am sending this note to you as encouragement.

1. You will finish this damn job eventually.

2. The person or persons you presently hate in the cast (and can't tell them you hate them) will become your friends next year.

3. The studio will make you feel guilty that you're behind, but they don't really mean it. They're just breaking your balls, and only making a good film is important. If you have a pay-out-of-your-pocket deal, you decide whether to give up a few dollars or exhaust yourself and die. Money's cheap.

4. Your wife will love you again when the film is over and you look at her.

5. Mike Eisner is not as happy or as good-looking as you.

6. The idea that you'd rather finish than make it a good film will pass.

7. I think you're very talented and brilliant, and I'm smarter than either your dolly grip or script girl.

8. When you're eating food and watching dailies and can't remember the slate number of the take, don't worry. You'll sort it out during the editing, despite what anyone might say.

9. The plane that flies over during your best take will not crash so don't feel guilty about making that wish.

10. You're not getting old, you're just caring about something that's important to you and that's why you're tired.

My best wishes
Love, Garry Marshall

HECTOR ELIZONDO I play in Garry's Saturday morning basketball game. This is not a game for the fainthearted. Guys forget that they're forty-five years old, ambulances come and take people away. Marshall will show up with a knee brace, complaining that he played tennis all day the day before. He doesn't fool me. He gets under the boards, forget the brace.

When he's directing, Garry knows how to ride the ups and downs of a production. He can tell how you're feeling all the time, but you'll never know what particular trouble he's going through. He hides the panic that's inevitable in any production.

I remember once, we were working with an actor who just couldn't come up with the goods. Instead of Garry getting very upset, he got up on a ladder during a take, and at the particular point where he wanted the actor to come up with the particular reaction, Garry suddenly jumped off the ladder, and started waving his arms around. The actor started to laugh, and Garry said, "Cut, I got it."

TRM BARKER He'll find something that will be representational of who your character is, what your character does. For me, he said that I always talk into a glass, like I'm drinking something, you know, and I don't put the glass down from my lips. I'd lift it up there and I'd speak into this glass—and I never put the glass down, and I'd talk into it—and he'd say, "Do that more—more with the glass!" He'll give you specific little beats for your character, he uses them in the editing process to kind of punctuate things, and also to show the audience what this character is.

JULIA ROBERTS *Actress, star, Pretty Woman.* Garry says things like, "You know how like when you bowl a strike? Do it like that." And you would figure out what that meant.

One night, we were in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, and it's, like, midnight, and I'm dressed like a hooker, and the scum of the earth are coming up to me—and Garry, Richard [Gere], and I are huddled in this deep conversation, talking about this scene.

Now, Garry has this box, and it's never far from him, and in this box he keeps toothpicks, which he's always got in his mouth, and Tic Tacs, and gum, and a mirror, and a comb. So we're having this conversation in the middle of the night on Hollywood Boulevard, and Garry reaches for this box, opens it, and unwraps a piece of gum and sticks it in his mouth. The whole gesture is almost completely unconscious. And we're talking and suddenly he yells, "Blair!"—Blair Underwood, she's, like, the assistant he can't live without, you know, the tuna fish and stuff—"Blair!" he yells, "what's this burning my mouth! What's this fire in my mouth!" Turns out she got him Big Red chewing gum. He tells her, "Juicy Fruit. From now on, it's only Juicy Fruit."

My last day on the set, he comes to my trailer. He knew I was going tight into my next project, and I was very stressed out. He pulls this box from under his shirt, and tells me how young I am and how hard this business is. Inside this box is a necklace with a heart made out of diamonds. And he says to me, "I give you this necklace so you know, wherever you go, somebody loves you."

I cried for a week.

RICHARD GERE *Actor, star, Pretty Woman.* People don't really know just how deeply spiritual Garry is. The first time we were going to talk about the movie, we spent the whole time talking about Dostoyevsky and Rilke instead.

The Dalai Lama was coming to Los Angeles during the filming, and I wanted to invite him to meet some movie people, some people he doesn't normally have access to. I invited Garry.

The week before His Holiness is here, Garry's asking me, "Do you think he'll like this one? A priest, a minister, and a rabbi are talking."

I kept telling Garry, "Hey, you know, His Holiness won't get it. He doesn't know from Jewish stuff."

Finally, they met. Garry had the grin of an eight-year-old boy. He was speechless. Just struck dumb in the presence of someone who is that highly developed.

I don't think there was any enlightenment experienced either way.

Garry: "The Dalai and I are the same age. I had a couple of hit sitcoms, but look how well *he* did."

or, under no roof.



There Is No Luxury Without Engineering.

7/70
For information, please call
1-800 4A CHRYSLER
Available at your Chrysler Plymouth Dealer

Chrysler

GARRY REMEMBERS Meeting the Dalai Lama was, for me, very spiritual. I actually got to shake hands with him. It's hard to describe what it's like, but you meet him and you realize you're not in the presence of just a guy.

Richard introduced me to him by saying, "This is Garry. He makes people laugh." The Dalai has a nice sense of humor. He did some jokes in his speech, made a few amusing remarks. He doesn't do shtick.

I didn't know what to say. My inner thoughts at the time were, He and I are the exact same age. Look how well he did. I had a couple of hit sitcoms, but look how well *he* did.

MICHAEL EISNER *Ran Paramount in the Happy Days–Mork & Mindy–Laverne and Shirley years, now head of Disney, producer of Pretty Woman, he has placed Garry's director's chair in the backstage exhibit at the Disney/MGM theme park in Orlando, Florida.* Garry is a naturally serious guy. He's fooled people with his self-deprecating sense of humor. He's a serious practitioner of comedy.

We spent a night in Florida once, and Garry and I got into a discussion in which he gave me this piece of advice. *You should always marry a nurse.* He said nurses are smart. His wife is a nurse. He and his wife never take the same plane. She always travels a plane ahead of him.

GARRY REMEMBERS My wife saved Peter Sellers's life once. He came to the intensive-care unit at Cedars of Lebanon. She's head of that unit. She revived him three times.

The way I met her, I don't drive too well. I didn't drive till I was twenty-eight years old. I grew up in New York. So, there was this woman who lived next door to me, she was very pretty, and she couldn't afford a car. I bought a car, she drove it. We've been married twenty-six years.

CARL REINER He tells wonderful stories. Once, he went to Disneyland with his twelve-, thirteen-year-old daughter and his niece. And Donald Duck, one of those big characters walking around the streets of Disneyland, started talking to the kids, and the kids were talking to the duck, and suddenly Garry notices that the duck is very quietly feeling the girls up.

You have to hear Garry describe it. "They're talking to a duck, everyone thinks they're talking to a duck, but there's a teenage kid in there, with gonads."

"I got real angry, I go up and grab him and start yelling at him. And people start gathering around and they're yelling at me, 'Stop hitting the duck!'"

It's a twelve-minute story.

PERRY MARSHALL Garry has a real talent for finding the heart of a script, the thing you can identify with, the point you have to make. He looks for a moral, for some warmth. Every *Laverne and Shirley* had a little moral in it. He's been accused of pulling at the heartstrings a little too much. But he's always said that you shouldn't be afraid of the sweeter, warmer moments.

GARRY GETS THE LAST WORD May I just throw in one thought? I was reading these articles about all these other directors, Oliver Stone, these other guys, a lot of very neurotic people. I don't think I'm neurotic enough, or maybe I don't talk about it enough. So if you need it, I'm afraid of heights. I don't go up high, I don't go on cranes, I give them a Polaroid, they take the shot, they throw it down to me. That's a little bit of my neurosis. I don't scream and shout. But they say you need it. A lot of things have gone wrong, but mostly whatever happens I'm in a good mood and people don't seem to know that. So here's my craziness: I am too happy most of the time.



What Makes the Perfect Woman?

The editors of Esquire are conducting a poll, the results of which will be published in an upcoming issue. Please take a moment to fill out this form, checking off the one woman who you feel has the best of each attribute. Feel free to write in other suggestions, but no wives, girlfriends, or mothers, please. Send the completed form to Women, c/o Esquire Magazine, 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019

HAIR
- ☐ Kim Basinger
- ☐ Sonia Braga
- ☐ Diandra Douglas
- ☐ Jan Hooks
- ☐ Annie Lennox
- ☐ Judith Martin (aka Miss Manners)
- ☐ Melanie Mayron
- ☐ Susan Sontag

Other: _____

LEGS
- ☐ Jamie Lee Curtis
- ☐ Mary Hart
- ☐ Whitney Houston
- ☐ Florence Griffith Joyner
- ☐ Patti Scialfa
- ☐ Tina Turner
- ☐ Veruschka
- ☐ Meredith Vieira

Other: _____

EYES
- ☐ Isabel Adjani
- ☐ Benazir Bhutto
- ☐ Jodie Foster
- ☐ Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio
- ☐ Linda Ronstadt
- ☐ Isabella Rossellini
- ☐ Elizabeth Taylor
- ☐ Dianne Wiest

Other: _____

BODY
- ☐ Paula Abdul
- ☐ Ann Margret
- ☐ Princess Di
- ☐ Bette Midler
- ☐ Martina Navratilova
- ☐ Michelle Pfeiffer
- ☐ Carolyn Roehm
- ☐ Susan Sarandon

Other: _____

MOUTH
- ☐ Ellen Barkin
- ☐ Edie Brickell
- ☐ Geena Davis
- ☐ Andie MacDowell
- ☐ Liza Minnelli
- ☐ Amanda Pays
- ☐ Sade
- ☐ Carly Simon

Other: _____

NOSE
- ☐ Ann Beattie
- ☐ Sandra Bernhard
- ☐ Melanie Griffith
- ☐ Jane Pauley
- ☐ Diane Sawyer
- ☐ Meryl Streep
- ☐ Barbra Streisand
- ☐ Dionne Warwick

Other: _____

MIND
- ☐ Roz Chast
- ☐ Julia Child
- ☐ Katharine Hepburn
- ☐ Pauline Kael
- ☐ Donna Karan
- ☐ Ann Magnuson
- ☐ Lily Tomlin
- ☐ Anne Tyler

Other: _____

VOICE
- ☐ Lauren Bacall
- ☐ Polly Draper
- ☐ Nanci Griffith
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Julie Kavner
- ☐ Elaine Stritch
- ☐ Kathleen Turner
- ☐ Debra Winger

Other: _____

WARDROBE
- ☐ Tina Brown
- ☐ Raisa Gorbachev
- ☐ Audrey Hepburn
- ☐ Uma Thurman

Other: _____

HISTORY
- ☐ Brigitte Bardot
- ☐ Pamela Des Barres
- ☐ Marianne Faithful
- ☐ Mia Farrow

Other: _____

WALLET
- ☐ Doris Duke
- ☐ Jane Fonda
- ☐ Yoko Ono
- ☐ Oprah Winfrey

Other: _____

HEART
- ☐ Candice Bergen
- ☐ Joan Cusack
- ☐ Melissa Etheridge
- ☐ Joanne Woodward

Other: _____

[illegible]
- ☐ Nora Ephron
- ☐ Shirley MacLaine
- ☐ Marilyn Quayle
- ☐ Tracey Ullman

Other: _____

[illegible]
- ☐ Cindy Crawford
- ☐ Elle MacPherson
- ☐ Madonna
- ☐ Jody Watley

Other: _____

LAUGH
- ☐ Kathie Lee Gifford
- ☐ Meg Ryan
- ☐ Maureen Stapleton
- ☐ Sigourney Weaver

Other: _____

GRIT
- ☐ Cher
- ☐ Nadia Comaneci
- ☐ Chris Evert
- ☐ Holly Hunter
- ☐ Chrissie Hynde
- ☐ Diane Sawyer
- ☐ Dawn Steel
- ☐ Margaret Thatcher

Other: _____



In some circles "turkey" is the highest praise you can bestow.



WILD TURKEY

8 years old, 101 proof, pure Kentucky

TO SEND A GIFT OF WILD TURKEY 101 PROOF ANYWHERE* CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP *EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. ALC. BY VOL. 50.5%. AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. © 1989

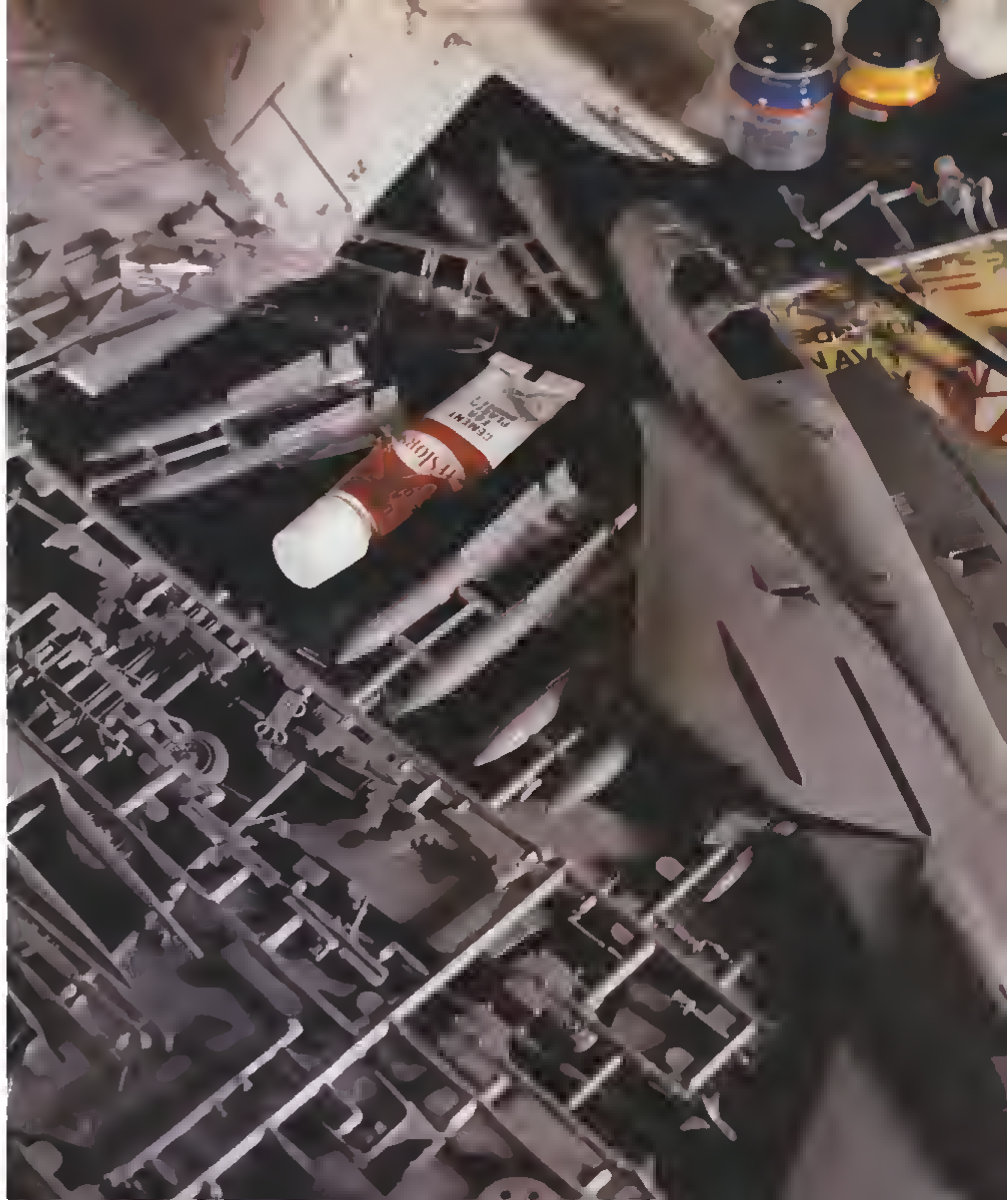
PASSIONS

WAR AND PIECES

YOU DON'T NEED GLUE. • Of course, you don't need a set of paints, or airbrush equipment, or jewelers' files, forceps, or a pin vise; you don't need to know the variations of camouflage adopted by the F-5E Tiger II 527th Aggressor Squadron at Alconbury from 1976 through 1988, or know, indeed, anything at all about war or history or military hardware; you don't need to harbor aggressive thoughts toward enemies abroad or at work. But a simple *tube of glue*, at the very least, might seem necessary for any appreciation of the plastic-model-airplane kit. And, in fact, some minimal grade-school exposure to glue, or "cement," as the snivelingly technical prefer to call it, does perhaps constitute the indispensable first step toward the attainment of those later, simple, nonpolymerized pleasures of modeling that form the subject of this article. Certainly glue, especially during those long summer afternoons in the late Sixties and early Seventies, before oil of mustard was added to the recipe to discourage any direct attempts at mood alteration, was very nice stuff. When you tweaked off the dried wastrel from an earlier session and applied a gentle pressure to the Testor's tube, a brand new Steuben-grade art-glob of cooling poison would silently ensphere itself at the machined metal tip, looking, with its sharp gnomonic surface highlights and distilled, vodkal interior purity, like a self-contained world of incorruptible mental concentration, the voluptuously pantographed miniaturization of the surrounding room and the artist's rendering on the Monogram box top and the half-built fighter itself and the hands that now reached to complete it, and as the smell of this pellucid solvent, suggestive of impossible Mach numbers and

Mayday! Zero at 12 o'clock! We took one in the decal! We're going down!

BY NICHOLSON BAKER



BRIAN HAGIWARA

rarefied atmospheres and limitless congressional funding, drove away any incompatible carbon-based signals of hunger or human frailty, you felt as if your head had somehow gained admission to and submerged itself within that growing globule of formalism and fine motor skills. When you held a pair of halved components tightly together for ten minutes, glaring at them, *willing* the tiny pins where you had dolloped glue to turn to toffee and then permanently join their complementary sockets, you weren't worried by, you even welcomed, the bead that often reemerged along the seam as evidence of the static force of your grip, and you waved the subassembly around to speed its drying, in this way "flying" each wheel or pitot tube or stabilator separately in order to extract its unique contribution to overall airworthiness before you united it with the Spartan society of the fuselage. Glue was the jet fuel of 1/72 scale—inflammable, icy, dangerous. Its consequence wasn't speed itself but the appreciation of speed—an idea that needed to be pieced together slowly over hours of chair bound, stiff necked application, until vibration and afterburners and the sense of being almost out of control all rotated and mapped themselves onto an alternative imaginary dimension in which they were represented by delicacy, an out-of-focus desert of newsprint, the weightless reflection of a watch crystal across a high wall, and a large whitish thumbprint permanently imprinted on green plastic.

Yes, glue was good and helpful in its place, but we must now put it aside. For who has the kind of time it takes to *build* plastic models? Eight years ago, during a time of sharp professional disappointment, I bought an MPC '57 Chevy—A GREAT GASSER WITH A FLIP UP FRONT END! read the box copy—with the idea that in putting it together I would pull myself together, since I was a '57, too. The kit cost about as much as a trade paperback, and would have required roughly the same number of hours to finish, but it would have bypassed the verbal lobe completely, a promise not all trade paperbacks can truthfully make. Yet it sits before me now, unbuilt, "mint in box," as collectors say. For some years I justified the failure on the grounds that I had never liked building model cars as much as building model airplanes (the discount drugstore had only model cars for sale that afternoon)—but in the past several weeks I have bought Monogram's USAF F-101B Voodoo and Soviet MiG-29 Fulcrum (both made in the USA), Revell's F-15A Eagle and Israeli F-21 Kfir (both made in Japan), Revell's Soviet Sukhoi-27 Flanker (made in Korea), Revell's B-2 Stealth Advanced Technology Bomber (made in the USA), DML's combined B-2 and F-117A Stealth kits (made in Hong Kong), Hasegawa's Kfir C2 and F-14A Atlantic Fleet Squadrons and MiG-29 Fulcrum (all three made in Japan), AMT's F-14A Tomcat (made in Italy), Lindberg's X-3 Stiletto (made in USA), and Testor's Tomcat and MiG-29 (Italy and Japan, respectively), plus a few others—$211 worth of intercontinental plastic from three retail establishments—and though I have very much enjoyed opening the boxes and I have even made Canon photocopies recording exactly how each box's contents looked when I lifted its top for the first time, I have built none of these aircraft. But now at least I know why.

The reason is simply that, despite the compensating attractions of glue, the activity of model construction goes to its final rest in one's memory as a long, gradual disappointment. You think deludedly that you want to own the finished thing, joined, puttied, painted, decaled, and set under glass in a diorama made of bits of bon-mounted sponge and distressed Kleenex. But what you really want is to own, say, the Monogram MiG-29 kit at the apex of its visual complexity, where it can stimulate every rod and cone of your craftsmanly ambition, before it has been harmed by the X-acto knife and things have been bonded in permanent darkness within other things, when both lateral aspects of each three-dimensional component, numbered for quick reference, hang symmetrically and simultaneously available to the eye in an arrangement of rectilinear runners and fragile jointure as fully intricate and beautiful as the immense wrought-iron gates that protect the fabled treasures residing in the Armorer's Chamber of the Kremlin.

Despite the compensating attractions of glue, the activity of model construction goes to its final rest as a long, gradual disappointment.

Straight from the store, these kits are museums: Kremlins and Smithsonians of the exploded view, wherein you may fully and rapturously attend to a single airplane, which exists pianally, neatly espaliered, arranged not by aerodynamic or military function but by the need for an orderly flow of hot plastic through the polished cloisters of the mold in which it was formed—the largest and tiniest pieces nearest the *sprue*, or point of injection, the middle-size pieces farther away, where they will successfully fill with a lesser fluid impulse. Nothing is hidden on these architectures, all the complex curves of wings and tailpieces are there, but everything is "straightened up," as a hotel maid rationalizes the top of a bedside table simply by putting all the disjecta at right angles, throwing nothing away, one gazes and thinks less of air-to-air combat than of those alluring ads for closet organizers or for garment bags fitted with highly specialized pockets. A pilot, adroitly sliced in two, headless, awaits recomposition in one crowded narthex. The elegant landing gear, twice as impressive

Nicholson Baker *is the author of* The Mezzanine *and of* Room Temperature, *to be published in April by Grove Weidenfeld. This is his first piece for Esquire.*



as the real thing, is on view in the south transept. Some of the pieces don't even offer up their final disposition at first glance. The truth—that they are relatively unconvincing bits of cockpit decor, or segments of a petty canard—would only cause unhappiness were you actually to engage with the kit and demonstrate its necessary unfaithfulness to the real fighter. "It's real because it's Revell" was the manufacturer's tag in the years I was building them, but the realism, I now realize, delights most piercingly when it is taken on faith.

The box, then, is the basilica of the unbuilt. You never quite rid yourself of the illusion that you will want to build it as soon as you find a suitable chunk of time. Meanwhile you are content to wander these rooms of imaginary hobbyistic space with the indefinitely postponed intention of deacquisitioning their contents and leaving their mounts as raw and wanting as stems plucked free of after dinner grapes. The kit is informationally richer than the completed plane. Yet *richer still* is the mold from which the kit limply falls, pushed out from the hand-finished, water-cooled steel cavities by a forest of long ejector pins. From this vantage, the model kit becomes the middle term, the precious domestic intermediary between the technology of injection molding and the technology of air defense. And if the injection molding presses, the sophisticated Van Dorns of the older Cincinnati Milacrons at the Revell/Monogram factory in Morton Grove, Illinois—machines the size of locomotives, capable of animating a few hot cupfuls of viscous gray plastic into palmate arrangements of engine cowlings and smooth leading edges and external stores (that is, bombs and missiles) and a fiorituta of rivet heads every half minute or so—if these massive presses had cockpits, the model enthusiast would perhaps more appropriately recline here, enthroned in the pacific din of high-volume toy manufacturing, rather than in the Kfir's or Voodoo's or Tomcat's ejector seat. Fighter planes are fussy and expensive to maintain, but with oil and minimal tinkering, injection-molding machines will, in the words of Dan Burden, Revell/Monogram's plant manager, "just run forever." The aim of the Pratt & Whitney jet engine is to generate thrust with a spinning turbine; the aim of the Van Dorn is to move plastic along a rotating horizontal screw and force it to submit to precise-ranged detail with a minimum of flashing. The outcome of the Pratt & Whitney is turbulent exhaust and scattered applause at air shows; the outcome of the dutiful tonnage of the Cincinnati Milacron is a better preadolescent brain. (Hasegawa, the high-end Japanese manufacturer, includes, in a kit entirely devoted to U.S. guided bombs and rocket launchers, this educational word to parents: "It is reported that building plastic model kits improves a child's capability in understanding and in patience. Moving fingers helps his brain grow faster.") The aerobatic F-15A Eagle can exceed the speed of sound in a vertical climb (at least that's what Revell's instructions claim); the arobotic Cincinnati Milacron sits immovably anchored to a rubber shock pad in a hangar full of its hulking, squirting confetees, slowly depreciating, ministered to by taciturn women who, but for their safety glasses, might have been milkmaids in another life. The plastic model you buy at the store is poised between these two rival poles of might, military-industrial and civilian-industrial. Its alliances are unsettled, the cozy homage it pays to lethal force is part of its attraction.

And now, with this mention of homage, we arrive, full of hushed deference, before the large blue box that holds the Stealth B-2 Bomber. Revell's version ($22.99 at Toys 'R' Us) is molded, quite rightly, in black plastic, and comes shrouded in a plastic sack with a prominent warning in French and English about the danger of suffocation. The full-scale Stealth is beautiful from a distance, although in a worrisomely Transylvanian sort of way. It is reportedly the result of astounding advances in computer-aided design and manufacturing processes. But unfortunately, its continuous curves and unmitigated blackness and seamless absorbent coating do not seem to make for a satisfying scale model. Perhaps the reason is that the real Stealth, so completely the result of composite-molding machinery, itself too closely approximates the fluent, impressionable greatness of molded styrene for the model to exhibit sufficiently the capacity of its medium to mimic other materials and textures. It isn't the kit-maker's fault that the B-2 is so maddeningly smooth, that its featurelessness soaks up the eager radar of the visual sense and sends little back. The Cold War has moved from the upper atmosphere of spy photography to the wind tunnel, and aerodynamic drag has effectively replaced the Soviet Union as the infinitely resourceful enemy. But drag, unwelcome though it is to the airplane designer, is everything to the plastic-model enthusiast, because drag means rivets, odd bumps, holes, wires, hinges, visible missiles, sensors, gun blisters—all those encrustations that inspire study, and make imitation (in all-time best-selling models like the Monogram Mustang P-51 fighter) tricky enough to be worthwhile. And this consideration, oddly enough, may finally be the most compelling argument against the B-2 program. The Bomber may represent an act of industrial will more impressive than anything since World War II, it may indeed have genius and patents and spin-off potential in every undulant inch; but it doesn't at this moment look as if it will ever fill the demanding hobbyist with delight when he opens the box. And the fulfillment of this single requirement, after all, given the inevitable shift away from vengeance and toward ornament that is the principal effect of history, is the B-2's only long-term reason for being.

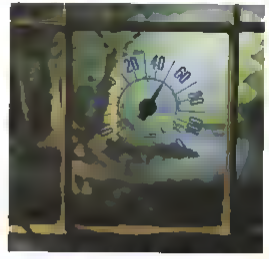
The Stealth B-2 Bomber doesn't at this moment look as if it will ever fill the demanding hobbyist with delight when he opens the box.

But if, on the other hand, Revell/Monogram offered a 1:48 model of the automated tape-lamination machine that Northrop has designed to manufacture the composite materials that are molded into its plane, I would sit up very quickly. There's a kit I would buy *and* build. Ah, and now the regressive vision rises up before me—a whole Revell/Monogram "Factory Floor" series, marketed along the lines of the "Yeager Super Fighters" series, with Eli Whitney giving the thumbs-up sign on the box in place of the craggy test pilot: authentic scale replicas of great production lines from new and mature industries around the world. And the masterpiece of this urgently needed set of kits, the one that would exact an unprecedented level of artistry from the talented mold-makers in Morton Grove—who follow, incidentally, a set of milestones similar to major wedding anniversaries, from paper drawings, through lovely overscale basswood forms, carved and sanded with Ruskinian care and thrown out once their shape has been captured in epoxy, to the final jubilee of steel molds, engraved and polished by adepts in Windsor, Canada, or in Hong Kong (where the machinists, according to one mold-layout engineer, have an especially "soft touch" with airplane likenesses)—the final masterpiece of the series would have to be a superbly detailed, vintage 1979 Cincinnati Milacron injection press, complete with warning decals, rotating screw, and a fully removable mold block ready to produce two MiG 29s a minute around the clock. When production of the toy began, and the real twelve-ton machine began to sigh and kick onto its conveyor belt a model of itself—in this way manufacturing not another unbuilt airplane but the unbuilt tool responsible for all unbuilt airplanes—we would be witness to one of the greatest moments in the age of plastic. And by inciting later generations of avid glue users to acknowledge the intellectual satisfactions of process engineering early enough for any potential fanaticisms in this direction to take permanent hold, we might also find that in passing we had done something small but helpful toward reversing the industrial collapse of the United States.

Until this millennium comes, however, we must be content to collect the airplane kits themselves, shaking them tentatively, making copies of them in the box, tactfully inspecting their rougher undersides, browsing their multilingual directions, and then piling them in the closet undisturbed. ◘

READ OUTDOOR TEMPERATURES FROM INSIDE!

Our Windowpane Thermometer makes it so easy to learn the temperature out of doors from the comfort of your home. Simply press it on the outside of your window and you're done. No more squinting at tiny numbers and a thin column of mercury. This thermometer's big blue numerals and large pointer will tell you the temperature at just a glance. The 7" dial will fit almost any windowpane and since it's made of transparent plastic you view of the outdoors is not obstructed. It simultaneously gives you readings from −60° F to 120° F and −50° C to 50° C. No tools or adhesives are necessary, so it's easy to move for repositioning or when washing windows. Each Windowpane Thermometer is **just $8.95** plus $2.00 for shipping, handling and insurance (total, $10.95 each). It's perfect for your own home or as gifts all year round.



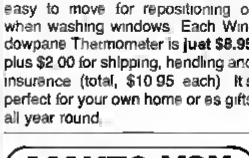
HOW TO ORDER. Send a check or money order (no cash, please) payable to **H.M. SPECIALTIES** for $10.95 for each Windowpane Thermometer you want ($8.95 + $2. for shipping, handling, and insurance). On a separate piece of paper, PRINT the name and address, including ZIP code, that you want the Windowpane Thermometer(s) sent to. Please be sure to include the department code shown below. Send your payment and your order information to:

H.M. SPECIALTIES, Dept. EQWP 030,
P.O. Box 1117, Radio City Station,
New York, NY 10101

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order. Orders outside continental U.S. will take up to six weeks by Parcel Post.

The Hearst Corporation 250 W. 55 St., NY, NY 10019

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER



SIZES 5-11
WIDTHS B-EEE
FINE MENS' SHOES

Looks just like an ordinary shoe, except hidden inside is an innermold which increases your height almost two inches. Choose from a wide selection of ELEVATORS® including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Exceptionally comfortable.** Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look taller in no time.

TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810

ELEVATORS®

RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. ES03
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

Enter Free!

Poetry Contest

SACRAMENTO — A $1,000 grand prize is being offered in World of Poetry's New Poetry Contest, open to everyone. *Some 200 prizes are being offered, totaling over $15,000!*

The deadline for entering is April 14, 1990. Winners will be notified by May 2.

Says Editor & Publisher John Campbell: "Even if you have written only one poem, or have never entered a poetry contest before, this is your big chance. I want this contest to help me discover new poets!"

To enter, send poem 21 lines or less.

WORLD OF POETRY
2431 Stockton Blvd., Dept. ESQ
Sacramento, California 95817

Poem Title _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/ZIP _____

Keep copies as no poems can be returned.

The Esquire CATALOG PORTFOLIO

1



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

FOREIGN LANGUAGE SELF-INSTRUCTIONAL BOOK/CASSETTE COURSES Choose from 190 courses in 56 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers and "No Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32 page catalog, **$1.00**, refundable with order.

2



BARNES AND NOBLE serving book lovers since 1873 brings you hundreds of book bargains, current paperbacks, rare/out of print editions, records/tapes and videocassettes at savings of up to 80% off publisher's prices. **$1.00**

3



THE COCKPIT catalogue has clothing for every adventure! Leather and sheepskin bomber jackets, "vintage" raider jackets, flight suits, khakis, RAF boots and gloves, aviation gifts and accessories! Great clothing & gift ideas. In N.Y.C. visit our store at 595 Broadway, 212 925 5455. In L.A. at 9609 Santa Monica Blvd., 213 274 6900. Year's subscription **$3.00**

4

EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG

EXPRESS MUSIC is the first complete record store in a catalog. Over 200 pages! Finally, quick, home delivery of any music you want from the world's largest record, tape and CD guide. Toll-free phone service too! Subscription includes 12 months of updates of latest releases and monthly specials. First issue includes $50.00 in discount coupons. 1 year **$6.00** (refundable with first order).

5

THE FOLIO SOCIETY

THE FOLIO SOCIETY, founded in 1947, is England's leading publisher of finely printed books with colourful bindings, illustrations and slipcases. Classic and modern masterpieces of history, memoirs, travel, fiction, poetry and humour—unusual treasures for readers and collectors, exclusively from Folio. Send for colour prospectus, with valuable free edition offered.

6

GUCCI

GUCCI Catalogue subscription. Over the course of a year, you will receive seasonal catalogues featuring highlights from our collection of classic fashion, leathergoods, gifts and accessories. One year **$6.00**.

7



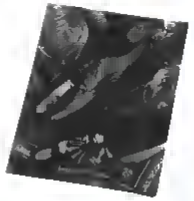
IMPERIAL WEAR EXTRA LARGE. EXTRA TALL. The finest in designer menswear in Extra Large/Extra Tall Sizes. Burberry's, Lanvin, Halston, Bill Blass, Bally. **FREE** catalogue. 48 West 48th St. New York 10036 212 719-2590

8



INTERNATIONAL MALE® Contemporary European and American sportswear. The latest men's fashions, the most happening designers—plus a unique selection of active and underwear. **$2.00** subscription, refundable with first order.

9



FOGG BOOSTON & MURPHY® CATALOG From the comfort of home stroll through pages and pages of our luxurious hand crafted footwear, belts, briefcases, ties and other fine accessories. 1-800-424-2854

The Esquire CATALOG PORTFOLIO

10

JOHN FIELDS BOW TIES
WRITE FOR CATALOG
P.O. BOX 404, KENWOOD, CA 95452 800-654-2006

JOHN FIELDS BOW TIES. The bow tie lovers' catalog offers a selection of over 100 silk and imported non-silk fabrics in traditional, modern and custom for those who desire the unique. Send **$1.00** for our full color 1990 catalog or call 1 800 654 2006

11



OPEN AMERICA® Beyond-basic sportswear with an upbeat twist. Natural fabrics. Exciting colors. Sophisticated, modern and fun—now available in Big & Tall sizes as well. **$2.00** subscription, refundable with first order.

12

JRT

JAMES RIVER TRADERS—Spring catalog features sportswear and career clothing styled for the successful Man and Woman. They're the kind of clothes that keep pace with the way you live today. Always correct. Undeniably JRT. Color catalog **$2.00**

13

REI®

OUTDOOR GEAR AND CLOTHING. The best for hikers, cyclists and others. Satisfaction guaranteed. **FREE REI** catalog! Call toll free: 1-800-426-4840 operator #10. Or write: REI, Dept. #N10, P.O. Box 88127, Seattle, WA 98138-2127.

14

Saks Fifth Avenue

From **SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**...the best of the best is showcased in Folio. Presenting all that is new and exciting in fashion and accessories for ladies, men and children. You will find shopping via mail or phone through Folio to be the pleasure and convenience you expect from SFA. Now enjoy a season's subscription to beautiful catalogs for only $5.00 (U.S. addresses only, please)

15

SHEPLERS
THE WORLD'S LARGEST WESTERN STORES AND CATALOG

SHEPLERS Western Apparel for Men and Women. BOOTS • BELTS • BUCKLES • JEANS • SLACKS • HATS • SPORTCOATS • SUITS • OBSESSES • TOPS • JEWELRY • GIFTS • ACCESSORIES. Send for a **FREE** catalog today!

16

Shop the World by Mail

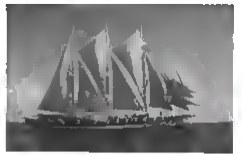
YOUR PASSPORT TO THE WORLD! Over 100 English language foreign catalogs from 25 countries plus wonderful merchandise. Purchase DIRECT at outstanding savings from factories and retail shops in England, France, Germany, Hong Kong, Italy, Spain, Thailand, etc. 48 page color catalog **$4.00** ($8 foreign).

17



THE UNDERGEAR® CATALOG. From basic black to wild neon, THE UNDERGEAR® CATALOG has it all! Over 36 color pages of the very latest workout and fitness wear, plus professional high performance competition gear. Also, a complete selection of European and American loungewear, briefs, bikinis and boxers. Absolutely the finest. **$1.00** subscription refundable with order.

18



Windjammer Barefoot Cruises LTD.

WINDJAMMER BAREFOOT CRUISES to remote Caribbean Islands for the barefoot traveler with a spirit of adventure! Sail on yachts once owned by Onassis, Vanderbilt and E. F. Hutton. Six days from $675.00. Adventure booklet. **FREE.**

INDULGENT THE SENSE OF REMY.

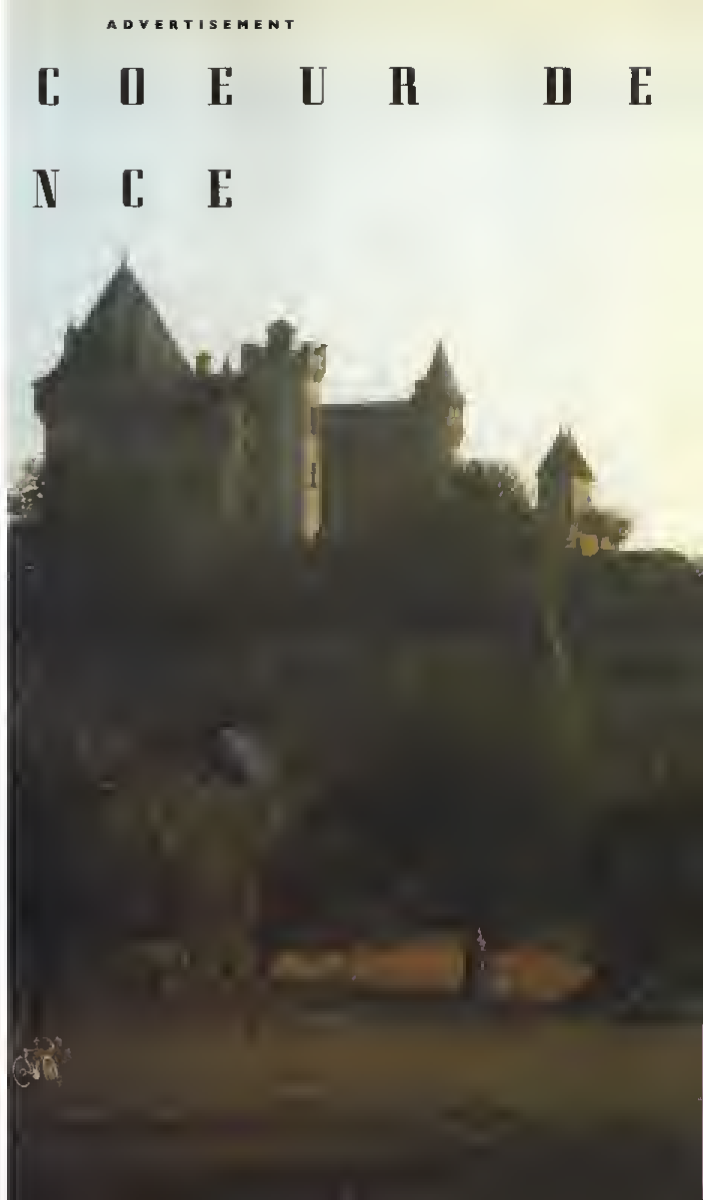
REMY MARTIN
Rémy Martin
COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC

Rémy

ADVERTISEMENT

LE COEUR DE FRANCE

Like a lot of people, I love to travel, but I hate feeling like a tourist. Driving around with a carful of maps and cameras looking for bargains and photo opportunities can be a lot of fun, it's true, but looking at life through the windshield of a car going sixty miles an hour makes me feel like an outsider. I want to *have* adventures, not watch them on television. ■ As luck would have it, I was telling some sympathetic friends about my feelings, and they barely let me finish describing my problem before they started hollering the solution. "Take a bike trip," they cried. "It's the best way to see the countryside." Then they proceeded to describe the joys of cycling tours. ■ On a bike you aren't really a tourist, a passive observer, they said. You're part of the scene, experiencing life through every pore. Going ten miles an hour instead of sixty, you have time to listen



ADVERTISEMENT

to the birds, smell the trees, feel the wind in your hair—or at least in your helmet. You can have long soulful talks with cows. You can eat well without feeling even remotely guilty. And if you go on a Travent International tour, they explained with knowing smiles, you don't have to carry your luggage. ■ Sold. I packed my bags, watched *Breaking Away* for luck, dusted off my high school French (I figured I'd be fine as long as I stuck to talking about the weather), and made my way, via plane, to Paris and a train ride to Brive, in the Dordogne Valley, there to spend a week on a bike.

WHY THE DORDOGNE?

I settled on France largely because I'd just seen a couple of Isabelle Huppert movies. I chose the Dordogne Valley (the area east of Bordeaux in southern France that's also called Perigord) because I had never been there and because it's supposed to have great scenery, wonderful food, and the richest history of all the regions of France. I'm sure I would have been happy taking any one of Travent's five other French tours: Provence, Burgundy and Beaujolais, Champagne and Alsace, Normandy, and the Loire Valley—but I like the sound of winding rivers, stone villages, cliffside castles, truffles, cave paintings, walnut trees, and geese. I was sure that Isabelle Huppert would like all that, too.



MY BIGGEST FEAR

I don't mind admitting that I was concerned about having the physical stamina to make the trip (if you think I'm some kind of aerobic wonder jock, you have a lot to learn about freelance writers), but I shouldn't have worried. Neither should you, provided you're not a complete slug. If you're moderately active in real life—I play tennis once a week and jog occasionally—you'll make out just fine. You'll do even better if you do some preparation. Travent says you can prevent second-day soreness by riding a bike once a week, about ten to fifteen miles each time, for the four weeks leading up to the trip. A real bike is best, but in a pinch, a stationary bike will do. ■ My group had some tortoises, some hares, and many in between. Each day's suggested routes—there are usually three, which cover anything from fifteen to forty miles and may take up to five hours—allow for this. Dyed-in-the-wool duffers take their time, overachievers get their endorphins moving, and everyone ends up smiling come dinnertime. ■





The U.S. Ski Team carries a lot of prestige around the world. But it doesn't carry American Express.



Visa. The exclusive credit card of the U.S. Ski Team.

VISA

It's Everywhere You Want To Be.

© Visa U.S.A. Inc. 1989

The terrain of the Dordogne is full of surprises, but *moderately hilly* is a pretty fair overall description. Good cycling technique, especially an intimate knowledge of the lower gears, can make the going easier. So can getting off your bike and walking, which I did a number of times. If resting wounds your pride, pretend you're taking a picture or checking out the geese.

THE BIKE

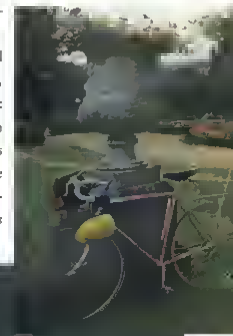
I speak bicycle about as well as I speak French. I don't know the first thing about "gear inches" and "chro-moly frames." Fortunately, the Traverse tour leaders do, and when it was time for me to make some important choices—Do I want the 12-speed Nishiki touring bike or the 18-speed all-terrain bike? Upright or dropped handlebars?—they took me through it step by step. They also customized my bike, making sure, for example, that my seat, with its anatomically designed touring saddle, was set at the right height (most people keep them too low) and that I knew how to use all the gears. ■ They also provided accessories: rear view mirror, luggage rack, water bottle and cage, handlebar cushions, lightweight helmet, toe clips (optional), and an easily detachable handlebar bag, in which I took to carrying my passport, camera and extra film, sunglasses, map, rain gear, sunblock, Swiss army knife (that way I had a corkscrew handy at all times), and a guidebook. I'll never make fun of the contents of a woman's purse again.

OTHER GEAR

All luggage is transported in the Traverse van, so you can bring along as much as you like on these trips. Even so, I like to travel light. I took only the minimum in the way of clothing. For daytime, that meant short-sleeved shirts, a sweatshirt and sweatpants, padded cycling shorts (the baggy kind, which double as walking shorts), a bathing suit, lightweight rain gear, and padded cycling gloves. (You'll notice how the word *padded* keeps cropping up.) I splurged on some spiffy new cycling shoes, but the walking shoes I left at home would have served me just as well. "Elegant but relaxed" is how the ambience in most hotel dining rooms is described in the Dordogne. I wore a sport coat and tie every night, but many men felt comfortable without a tie.

THE COMPANY YOU KEEP

Speaking of the other men leads me to mention my second biggest fear, that of getting trapped with a bunch of people with whom I had—how shall I say this?—irreconcilable differences. (It's possible I've read too many Agatha Christie novels or seen too many episodes of *Gilligan's Island*.) Not true. The twenty people in my group (groups can be as small as fifteen and never bigger than twenty-four) were half men, half women, ranging in age from early thirties to mid-sixties. Two-thirds of them were couples. Most had a profession of some sort—we had a developer, a doctor, and a ski instructor, among others—and it seemed to me that everyone had something to contribute when we got together. During the day most of us headed our separate ways, but at night we were ready for some camaraderie and spirited conversation recounting the day's adventures.





Photography Courtesy of Travers International

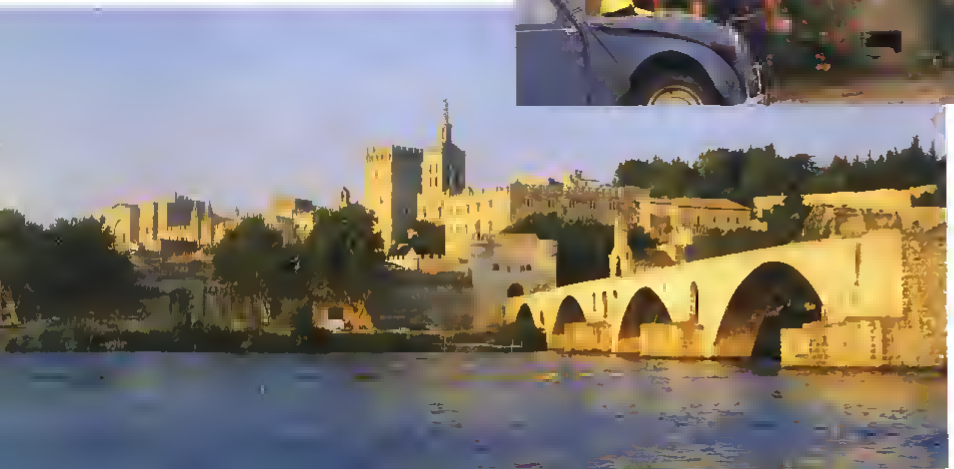
"YOU'RE NOT LOST YOU'RE JUST EXPLORING"

Every Travent cycling trip has two leaders—one on a bike, one driving the van—and their job description must be something to behold. Tour guide, translator, trainer, bike mechanic, archaeologist, gastronome, raconteur, medic, and luggage handler—those are just some of their duties. They're busy from before breakfast, when they check our bikes before the day's ride, to night, when they tell us about the after-dinner brandy we're drinking. ■ *ROUTE RAP* Over breakfast every morning we had a "Route Rap," during which our leaders gave us a rundown of the day's suggested activities (usually three bike routes and several points of interest along the way) and made recommendations about how each of us might want to spend the day, depending on our fitness level and what we were in the mood for. On a typical day most of us cycled from 9:30 to noon, stopped somewhere for lunch, cycled for two or three more hours, and returned to the hotel in the late afternoon for a bath/swim/nap. Some cycled only in the morning and spent the afternoons shopping, sunbathing, or cruising around in the van with the leader. Independence is encouraged. All the leaders ask is that we be back in time for dinner. ■ *DIRECTIONS* "More important than a sense of direction is a sense of discovery" was the favorite saying of one of my leaders. Even so, we all set off each day with a highlighted Michelin map, printed route instructions that even a moron could follow ("*12.5 kilometers. Enter Cadoum on D-28. At 12.8 kilometers, stop sign. Continue straight across D-25.*"), and, just in case, the phone number of the hotel where we were going to spend the night. If my sense of discovery got the better of me, I could always call for the van. ■ *THE VAN.* If your grandmother's house had wheels, it would be the Travent van. It's got everything—fruit juice, candy bars, gallons of Evian water, a first-aid kit, and anything you could possibly need to repair a bike. Even more to the point, it has room for you and your bike when the thought of being transported in a motorized vehicle is more appealing than self-propulsion.

ANYWHERE I HANG MY HELMET IS HOME

One of the best things about this whole trip: There was no "If this is Tuesday, it must be Belgium" feeling—no rushing around from place to place. The hotels we stayed in are close together to begin with, and we spent two nights in all but one. That meant we had time to feel at home before moving on. And believe me, I'd be happy to call any one of the four hotels I stayed in home.





Rock Solid.
Market Wise.

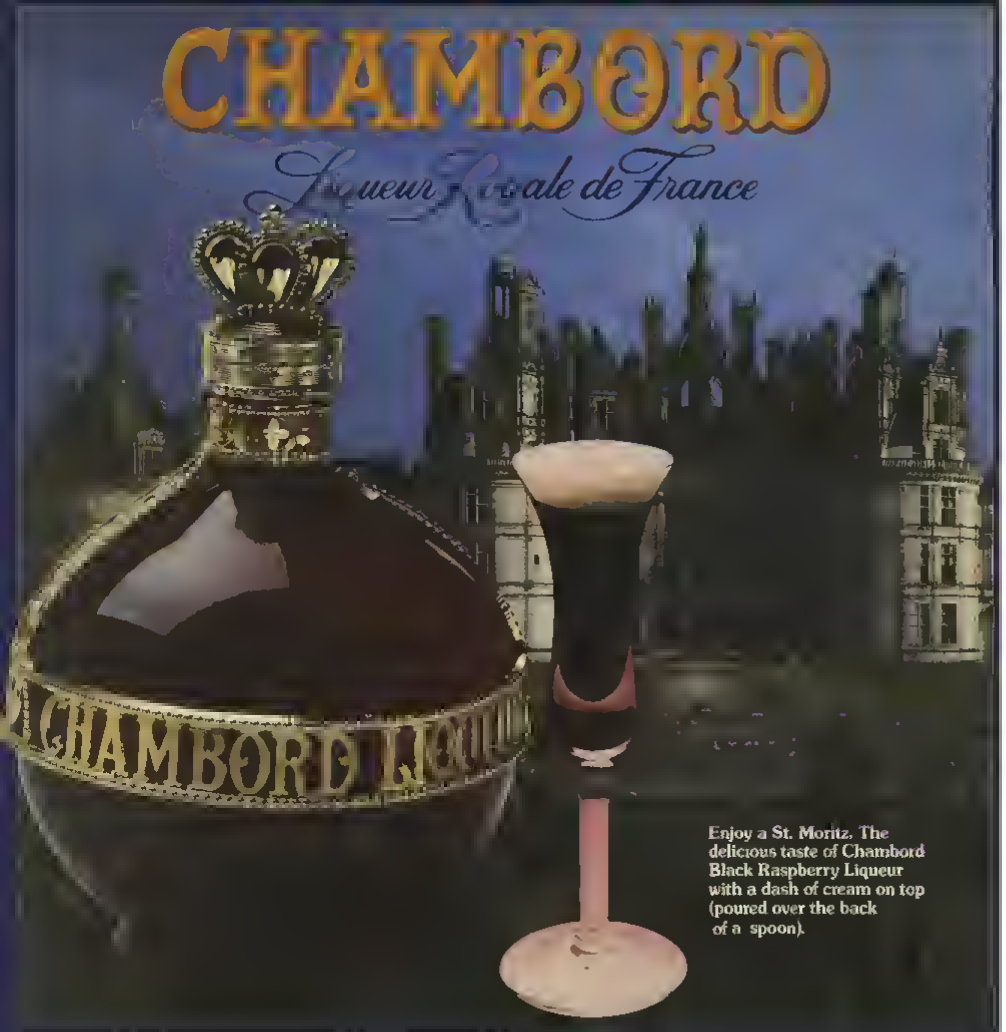
Armed with the resources to help you,
no matter what the investment climate.

Prudential-Bache
Securities®

*Prudential-Bache Securities, Member SIPC. A Subsidiary of The Prudential

CHAMBORD

Liqueur Royale de France



Enjoy a St. Moritz. The delicious taste of Chambord Black Raspberry Liqueur with a dash of cream on top (poured over the back of a spoon).

IN THE GLORIOUS TIME OF KING LOUIS XIV THE NOBILITY OF FRANCE JOURNEYED TO THEIR GREAT CHATEAUX WHERE THEY HAD FEASTS CROWNED BY ELEGANT LIQUEURS. CREATED IN THIS ANCIENT TIME, CHAMBORD IS A MAGNIFICENT LIQUEUR MADE WITH RICH FRAMBOISES NOIRES (SMALL BLACK RASPBERRIES) AND OTHER FRUITS AND HERBS COMBINED WITH DELICIOUS HONEY.

LE CENTENAIRE A lovely manor house/hotel in the charming prehistoric village of Les Eyzies de Tayac, which is the heart of the cave region, Le Centenaire has a swimming pool, a restaurant that rates two Michelin stars, and 50,000-year-old cave paintings only a mile away. Imagining prehistoric people painting reindeer by candlelight does wonders for a person's appetite. ■ *CHÂTEAU DE PUY ROBERT* This romantic countryside castle used to be a private home. Some private home. Its rooms are the largest, most comfortable, most tastefully decorated I've ever laid eyes on. Outside is lovely, too, with the view of the valley behind the hotel and a quiet that's interrupted only by the sound of the birds. ■ *HOTEL DE LA MADELEINE* This lovingly restored 100-year-old hotel is set in the medieval quarter of the sixteenth-century town of Sarlat, a mecca for students of architecture, who can look at turrets, corbeling, and mullioned windows to their hearts' content. Henry Miller called being here "living in a French heaven," and as far as I know, he didn't even have a bike. ■ *CHATEAU DE LA TREYNE* I loved all the hotels we stayed in, but this countryside castle, perched on a cliff 100 feet above the Dordogne River, was my favorite. Can you blame me? After a day of cycling I strolled the gardens, watched my fellow cyclists play tennis, took a refreshing dip, dined by candlelight, and sat in front of the fire in the Louis XIII drawing room. Then I retired to my room, with its tapestries, antiques, and four-poster bed.



OUT OF THE PAST

Even the most casual, untutored tourist can't help but notice that this part of the world positively emanates history. It's hard not to be aware of the past when everywhere you look there are walled towns, glorious Romanesque and Gothic churches, castles, and turreted châteaux. Some of them date back to the thirteenth-century remnants of the Hundred Years War between France and England. (*Confusing Historical Fact.* The war actually lasted for 300 years, until 1453.) ■ All of that is impressive enough for the average American, who thinks nothing of driving 100 miles out of his way to see a 200-year-old house, but you ain't seen nothin' yet. The real history in the Dordogne is underground, in the caves, which were home to Neanderthal man some 60,000 years ago, Cro-Magnon man 20,000 years later, and Magdalenian man 20,000 years after that. The Magdalenian left his indelible mark in the paintings on the walls and ceilings of those caves, and other spectacular archaeological discoveries have been made here as well, such as human and animal skeletons and prehistoric tools made of bone and chipped stone. This area is thought to be the birthplace of *Homo sapiens*. If that's not a tourist attraction, I don't know what is.

FOOD AND DRINK

I'm no great connoisseur of food and wine, but I know what I like, and virtually every single thing I ate during my week in the Dordogne agreed with me. Experts say that what makes the food fabulous here is that it's a cuisine of contrasts, full-flavored yet delicate, with the sophistication of neighboring Bordeaux and a touch of the hearty peasant fare from nearby Auvergne. It's no wonder the highlight of our days was dinner. ■ Breakfast was Continental in the hotel. Come lunchtime, except for a picnic organized by our leaders, we foraged on our own. (Some foraging: I had fresh trout, chicken and *frites*, perfect thin-crusted pizza, and a couple of my own cheese-fruit-baguette picnics.) But dinner was an elaborate affair indeed, consisting of a palate-teaser (the French call it *l'amuse gueule*) and four courses: first course, meat, cheese, and dessert. I'd be happy to recount every meal I had in dizzying detail, but I'll just hit the highlights. ■ *BEST PALATE TEASER*. Hands down, a savory tart (about the size of a silver dollar) of sautéed cèpes (exquisitely tasty mushrooms, unlike anything I've ever had at home) and truffles at the Puy Robert. I could have eaten ten bucks' worth without even breathing hard. ■ *BEST FIRST COURSE*. Le Centenaire's fillets of gently smoked trout and smoked salmon on a bed of leeks braised in compound butter (whipped with chopped fresh coriander, shallots, grainy mustard, finely chopped hazelnuts, and white wine). I also wouldn't turn down Puy Robert's Vegetable Timbale, a ramekin of pureed zucchini, with a little tomato and carrot for color, flavored with pesto and cream, held together with egg yolks, and served with a Cahors sauce. ■ *BEST MAIN COURSE*. Château de la Treyne's grilled duck breast—incredibly flavorful and not at all fatty—sliced at an angle and fanned out on a plate with a sweet-sour sauce made of figs and lemons. The runner-up is the Hotel Madeleine's grilled chicken breast cooked in red wine and fennel. ■ *BEST CHEESE*. Cheese is serious business in France (keep in mind that when you walk into a shop to buy cheese here, they ask you exactly when you plan to eat it) and all restaurants wheel out a cheese trolley after the main course. (*Important Dining Tip*: Always save some red wine for the cheese.) We were offered anywhere from six to fifty (at Le Centenaire) cheeses, made of cow's milk, goat's milk, or sheep's milk, dry or semidry, sharp or not. My all-around favorite: Reblochon. ■ *BEST DESSERT*. I'm not sure I can describe it without bursting into tears. Picture two layers of frozen butter chocolate mousse with a layer of frozen raspberry mousse between them. Now picture me in the Château de la Treyne begging for seconds. Or imagine the Puy Robert's Cahors-poached pear—cut in half, fanned out, decorated with light raspberry rhubarb mousse piping, and garnished with two chocolate leaves. ■ *FOIE GRAS*. As you cooks out there all know, *sauce Périgordine* means one that contains walnut oil, foie gras, and truffles, all of which are local specialties. (As maple syrup is to Vermont, so foie gras is to Périgord.) It's hard to spend any time here without taking a crash course in Foie Gras 101—goose or duck, with or without truffles, *entier* or *en bloc*, washed down with red wine or sauternes. Take it from me—they're all good. ■ *WINES*. The extraordinary wines of Bordeaux get all the press, but the country wines of the Dordogne are not to be missed, either. Three names to remember are Cahors (robust and so dark red it's almost black), Monbazillac (a sauternes-like sweet wine, a perfect complement to foie gras), and Bergerac (white Bergerac is great with the trout of the Dordogne).

SIDE TRIPS

On this kind of trip, the bicycle is a means to an end. Sure, cycling is fun in itself, but even more fun is what it allows you to do. In the Dordogne our bikes gave us unique access to some great field trips, all of which we heard about at our morning Route Rap, a cooking demonstration, a *degustation*, a tour of a private vineyard or a château or a walnut-pressing plant. One day a local guide took us through the cloisters of the 600-year-old Abbey of Cadouin; another day we had a private tour of the Chateau at Beynac, where Richard the Lion Heart was imprisoned; and on yet another day an archaeologist told us about the cave at Font de Gaume. Some days it was tough choosing just one of the three trips described in the morning. ■ In fact, on my last day I decided to throw moderation to the wind and make all three of the trips described in Route



Rapaz to Rocamadour, a thirteenth-century cliffside village, the town of Castelnau, and the Padirac Chasm, a seven-mile-long underground river 328 feet below ground level. That meant cycling about fifty miles and then paddling a canoe for three hours down the Dordogne and back to our hotel. I'd do it again in a minute. ■ One of the events I enjoyed most was the group picnic planned by the leaders. We cycled out into the countryside and asked permission of a very old farmer to spread our blankets on his property. He gave it gladly, and the next thing we knew, his equally old wife joined us, bringing fresh peaches, cherry tarts, some of their "house" wine, and a faded photo album. It was a meal I'll never forget.

SOUVENIRS

I have nothing against shopping, but I didn't do too much this trip—just a couple of handmade baskets, a carved walnut letter-opener, a bottle each of Cahors and Monbazillac, and quite a bit more Reblochon cheese than I or anyone I know will be able to eat in one lifetime. The really good things I brought home from the Dordogne I didn't have to declare when I went through customs, and I don't mean my new, improved gluteal muscles. I'm talking about the important lessons I learned: (1) I can eat record-breaking meals every night without gaining an ounce, provided I exercise all day; (2) when cycling downhill, people have a tendency to drift to the left; and (3) more important than a sense of direction is a sense of discovery. ■ Tensing Norgay, the Sherpa who climbed Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary the first time, talked about the experience by saying, "Some people come and look, look, look. Some people come and see." I think that out there on my bicycle, on the winding roads of the Dordogne Valley, I began to see. I *know* I'm hooked.

WHERE TO FIND OUT MORE

They don't call it Travent International for nothing. In addition to the six bicycle tours in France (the Dordogne, Provence, Burgundy and Beaujolais, Champagne and Alsace, Normandy, and the Loire Valley), Travent offers week-long trips to many other exotic and appealing locales. Their most recent catalog lists tours in Italy (one in Tuscany/Umbria, the other in the Venetian heartland), Holland, Ireland, the Swiss Lakes, and Japan. For more information and a catalog, write or call: Travent International, P.O. Box 305, Waterbury Center, VT 05677. Dept. E. Phone (800)325-3009.



Photography Courtesy of Travent International

THE ART OF COGNAC.



COGNAC. L'ART DE MARTELL.
SINCE 1715

A.D. NANDO MIGLIO PH MARIO TESTINO

options

ALLURE
Philadelphia, PA

CHANINS
Los Angeles, CA

CHARIVARI
New York

SILHOUETTE
Washington, DC

THEODORE MAN
Beverly Hills, CA

Produced and distributed by BYBLOS - Show room New York Tel (212) 2456750

ONCE AROUND THE OLD TOWN

A *PASSEGGIATINA* THROUGH THE CITY'S LIVELIEST QUARTER

Spend the morning nosing around the old masters in the (1) PINACOTECA DI BRERA (Via Brera 28), the museum that gave the bohemian-laroed-bourgeois neighborhood of Brera its name.

Take a late lunch in the postmodern stage set of (2) BIFFI SCALA (Via Filodrammatici 2; reservations, 866651). When the stores reopen at around half past three, spend the afternoon strolling and shopping.

Don't miss (3) NAJ OLEARI (Via Brera 8) to find something for the kids, (4) MEGU (Via Solferino 3) for glitzy costume jewelry, and (5) LO SCARABATTOLO (Via Solferino 14) for antique sporting items.

For a pick-me-up, either make your way to (6) IL GELATAIO DI CORSO GARIBALDI (Corso Garibaldi 40) for home ice cream, or take a bracing *aperitivo* at (7) ENOTECA COTTI (Via Solferino 42).

If your concierge has managed to secure seats at (8) LA SCALA (Piazza Scala; 807041), enjoy your night at the opera. Otherwise, a consoling drink at (9) BAR GIAMAICA (Via Brera 32) is in order.

Either agenda should lead you to dinner with the high-powered crowd in the hushed surroundings of (10) EL TOULA (Piazza Paula Ferrari 6; have the concierge call 870302 to reserve, and come prepared to pay).

If you want to turn up the volume, head over to the after-hours club (11) AGOGA (Via San Marco 33) for a little dancing mixed with Eurostyle lounge scenery.



a menu that's more substantial than the restaurant's name (literally, "the crumb") implies. Go with the popular daily triple pasta combination. Enormous turn-of-the-century glass jars filled with cookies arrive at the table to announce dessert. Via Solferino 25, 655012.

Al Garibaldi. This simple green-and-white, two-room eatery in the Brera thongs with a complex crowd of theater, art, and fashion folk. You might begin with *fazzoletti in crema di basilico*, a noodlelike pasta in a basil cream sauce, or *gnocchi di polenta con fonduta*, cornmeal dumplings and fontina cheese topped with truffles, but don't miss the *insalata di filetto*, crisp, broiled cubes of filet mignon on finely chopped arugula. Viale Monte Grappa 7, 659 8006.

Paper Moon. The place to have a pricey pizza after shopping the Via Montenapoleone and you're fed up with all those truffles. Favorites include *pizza in quattro formaggi*, made with mozzarella, gorgonzola, *taleggio*, and *grana*, and *pizza all'ortolano*, topped with tomato, mozzarella, and seasonal vegetables. Should your pie still prove too humble, have them shave a few truffles on top. Via Baguta 1, 792297.

Don Lisander. The house antipasto of salami and prosciutto and the guinea hen on a bed of radicchio are sparingly cool while dining alfresco in warm weather, when tables spill out into a courtyard overlooking a private garden. The winter setup, in the former chapel of a private palazzo, is just as heartening. Via Manzoni 12/A, 790130.

Biffi. A Milanese favorite: always lively, with hip waiters who know how to be inoffensively personable and food that's consistently good. Everybody orders the *insalata tropicale*. Reservations a must. Via Borgospesso 12, 702572.

Torre di Pisa. One of the first restaurants to open in the Brera, it unfolds in nooks and crannies that smack of old Milan. Have the *crostini*, the *rigatoni alla toscana*, and the *fagotto*, strips of beef rolled with mozzarella and mushrooms or artichokes, depending on the season. An extensive wine list includes the Tuscan favorite Brunello di Montalcino. Via Mercato 26, 874877.

Rikot. Near the San Siro race track, this handsome old place is hung floor-to ceiling with photos of famous horses (one of which gives the place its name) and jockeys. Come here for serious grilling—and the extraordinary antipasto table. Via Cremosano 41, 33001646.

Dalla Zia. Signor Massimo proudly insists on serving *only* Tuscan fare in this rustic locale heavy on the wood. The place is tiny, discreet, and popular, and the food is not for the faint-hearted—from the *ribollita*, the hearty white bean soup, to the tortellini filled with spinach and

---

Dwight V. Gast, *a longtime resident of Italy, is working on a book about Milan.*



A VANITY CHECK

MILAN ISN'T THE FASHION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD FOR NOTHING SO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE TAGGED AN OUT-OF-TOWNER, YOU'VE GOT TO *WORK THAT IMAGE*

GROOMING Like all Italians, the Milanese are big on the *bella figura*. To do as they do, join them for a haircut at BENITO (Via Rovello 1; 879238) and a workout and tanning session at CLUB FRANCESCO CONTI (Via Cerva 4, 70041).

FLAUNTING The Milanese accent on externals derives from an indigenous mix of material possessions and almost obscene self-possession. So *sport* that Missoni sweater, Armani suit, and, yes, even those Succeliati gold baubles, with Italianate self-assurance.

JOGGING Don't worry about *bella figura* in your warm-up suit. A passing look at the *pantani*—Milan's yuppies—who abound in the GIARDINI PUBBLICI will show you that there's no loneliness in long-distance running *alla Milanese*.

WRAPPING And finally, if they still don't think you're a native, flash them the front page! For the polyglot, Milan's daily, *Corriere della Sera*, signals generic Italian. *Il Sole/24 Ore* is the financial journal. *Alfabeta* is a cultural-intellectual review. And *Gazzetta dello Sport*, despite its pink color, is the sports rag.

ricotta and topped with butter and sage, and certainly, the *cinghiale al forno*, or roast wild boar. Reserve. Via Gustavo Fara 5, 6698708 1.

Aimo e Nadia. These Tuscan owners serve up lighter fare, offering inventive dishes like *fiori di zucchini ripieni* (stuffed zucchini flowers), *melanzane con formaggio ed erbe* (eggplant with cheese and herbs), and other concoctions big on fresh ingredients yet refreshingly low on pretense, in a setting to match. Located on the outskirts of town near the industrial fairgrounds, it draws a dedicated clientele of businesspeople and culinary enthusiasts who are willing to go that extra kilometer. Via Montecuccoli 6; 416886.

The Secret City

WITH MORE TIME, YOU MIGHT DISCOVER THESE YOURSELF

Palazzi. Unlike other Italian cities, Milan hides many of its architectural riches behind closed doors. Take a discreet peek inside the walls of the palaces that line the streets, and you'll be rewarded with staircases, courtyards, porticoes, and gardens that rival anything you'll see (or *not* see) at La Scala.

Panmitteche. Milan's elegant answer to fast-food chainery. These prolific eateries offer hundreds of imaginative varieties of *panini*, the sandwiches that spawned a youth culture of *paninari*, mall rebels Italian-style, who hang out in *panmotteche* dressed as preppy Americans.

Trams. Milan's most desirable streetcar is the 1500 model, designed in 1927, with varnished wooden seats and art-nouveau lamps. And still the most romantic way of getting where you want to go or just going along for a ride.

Navigli. The place to venture to if you hit any one place outside of downtown. The last remnants of the network of canals (*navigli*) that once ran throughout the city, its streets now abound with funky shops and cafes, and are the site of antique fairs and flea markets on Saturdays.

Acquisitions

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO MEN AND FRIENDS

Fashion. Is Milan sartorial heaven? Is the pope Catholic? Italian designers from Armani to Zegna shine as brightly as ever on and around Via Montenapoleone.

Food. The most extensive food emporium for grazing and gift buying in Italy is Peck. Stop by the main shop, Gastronomia Peck (Via Spadari 9), for olives, olive oil, dried mushrooms, and sun-dried tomatoes. Nearby are its specialized spin-offs—wine at Bottega del Vino (Via Victor Hugo 4), cheese at Casa del Formaggio (Via Speronari 3), and delicatessen items at Rosticceria (Via Cantu 3).

Drink. The city's best selection of wines and grappas is available at Enoteca Solci, Via Morosini 19.

Design. Bone up on Italian design at the bookstore Libreria Salto, Via Visconte di Modrone 18. Buy up the latest examples for home and office at High-Tech, Corso Porta Ticinese 77.



Foreign Exchange

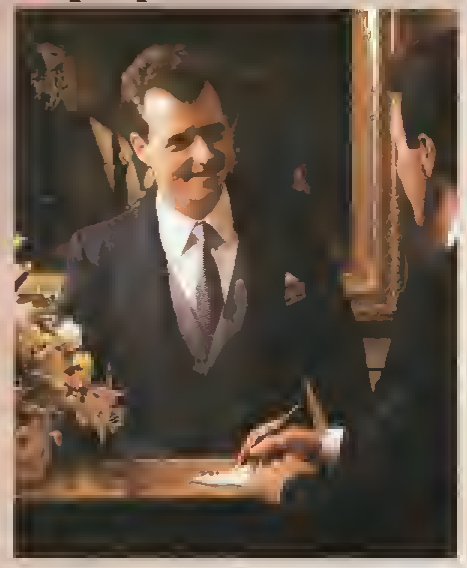
ONE THOUSAND LIRE

You'll find a thousand uses for a thousand-lire note. It's a generous tip for the taxi driver. Given the bulking one the each bag (1,500 for a single bag). For the maid, leave one each day of your stay.

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS
Caring. Comfortable. Civilized.

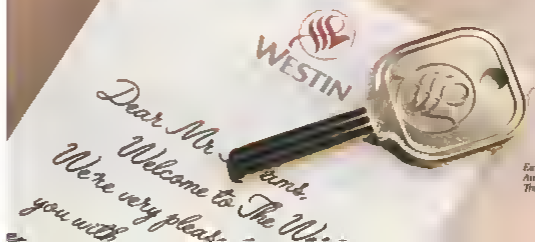
A hotel is only as special as its people care to make it.

Even the grandest hotel takes on a human face at check in. Hence, the people of Westin, worldwide, are mindful of the fact that no stay can be considered successful until we've registered with our guests. The key to which is attentive, personalized service throughout each hotel, in a manner uniquely caring, comfortable, civilized.



Robert Radlach
The Westin Canal Place, New Orleans

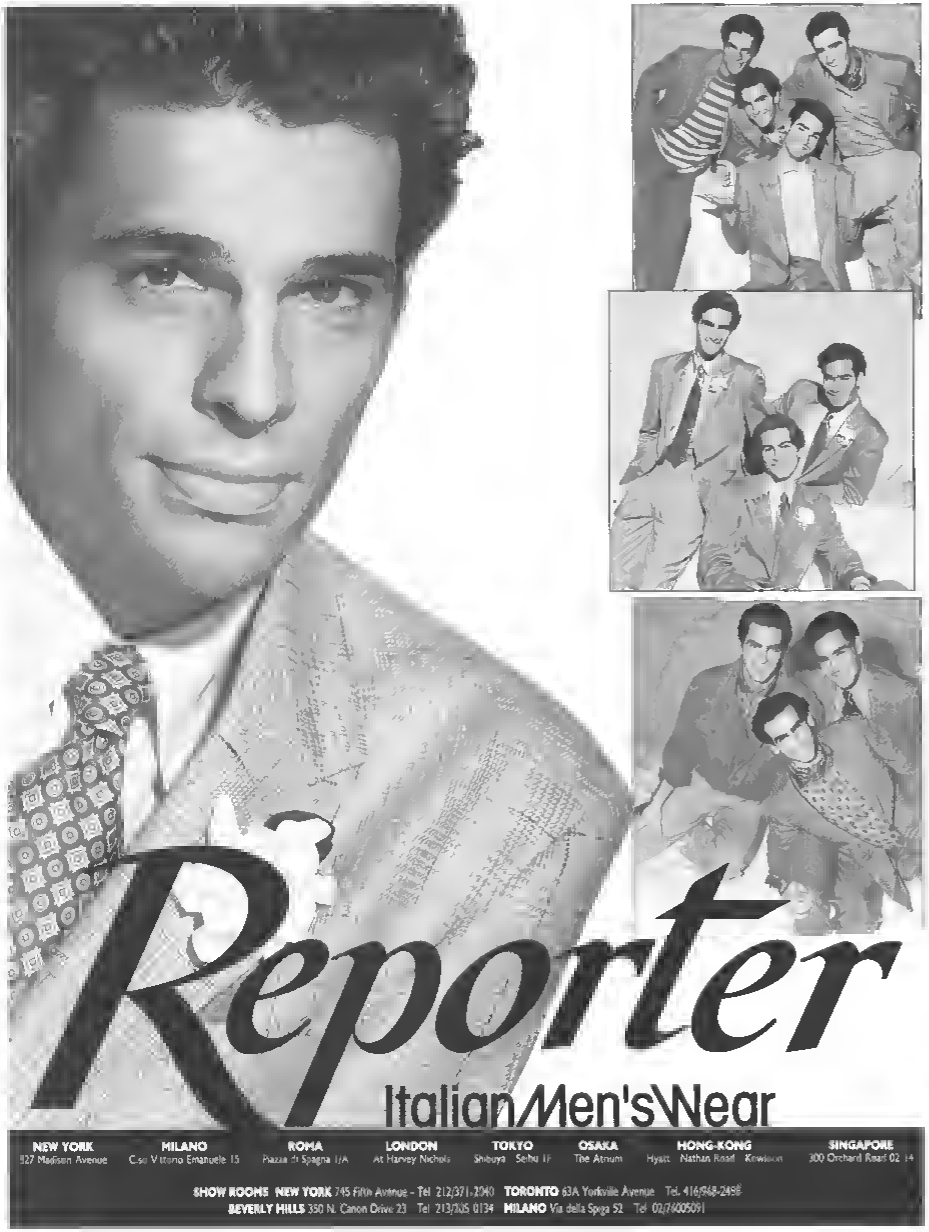




ACAPULCO • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CALGARY • CANCUN • CHICAGO
CHICAGO (O'HARE) • CINCINNATI • DALLAS • DENVER • DETROIT
EDMONTON • EL PASO • FORT LAUDERDALE • GUADALAJARA • GUATEMALA
CITY • HILTON HEAD ISLAND • HONG KONG • HOUSTON • INDIANAPOLIS
ITAPA • KANSAS CITY • KAUAI • KYOTO • LOS ANGELES • MANILA
MANZANILLO • MAUI • MAZATLAN • MEXICO CITY • MONTERREY • NAPA
NAPLES, FL • NEW ORLEANS • NEW YORK • ORANGE COUNTY • ORLANDO
OTTAWA • PHOENIX • PITTSBURGH • PORTLAND • PUERTO VALLARTA • PUSAN
RANCHO MIRAGE (PALM SPRINGS AREA) • SAITILLO • SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT • SAN SALVADOR • SEATTLE • SEOUL • SHANGHAI
SINGAPORE • TOKYO • TORONTO • TUCSON • TULSA • VAIL • VANCOUVER
WASHINGTON, D.C. • WINNIPEG

Call your travel consultant or 800-228-3000.

Earn points toward earning Westin vacations by joining Westin Premier our frequent guest program, United Airlines Mileage Plus, Air Canada Aeroplan, Northwest Airlines WORLDPERKS, and USAir Frequent Traveler members earn miles at participating Westin Hotels & Resorts.



The Esquire Express Traveler

A GUIDE TO JOURNEYS THAT ARE MEASURED IN DAYS, NOT WEEKS

MILAN

By Dwight V. Gast *Illustrations by Anders Wenngren*

Finding a Hotel

SOMETHING TO SUIT TASTES FROM HIGH STYLE TO HIGH TECH

Grand Hotel et de Milan. Built in 1865 and most recently restored last year, this place so captures the spirit of old Milan that you'll half expect to find Giuseppe Verdi stalking its antique-strewn halls, humming absentmindedly. He *did*, in fact, spend his last years in room 107. Address: Via Manzoni 29, telephone: 80r231. Cost: $190–$515.

Michelangelo. This 1971 hotel distills the high tech spirit of modern Milan with personal amenities such as hydromassage, pants-pressing machines, and bedside control panels for air conditioning, lights, curtains, and thirty-channel satellite TV. Not to mention a restaurant menu devised by the local gastronomic impresario Gualtiero Marchesi. Via Scarlatti 33, 6755. $255–$690.

Excelsior Gallia. Opened in the 1930s to accommodate traffic from the adjacent central train station, the hotel manages to project sprawling art deco grandeur without goose-stepping to the station's fascist grandiosity. Rooms are comfortably modern, and the restaurant serves excellent updated Italian and international cuisine in a cavernous setting. Piazza Duca d'Aosta 9, 6277. $246–$500.

Palace. The 1950s international-style facade frames an understated Milanese blend of sleek leather chairs and antique furnishings in the public areas, Empire style in the guest rooms. Its Casanova Grill offers an appropriately minimalist Italian menu and a sumptuous setting for pricey power-lunching. Piazza della Repubblica 20, 6336. $223–$500.

Antico Locanda Solferino. The small hotel of choice in Milan. Set in the fashionable Brera area, it has eleven turn-of-the-century-style rooms and caters to those with more savvy than spending power. Next door is Il Solferino, a similarly appointed restaurant, where you'll want to savor a plate of *riso al salto* (pan-fried rice with saffron). Via Castelfidardo 2, 6570r290. All rooms $75.



Good Food Guaranteed

THE LAST THING YOU WANT TO DO ON A SHORT TRIP IS WASTE A MEAL

La Brisiole. Notables from the fashion world congregate conspicuously under the vaulted ceiling of this lively art-nouveau-style restaurant near the Brera. You'll start with warm, crusty bread and complimentary homemade meatballs, then select from

"Milan, in its newer quarters, is a little more like Zurich, Düsseldorf, and Madison Avenue than Zurich, Düsseldorf, or Madison Avenue themselves."

–LUIGI BARZINI, THE ITALIANS

ALLURE
PHILADELPHIA

LUCHO
HOUSTON

UOMO INTERNATIONAL
PALO ALTO

Photo: Roberto Ochoa

NEW YORK: 501 Madison Avenue Tel: 212/750-7777

NEW YORK - LOS ANGELES

COOL WOOL

A FAMILY SUPPER

BY KAZUO ISHIGURO

FUGU IS A FISH CAUGHT off the Pacific shores of Japan. The fish has held a special significance for me ever since my mother died after eating one. The poison resides in the sex glands of the fish, inside two fragile bags. These bags must be removed with caution when preparing the fish, for any clumsiness will result in the poison leaking into the veins. Regrettably, it is not easy to tell whether or not this operation has been carried out successfully. The proof is, as it were, in the eating. • Fugu poisoning is hideously painful and almost always fatal. If the fish has been eaten during the evening, the victim is usually overtaken by pain during his sleep. He rolls about in agony for a few hours and is dead by morning. The fish became extremely popular in Japan after the war. Until stricter regulations were imposed, it was all the rage to perform the hazardous gutting operation in one's own kitchen, then to invite neighbors and friends round for the feast. • At the time of my mother's death, I was living in California. My relationship with my parents had become somewhat strained around that period and consequently I did not learn of



When they sat down to eat, they were joined by their anger, memories, and at least one ghost

FICTION

the circumstances of her death until I returned to Tokyo two years later. Apparently, my mother had always refused to eat fugu, but on this particular occasion she had made an exception, having been invited by an old school friend whom she was anxious not to offend. It was my father who supplied me with the details as we drove from the airport to his house in the Kamakura district. When we finally arrived, it was nearing the end of a sunny autumn day.

"Did you eat on the plane?" my father asked. We were sitting on the tatami floor of his tearoom.

"They gave me a light snack."

"You must be hungry. We'll eat as soon as Kikuko arrives."

My father was a formidable-looking man with a large stony jaw and furious black eyebrows. I think now, in retrospect, that he much resembled Chou En-lai, although he would not have cherished such a comparison, being particularly proud of the pure samurai blood that ran in the family. His general presence was not one that encouraged relaxed conversation, neither were things helped much by his odd way of stating each remark as if it were the concluding one. In fact, as I sat opposite him that afternoon, a boyhood memory came back to me of the time he had struck me several times around the head for "chattering like an old woman." Inevitably, our conversation since my arrival at the airport had been punctuated by long pauses.

"I'm sorry to hear about the firm," I said when neither of us had spoken for some time. He nodded gravely.

"In fact, the story didn't end there," he said. "After the firm's collapse, Watanabe killed himself. He didn't wish to live with the disgrace."

"I see."

"We were partners for seventeen years. A man of principle and honor. I respected him very much."

"Will you go into business again?" I asked.

"I am—in retirement. I'm too old to involve myself in new ventures now. Business these days has become so different. Dealing with foreigners. Doing things their way. I don't understand how we've come to this. Neither did Watanabe." He sighed. "A fine man. A man of principle."

The tearoom looked out over the garden. From where I sat I could make out the ancient well that as a child I had believed to be haunted. It was just visible now through the thick foliage. The sun had sunk low and much of the garden had fallen into shadow.

"I'm glad in any case that you've decided to come back," my father said. "More than a short visit, I hope."

"I'm not sure what my plans will be."

"I, for one, am prepared to forget the past. Your mother, too, was always ready to welcome you back—upset as she was by your behavior."

"I appreciate your sympathy. As I say, I'm not sure what my plans are."

"I've come to believe now that there were no evil intentions in your mind," my father continued. "You were swayed by certain...influences. Like so many others."

"Perhaps we should forget it, as you suggest."

"As you will. More tea?"

Just then a girl's voice came echoing through the house.

"At last." My father rose to his feet. "Kikuko has arrived."

Despite our difference in years, my sister and I had always been close. Seeing me again seemed to make her excessively excited, and for a while she did nothing but giggle nervously. But she calmed down somewhat when my father started to question her about Osaka and her university. She answered him with short, formal replies. She in turn asked me a few questions, but she seemed inhibited by the fear that her questions might lead to awkward topics. After a while, the conversation had become even sparser than prior to Kikuko's arrival. Then my father stood up, saying, "I must attend to the supper. Please excuse me for being burdened by such matters. Kikuko will look after you."

My sister relaxed quite visibly once he had left the room. Within a few minutes, she was chatting freely about her friends in Osaka and about her classes at university. Then quite suddenly she decided we should walk in the garden and went striding out onto the veranda. We put on some straw sandals that had been left along the veranda rail and stepped out into the garden. The light in the garden had grown very dim.

"I've been dying for a smoke for the last half hour," she said, lighting a cigarette. "Then why didn't you smoke?"

She made a furtive gesture back toward the house, then grinned mischievously.

"Oh, I see," I said.

"Guess what? I've got a boyfriend now."

"Oh, yes?"

"Except I'm wondering what to do. I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Quite understandable."

"You see, he's making plans to go to America. He wants me to go with him as soon as I finish studying."

"I see. And you want to go to America?"

"If we go, we're going to hitchhike." Kikuko waved a thumb in front of my face. "People say it's dangerous, but I've done it in Osaka and it's fine."

"I see. So what is it you're unsure about?"

We were following a narrow path that wound through the shrubs and finished by the old well. As we walked, Kikuko persisted in taking unnecessarily theatrical puffs on her cigarette.

"Well, I've got lots of friends now in Osaka. I like it there. I'm not sure I want to leave them all behind just yet. And Suichi—I like him, but I'm not sure I want to spend so much time with him. Do you understand?"

"Oh, perfectly."

She grinned again, then skipped on ahead of me until she had reached the well. "Do you remember," she said as I came walking up to her, "how you used to say this well was haunted?"

"Yes, I remember."

We both peered over the side.

"Mother always told me it was the old woman from the vegetable store you'd seen that night," she said. "But I never believed her and never came out here alone."

"Mother used to tell me that too. She even told me once the old woman had confessed to being the ghost. Apparently, she'd been taking a shortcut through our garden."

THE FATHER I am prepared to forget the past. Your mother was always ready to welcome you, upset as she was by your behavior."

Kazuo Ishiguro *lives in England. His most recent novel is* The Remains of the Day

STEPHEN ALCORN



I imagine she had some trouble clambering over these walls."

Kikuko gave a giggle. She then turned her back to the well, casting her gaze about the garden.

"Mother never really blamed you, you know," she said, in a new voice. I remained silent. "She always used to say to me how it was their fault, hers and Father's, for not bringing you up correctly. She used to tell me how much more careful they'd been with me, and that's why I was so good." She looked up and the mischievous grin had returned to her face. "Poor Mother," she said.

"Yes. Poor Mother."

"Are you going back to California?"

"I don't know. I'll have to see."

"What happened to ... to her? To Vicki?"

"That's all finished with," I said. "There's nothing much left for me now in California."

"Do you think I ought to go there?"

"Why not? I don't know. You'll probably like it." I glanced toward the house. "Perhaps we'd better go in soon. Father might need a hand with the supper."

But my sister was once more peering down into the well. "I can't see any ghosts," she said. Her voice echoed a little. "Is Father very upset about his firm collapsing?"

"Don't know. You never can tell with Father." Then suddenly she straightened up and turned to me. "Did he tell you about old Watanabe? What he did?"

"I heard he committed suicide."

"Well, that wasn't all. He took his whole family with him. His wife and his two little girls."

"Oh, yes?"

"Those two beautiful little girls. He turned on the gas while they were all asleep. Then he cut his stomach with a meat knife."

"Yes, Father was just telling me how Watanabe was a man of principle."

"Sick." My sister turned back to the well.

"Careful. You'll fall right in."

"I can't see any ghost," she said. "You were lying to me all that time."

"But I never said it lived down the well."

"Where is it then?"

We both looked around at the trees and shrubs. The daylight had almost gone. Eventually I pointed to a small clearing some ten yards away.

"Just there I saw it. Just there."

We stared at the spot.

"What did it look like?"

"I couldn't see very well. It was dark."

"But you must have seen something."

"It was an old woman. She was just standing there, watching me."

We kept staring at the spot as if mesmerized.

"She was wearing a white kimono," I said. "Some of her hair had come undone. It was blowing around a little."

Kikuko pushed her elbow against my arm. "Oh, be quiet. You're trying to frighten me all over again." She trod on the remains of her cigarette, then for a brief moment stood regarding it with a perplexed expression. She kicked some pine needles over it, then once more displayed her grin. "Let's see if supper's ready," she said.

We found my father in the kitchen. He gave us a quick glance, then carried on with what he was doing.

"Father's become quite a chef since he's had to manage on his own," Kikuko said with a laugh.

He turned and looked at my sister coldly. "Hardly a skill I'm proud of," he said. "Kikuko, come here and help."

For some moments my sister did not move. Then she stepped forward and took an apron hanging from a drawer.

"Just these vegetables need cooking now," he said to her. "The rest just needs watching." Then he looked up and regarded me strangely for some seconds. "I expect you want to look around the house," he said eventually. He put down the chopsticks he had been holding. "It's a long time since you've seen it."

As we left the kitchen I glanced toward Kikuko, but her back was turned.

"She's a good girl," my father said.

I followed my father from room to room. I had forgotten how large the house was. A panel would slide open and another room would appear. But the rooms were all startlingly empty. In one of the rooms the lights did not come on, and we stared at the stark walls and tatami in the pale light that came from the windows.

"This house is too large for a man to live in alone," my father said. "I don't have much use for most of these rooms now."

But eventually my father opened the door to a room packed full of books and papers. There were flowers in vases and pictures on the walls. Then I noticed something on a low table in the corner of the room. I came nearer and saw it was a plastic model of a battleship, the kind constructed by children. It had been placed on some newspaper, scattered around it were assorted pieces of gray plastic.

My father gave a laugh. He came up to the table and picked up the model.

"Since the firm folded," he said, "I have a little more time on my hands." He laughed again, rather strangely. For a moment his face looked almost gentle. "A little more time."

"That seems odd," I said. "You were always so busy."

"Too busy, perhaps." He looked at me with a small smile. "Perhaps I should have been a more attentive father."

I laughed. He went on contemplating his battleship. Then he looked up. "I hadn't meant to tell you this, but perhaps it's best that I do. It's my belief that your mother's death was no accident. She had many worries. And some disappointments."

We both gazed at the plastic battleship.

"Surely," I said eventually, "my mother didn't expect me to live here forever."

"Obviously you don't see. You don't see how it is for some parents. Not only must they lose their children, they must lose them to things they don't understand." He spun the battleship in his fingers. "These little gunboats here could have been better glued, don't you think?"

"Perhaps. I think it looks fine."

"During the war I spent some time on a ship rather like this. But my ambition was always the air force. I figured it like this. If your ship was struck by the enemy, all you could do was struggle in the water hoping for a lifeline. But in an airplane—well, there was always the final weapon." He put the model back onto the table. "I don't suppose you believe in war."

"Not particularly."

He cast an eye around the room. "Supper should be ready by now," he said. "You must be hungry."

Supper was waiting in a dimly lit room next to the kitchen. The only source of light was a big lantern that hung over the table, casting the rest of the room in shadow. We bowed to each other before starting the meal.

There was little conversation. When I made some polite comment about the food, Kikuko giggled a little. Her earlier nervousness seemed to have returned to her. My father did not speak for several minutes. Finally he said:

"It must feel strange for you, being back in Japan."

"Yes, it is a little strange."

"Already, perhaps, you regret leaving America."

"A little. Not so much. I didn't leave behind much. Just some empty rooms."

"I see."

I glanced across the table. My father's face looked stony and forbidding in the half-light. We ate on in silence.

Then my eye caught something at the back of the room. At first I continued eating, then my hands became still. The others noticed and looked at me. I went on gazing into the darkness past my father's shoulder.

"Who is that? In that photograph there?"

"Which photograph?" My father turned slightly, trying to follow my gaze.

"The lowest one. The old woman in the white kimono."

My father put down his chopsticks. He looked first at the photograph, then at me.

"Your mother." His voice had become very hard. "Can't you recognize your own mother?"

"My mother. You see, it's dark. I can't see it very well."

No one spoke for a few seconds, then Kikuko rose to her feet. She took the photograph down from the wall, came back to the table, and gave it to me.

"She looks a lot older," I said.

"It was taken shortly before her death," said my father.

"It was the dark. I couldn't see very well."

I looked up and noticed my father holding out a hand. I gave him the photograph. He looked at it intently, then held it toward Kikuko. Obediently, my sister rose to her feet once more and returned the picture to the wall.

There was a large pot left unopened at the center of the table. When Kikuko had seated herself again, my father reached forward and lifted the lid. A cloud of steam rose up and curled toward the lantern. He pushed the pot a little toward me.

"You must be hungry," he said. One side of his face had fallen into shadow.

"Thank you." I reached forward with my chopsticks. The steam was almost scalding. "What is it?"

"Fish."

"It smells very good."

In the soup were strips of fish that had curled almost into balls. I picked one out and brought it to my bowl.

"Help yourself. There's plenty."

"Thank you." I took a little more, then pushed the pot toward my father. I watched him take several pieces to his bowl. Then we both watched as Kikuko served herself.

My father bowed slightly. "You must be hungry," he said again. He took some fish to his mouth and started to eat. Then I, too, chose a piece and put it in my mouth. It felt soft, quite fleshy against my tongue.

The three of us ate in silence. Several minutes went by. My father lifted the lid and once more steam rose up. We all reached forward and helped ourselves.

"Here," I said to my father, "you have this last piece."

"Thank you."

When we had finished the meal, my father stretched out his arms and yawned with an air of satisfaction. "Kikuko," he said, "prepare a pot of tea, please."

My sister looked at him, then left the room without comment. My father stood up.

"Let's retire to the other room. It's rather warm in here."

I got to my feet and followed him into the tearoom. The large sliding windows had been left open, bringing in a breeze from the garden. For a while we sat in silence.

"Father," I said, finally.

"Yes?"

"Kikuko tells me Watanabe-san took his whole family with him."

My father lowered his eyes and nodded. For some moments he seemed deep in thought. "Watanabe was very devoted to his work," he said at last. "The collapse of the firm was a great blow to him. I fear it must have weakened his judgment."

"You think what he did ... it was a mistake?"

"Why, of course. Do you see it otherwise?"

"No, no. Of course not."

"There are other things besides work," my father said.

"Yes."

We fell silent again. The sound of locusts came in from the garden. I looked out into the darkness. The well was no longer visible.

"What do you think you will do now?" my father asked. "Will you stay in Japan for a while?"

"To be honest, I hadn't thought that far ahead."

"If you wish to stay here, I mean here in this house, you would be very welcome. That is, if you don't mind living with an old man."

"Thank you. I'll have to think about it."

I gazed out once more into the darkness.

"But of course," said my father, "this house is so dreary now. You'll no doubt return to America before long."

"Perhaps. I don't know yet."

"No doubt you will."

For some time my father seemed to be studying the back of his hands. Then he looked up and sighed.

"Kikuko is due to complete her studies next spring," he said. "Perhaps she will want to come home then. She's a good girl."

"Perhaps she will."

"Things will improve then."

"Yes, I'm sure they will."

We fell silent once more, waiting for Kikuko to bring the tea. ◻

THE SISTER: Mother never blamed you. She used to tell me how much more careful they'd been with me, that's why I was so good."

THE SUPPER: A large pot was at the center of the table. When my father lifted the lid, steam rose up and curled toward the lantern.

Credits

On pages 142–143: Brooks Brothers **boxer shorts** ($20) at Brooks Brothers nationwide. To order call 800 274 1815, or write Brooks Brothers, 346 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Paul Stuart **boxer shorts** ($23) at Paul Stuart, New York. For information contact Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at Forty fifth Street, New York, New York 10017. Perry Ellis for Jockey International **boxer shorts** ($10) at major department stores nationwide. For information contact Perry Ellis, c/o Jockey International, 2300 North Seventh Street, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140. Calvin Klein **boxer shorts** ($8) at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide; The Calvin Klein Store, Dallas and Chesmut Hill, Massachusetts. For store information contact Calvin Klein, 205 West Thirty ninth Street, New York, New York 10001. J. Crew **boxer shorts** ($10). To order call 800 562 0258, or write J. Crew, 1 Ivy Crescent, Lynchburg, Virginia 24506. Joe Boxer **boxer shorts** ($30) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Neiman Marcus, Dallas. For information contact Joe Boxer, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California 94107.

On page 144: The Arrow Company **shirt** ($32) at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Dillard's throughout the Southwest, Maas Brothers, Tampa, Higby's, Cleveland. For information contact: The Arrow Company, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036. Gitman Bros. **tie** ($45) at Ed Mitchell, Greenwich Connecticut, The Hub, Raleigh. Batches of Georgetowne, Washington, D.C. For information contact: Gitman Bros., 39 West Fifty fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. Anne Klein **cuff links** ($125) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Marshall Field's, Chicago, I. Magnin, San Francisco. For information contact: Anne Klein Men, 90 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

On page 145: XMI **ties** ($53 each) at Knickerbockers, Beachwood, Ohio; Buttons Columbia South Carolina, Frank Stella, New York; Britany Ltd., Skokie, Illinois. For information contact: XMI, 7 West Twenty-second Street, New York, New York 10010. Ike Behar **shirt** ($85) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Nordstrom nationwide; Marvin Brown, Dallas. For information contact: Ike Behar, 39 West Fifty fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. Brian **shirt** ($40) at fine department stores nationwide. For information contact: Brian c/o Hatmarx, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104. Colours by Alexander Julian **shirt** ($38) at Bloomingdale's, New York, Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. For information contact: Colours by Alexander Julian, 463 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Henry Grethel **shirt** ($40) at fine department stores nationwide. For information contact: Henry Grethel, 1155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10136.

On page 146: Dexter **shoes** ($75) at Thalhimer's, throughout Virginia and North Carolina; Hahn Shoes, Washington, D.C.; Famous Barr, St. Louis. For information contact: Dexter Shoe Co., Railroad Avenue, Dexter, Maine 04930. Sebago **shoes** ($110). For dealer information contact: Sebago Customer Service at 207 854 3000, or write Sebago Inc., P.O. Box 3000, Westbrook, Maine 04092. Allen Edmonds **shoes** ($200) at Nordstrom nationwide, Bullock's, California; F.R. Tripler, New York. For information contact: Allen Edmonds, P.O. Box 998, Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074. Rockport **shoes** ($109). For dealer information call 800 543 WALK, or write The Rockport Company, 72 Howe Street, Marlboro, Massachusetts 01752. Cole Haan **shoes** ($255) at fine department and specialty shops nationwide. For information contact: Cole Haan, 42 South Elm Street, Yarmouth, Maine 04096. Walk Over **shoes** ($90) at Stapleton Shoe Co., New York; Hanlon's Shoes, Boston; Taymors, all stores; Richard's Princeton, New Jersey; Altman's Shoes, Chicago. For information contact: Walk-Over, 31 Perkins Street, Bridgewater, Massachusetts 02324. Florsheim **shoes** ($165) at Florsheim stores nationwide. For information contact: The Florsheim Shoe Company, 130 South Canal Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606. E.T. Wright **shoes** ($180) at Wright Shoes, New York, Shetman Bros., Philadelphia; Hess Shoes, Baltimore; Taymors, Boston; Marshall Field's, Chicago, Nordstrom and Macy's nationwide. For information contact: E.T. Wright & Co., 379 Liberty Street, Rockland, Massachusetts 02370. Polo/Ralph Lauren Footwear **shoes** ($325) at Polo/Ralph Lauren shops nationwide. For information contact: Polo/Ralph Lauren Footwear, 120 East Fifty-sixth Street, New York, New York 10022. Allen Edmonds **shoes** ($200) at Nordstrom nationwide; Bullock's, California; F.R. Tripler, New York. For information contact: Allen Edmonds, P.O. Box 998, Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074.

On page 147: Johnston & Murphy **shoes** ($190) at Johnston & Murphy shops nationwide and at department stores and fine men's specialty stores nationwide. For information contact: Johnston & Murphy, Genesco Park, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

On page 148: Caravelle by Bulova pocket **watch** ($95) at fine jewelry and department stores nationwide. For Bulova dealer information contact: 800 A BULOVA, or write Bulova Corporation, 1 Bulova Avenue, Woodside, New York 11377.

On page 149: Hamilton **watch** ($195) at Macy's, Lord & Taylor, and Nordstrom nationwide. For information contact: Hamilton Watch Company, 941 Wheatland Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17603. Guess? **watch** ($500) at Macy's and Bloomingdale's nationwide. For information contact: Guess? Watches, 385 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1402, New York, New York 10016. Robert Lee Morris double triangle gold **cuff links** ($120) at Robert Lee Morris Boutique, New York; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman Marcus nationwide. For information contact: Robert Lee Morris Boutique, 409 West Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Angela Cummings gold-button **cuff links** ($1,200) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Angela Cummings c/o Bergdorf Goodman, 1 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019. Lisa Jenks serrated-edge silver **tie clip** ($145) at Barneys New York; Eastern Accent, Boston; Wilder Place, Los Angeles, Ralph Davies, San Francisco. For information contact: Lisa Jenks, 1239 Broadway, Penthouse, New York, New York 10001. Robert Lee Morris gold plated cube **cuff links** ($110) at Robert Lee Morris Boutique, New York; Ultimo, Chicago. Neiman Marcus nationwide. For information contact: Robert Lee Morris Boutique, 409 West Broadway, New York, New York 10012. Angela Cummings black jade and gold ball **cuff links** ($1,200) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Angela Cummings c/o Bergdorf Goodman, 1 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019. Anne Klein Men **tie bar** ($75) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago, I. Magnin, San Francisco. For information contact: Anne Klein Men, 90 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Bradford square silver and onyx **cuff links** ($100) at Charivari, New York, Elements, Chicago; Sam Dinai, Beverly Hills; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. For information contact: Bradford Watch Company, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Lisa Jenks silver-ball **cuff links** ($165) at Barneys New York; Eastern Accent, Boston; Wilder Place, Los Angeles; Ralph Davies, San Francisco. For information contact: Lisa Jenks, 1239 Broadway, Penthouse, New York, New York 10001. Robert Lee Morris cross **tiepin** ($40) at Robert Lee Morris Boutique, New York; Ultimo, Chicago. Neiman Marcus nationwide. For information contact: Robert Lee Morris Boutique, 409 West Broadway, New York, New York 10012.

On page 150: Makins **hat** ($100) at Macy's, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Makins Hats Ltd., 212 West Thirty fifth Street, New York, New York 10001. Country Gentleman **hat** ($20) at Lord & Taylor, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Country Gentleman, 42 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York, New York 10018. Resistol **suit** ($295) at Granger Owens, Columbia, South Carolina; The Ronge, Jackson, Mississippi; Van Boven, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Hickey Freeman **suit** ($1,000) at Barneys New York; F.R. Tripler, New York. For Brian and Hickey Freeman information, contact Hartmarx, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104. Bollman **hat** ($28) at Scott Hatters and J.J. Hats Centre, New York. For information contact: Bollman Hats, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10118. Mahins **hats** ($100) at Macy's, New York, Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Makins Hats Ltd., 212 West Thirty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10001. Society Brands **suit** ($500) at Field Bros., Huntington, New York. Hart, Schaffner & Marx **suit** ($450) at Jules Fitch, Hatboro, Pennsylvania; H. Ryan, Virginia Beach, Virginia; Widemann's, Palo Alto, California; Rutland's, Orlando, Florida. For information on Society Brands and Hart, Schaffner & Marx, contact: Hartmarx, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104. Brian **suit** ($295) at Granger Owens, Columbia, South Carolina; The Rouge, Jackson, Mississippi; Van Boven, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Bear **shirts** at fine department stores nationwide. For information contact: Bear, c/o Hatmarx, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10104. Alexander Julian **ties** ($65 each) at Alexander Julian Shop, Charlotte, North Carolina, and Atlanta. For information contact: Alexander Julian, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018.

On page 151: Country Gentleman **hat** ($20) at Lord & Taylor, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Country Gentleman, 42 West Thirty eighth Street, New York, New York 10018.

On page 152: Calvin Klein Sport for Men **jacket** ($160), **sweater** ($120), **shirt** ($64), and **trousers** ($52) at The Calvin Klein Store, Dallas, and Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. For information contact: Calvin Klein, 205 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, New York 10001. Sperry Top Sider **sneakers** ($35) at Nordstrom, Macy's, Bloomingdale's, Burdines, and Mark Shale, all stores. For information contact: Sperry Top-Sider, 5 Cambridge Center, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142. Timex diver's **watch** ($45). For dealer information call: 800-FOR-TIME, or write Timex Corp., P.O. Box 2126, Waterbury, Connecticut 06722.

On page 153: Basco by Lance Karesh **sport jacket** ($235) at Barneys New York; Macy's, select stores, Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Basco by Lance Karesh **shorts** ($95) at Cotton Club, Honston; McChures, Nashville; Gilbes Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Basco by Lance Karesh **shirt** ($56) at Bloomingdale's, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. For information contact: Basco by Lance Karesh, 38 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Trafalgar **suit** ($30) at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's, New York; Nordstrom nationwide; Shaia's, Burmingham; Ghutka H.Q., Santa Barbara, California. For information contact: Trafalgar, Consumer Service Information, P.O. Box 524, Norwalk, Connecticut 06856.

On page 154: Polo by Ralph Lauren **sport jacket** ($375) at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Madison Avenue. Polo by Ralph Lauren **shirt** ($95) at Polo/Ralph Lauren Madison Avenue, Memphis, and Birmingham. Polo by Ralph Lauren **trousers** ($185) at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Madison Avenue. For information contact: Polo/Ralph Lauren Corp., 40 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, New York 10019.

On page 155: Perry Ellis **shirt** ($205) and **trousers** ($225) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Tootsie's, Houston; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Parade, Omaha. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. For information contact: Perry Ellis, 575 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018. Kenneth Cole **shoes** ($115) at Kenneth Cole, New York and San Francisco; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago, Macy's nationwide. For information contact: Kenneth Cole, 29 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019.

On page 156: Jeffrey Banks **suit** ($625) and **shirt** ($150) at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf Goodman, New York. For information contact: Jeffrey Banks, 205 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, New York 10018. Allen Edmonds **shoes** ($200) at Nordstrom nationwide; Bullock's, California; F.R. Tripler, New York. For information contact: Allen Edmonds, P.O. Box 998, Port Washington, Wisconsin 53074. Perry Ellis for Trimfit **socks** ($7). For dealer information call Customer Service at 215 632 3000 or write Perry Ellis for Trimfit, 10450 Drummond Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19154.

On page 157: Shamask **sport jacket** ($630) at Maxfield, Los Angeles. Shamask **vest** ($650) at Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Shamask **trousers** ($230) at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; Christiansen Mix, Minneapolis. For information contact: Shamask, 39 West Thirty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10018. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards **shoes** ($475) at Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, 440 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

On page 158: Bill Robinson **trench coat** ($700) and **mock turtleneck** ($65) at Bloomingdale's, New York; Macy's nationwide; I. Magnin, San Francisco. For information contact: Bill Robinson, 575 Fifth Avenue, Fifteenth Floor, New York, New York 10017.

On page 159: Joseph Abboud three-quarter length **jacket** ($495), **shirt** ($82), and **trousers** ($115) at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, Marshall Field's, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco. For information contact: J.A. Apparel, 650 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. The Gap **T-shirt** ($11) at Gap stores nationwide.

On page 160: Jhane Barnes **jacket** ($340) and **trousers** ($160) at Marshall Field's, Chicago; Neiman Marcus and Stanley Korshak, Dallas, Cyril's, Beverly Hills, Liberty House, Honolulu. For information contact: Jhane Barnes, 575 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018.

On page 161: Cecilia Metherny **robe** ($225) and **swim briefs** ($80) at Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Torie Steele, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. For information contact: Cecilia Metherny, 257 Park Avenue South, Suite 1501, New York, New York 10010.

On page 162: Alexander Julian **sweater** ($220), **polo shirt** ($115) and **trousers** ($165) at Alexander Julian Shop, Atlanta and Charlotte, North Carolina; Alexander Julian **polo shirt** also at Butches of Georgetowne, Washington, D.C. For information contact: Alexander Julian, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, New York 10018. Makins **hat** ($100) at Macy's, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field's, Chicago. For information contact: Makins Hats Ltd., 212 West Thirty fifth Street, New York, New York 10001.

On page 163: Andrew Fezza **sport jacket** ($430), **trousers** ($230) and **shirt** ($110) at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago, Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Sebastians, Nashville; Larry Douglas, Anaheim, California. For information contact: Andrew Fezza Ltd., 459 Seventh Avenue, Fourth Floor North, New York, New York 10018. Kenneth Cole **shoes** ($115) at Kenneth Cole, New York and San Francisco; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Marshall Field's, Chicago; Macy's nationwide. For information contact: Kenneth Cole, 29 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, New York 10019.

Additional Credits

Cover: Hat courtesy of Bollman Hats; Eyeglasses courtesy of L.A. Eyeworks, Socks courtesy of Camp Hosiery. Shoes courtesy of To Boot New York. **Living Quarters, page 43:** Prop styling by Susan Byrnes. **Classics, page 48.** Scarf by Alfred Dunhill. Pipe by Nat Sherman. Styling by Lori Seliger. **American Journal, page 83:** Photos courtesy of Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos and AP/Wide World Photos. **Women We Love, pages 136–137:** Hair and makeup by David Miller for Dan Brennan. Styling by Marilyn Lee for MTV. **Fashion, pages 141–153:** Grooming by Tommy Rascia for Jean Zingarelli.

Esquire (ISSN 0194 9535) is published monthly by **The Hearst Corporation**, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York, New York 10019. USA, 212 649 2000. Frank A. Bennack Jr., President. Harvey L. Lipton, Vice-President and Secretary. Edwin A. Lewis, Vice President and Treasurer. **Hearst Magazines Division:** Gilbert C. Maurer, President. D. Claeys Bahrenburg, Executive Vice President. R. Robert Brink, Executive Vice President. George J. Green, Executive Vice-President. Mark F. Miller, Executive Vice-President, General Manager. Raymond J. Petersen, Executive Vice President, Thomas J. Hughes, Vice-President, Resident Controller. Second class postage paid at New York, New York, and additional entry post offices. Authorized second-class mailing in Canada privileges by Canada Post, Windsor, Ontario (registration no. 9029), send returns to Canadian Direct Mailing Sys. Ltd., 920 Mercer Street, Windsor, Ontario N9A 7C2. The Esquire publication number is 561510. **Subscription rate** in the United States and its possessions, $15.94 a year; Canada, $21.94 a year; elsewhere, $23.94 a year. Payment in U.S. currency must accompany all foreign orders. For **back issues** send $4.75 (check or money order) to: **Esquire Back Issue Department**, 250 West Fifty fifth Street, New York, New York 10019. 212 649 4258. For **subscriptions and address changes**, call toll-free: 1 800 888 5400, outside the U.S. call: 515 247 7500. **Postmaster:** Send address changes to **Esquire**, P.O. Box 7146, Red Oak, Iowa 51591. © **1990 by The Hearst Corporation.** Printed in the USA. Esquire is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art. None will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. **Esquire, Man At His Best, The Esquire Collection, The Esquire Traveler,** and **Dubious Achievement Awards** are registered trademarks of **The Hearst Corporation.**



A Letter at Last...

BRUCE McCALL
NEW YORK

Dear Lee

I can state at a painting I did ten or even fifteen years ago and almost instantly summon up the music that was playing on the radio while I was working on it What a gift, and yet what a dilemma, because I don't know whether to donate my brain to the School of Visual Arts or the Connecticut School of Broadcasting! (Rim shot.)

Another tiny snarl in my mental wiring triggers an automatic memory device that flashes insistent bulletins, several times a day, reminding me of various junk anniversaries and meaningless dates and the like (And I'm not even digital!) It just reminded me, for example, that I have now lived more of my days here in these United States than in my home and native land north of the 49th parallel.

If you gave me a couple of months I could maybe squeeze something profound from this fact, but comparisons between the saga of my immigration to the U.S. and the hegira of A. Solzhenitsyn, say, might strike most folks as, frankly, a tad overblown.

For one thing, it's only a few hundred yards across the ice floes to the American shore from the part of Canada that I fled, and most people avoid the ice floes altogether by taking the bridge, very often in heated automobiles.

For another thing, I was even earlier fated to end up in the U.S. than Kim Philby was fated to end up in Russia. Flashback to 1946. See the schoolboy scrounging along the shoulder of Provincial Highway #3 on the outskirts of his small Ontario hometown. He's foraging in the dusty gravel for matchbooks, Schlitz bottles, Baby Ruth wrappers, Luckies packs—precious artifacts of that higher civilization to the south, borne in the wake of American cars blasting through on the shortcut route between Detroit and Buffalo. Even then, he knew.

And yet, and yet... flash-forward to now. Sneak into the bedroom—no more than two miles upriver from Miss Liberty herself—of the former kid with stars and stripes in his eyes as he lies a-snoring. Filch the wallet out of his pants and rifle it. What th'—a *green card*! More than half his life spent in the country he had decided in childhood to adopt, and the two-faced sumbitch today not only isn't a voter, he isn't even a *citizen*!

Yeah, er, well, correcting that is at the top of my personal agenda for the Nineties. After all, unless they deport me for plotting to overthrow the government or failing to declare unsprayed agricultural products, I don't intend to ever move back north. Maybe this very confession will accelerate the long-overdue march down to Immigration and Naturalization to [illegible].

Aw, Lee, it won't wash. I'll never become a U.S. citizen. No real Canadian can afford to. It isn't even a matter of choice or sentiment or loyalties. The pathetic truth is that *not being American* is the only identity native-born Canadians have. Turn a Canadian into an American and you brutally cancel this out, creating a nothing, a vacuum where a soul should be. Really *look* into Peter Jennings's eyes sometime. Or Jack Kent Cooke's. Or Dan Aykroyd's. Brrrrr!

And so you see why living here while maintaining Canadian citizenship is the only tolerable solution. Thank you for caring.

In that recent A. R. Gurney play, *Love Letters*, somebody is made to say that letters exist to show our best side to the world. Mmmm, maybe so. But if letters didn't exist I couldn't and wouldn't have worked all this out about living here and not being a citizen and et cetera. Letters *can* be cheaper, faster, and less draining than therapy. But that's another letter.

Therapeutically,



What's The Skinny On Beef?

Well, that's just it. The latest word on fat is less. Less at the ranch and less in the meat market. Which is remarkably good news for everyone who thought all they had to look forward to was poached blowfish. So start the charcoal or light the broiler. Because now eating skinny doesn't mean you have to starve.



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE RANCH.
We haven't exactly been starving at the sagebrush while the rest of the world ran to aerobics class. Leaner breeding, skimmer feeding and closer trimming are making things definitely okay at the corral.

OF CALORIES AND CRAVINGS.
A lean, trimmed 3-ounce serving of beef averages just 200 calories. Some cuts have even fewer. Just check out the "Skinniest Six" below.

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.
Beef, chicken or fish: the suggested serving size is 3-ounces, cooked. Raw, just think of a quarter pound of lean beef per person. Then think terrine, fajitas, kebobs, satays.

SKINNY BEEF SALAD.
For a salad you won't wish was something else, toss in a few strips of tender sirloin along with the green stuff. P.S. It also works with leftovers.

BEEF

Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed. © 1990 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board.

ROUND TIP
6.9 gms total fat*
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

TOP LOIN
7.6 gms total fat*
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
5.5 gms total fat*
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

Beef.
Real Food For Real People.

EYE OF ROUND
5.5 gms total fat*
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
7.9 gms total fat*
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
178 calories

SIRLOIN
7.4 gms total fat*
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13


Come to where the flavor is.
Lights Kings & 100's & Menthol Lights Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine—Kings Box: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—Menthol Lights 100's Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
© Philip Morris Inc 1989